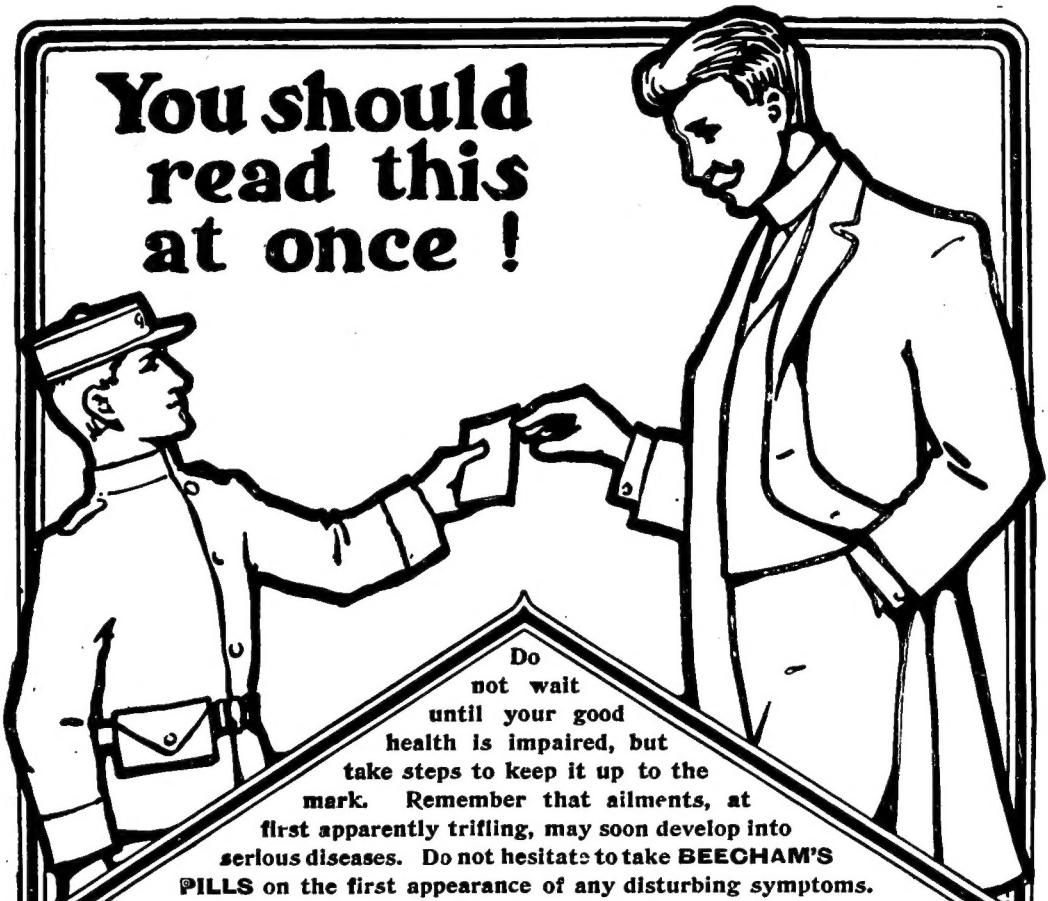
THE GOLF

June 4th

R.G. PRAILL.

You should read this at once !



Do not wait until your good health is impaired, but take steps to keep it up to the mark. Remember that ailments, at first apparently trifling, may soon develop into serious diseases. Do not hesitate to take **BEECHAM'S PILLS** on the first appearance of any disturbing symptoms. They will do more to establish and maintain your general health than any other means you can employ.

For Sluggish Liver, Sick Headache, Indigestion, loss of Appetite, Constipation, and the depressing nervous conditions that arise from these troubles, there is no more reliable remedy than

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BODLEIAN
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MIRTH *versus* MELANCHOLY.

TOM HOOD said, "Wit is frequently sharpened on the Grindstone of Pain."

"There's not a string attuned to mirth,
But has its chord of melancholy."

The humorist HOFFMANN held that Evil was always concealed behind APPARENT Good, and the Devil had a whisk of his tail in EVERYTHING!

"ONE day a poor broken-down dyspeptic consulted Abernethy. The doctor looked at his tongue, felt his pulse and inquired after his symptoms. 'Well,' said the frank Abernethy, 'I don't think there is much the matter with you. You want cheerfulness. Go and see that clever fellow Grimaldi. You will get a good hearty laugh! That will do you more good than physic. 'Alas,' said the patient, 'I am Grimaldi.'"—*Smiles.*

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THE BEST ANTIDOTE YET INTRODUCED. IT RECTIFIES THE STOMACH and MAKES THE LIVER LAUGH WITH JOY BY SOOTHING AND NATURAL MEANS! Its UNIVERSAL Success distinctly proves that it is impossible to OVERSTATE ITS GREAT VALUE.

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CAUTION.—Examine the Capsule and see that it is marked ENO'S 'FRUIT SALT,' otherwise you have been imposed upon by a WORTHLESS imitation.

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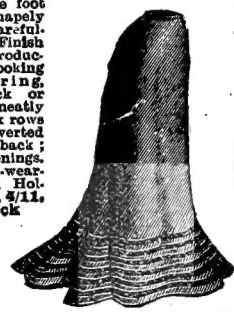

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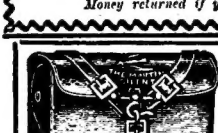

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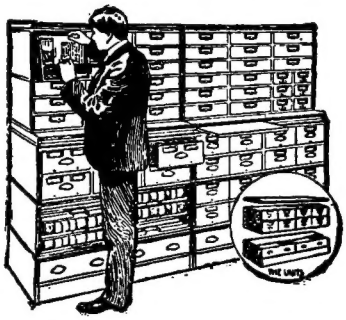

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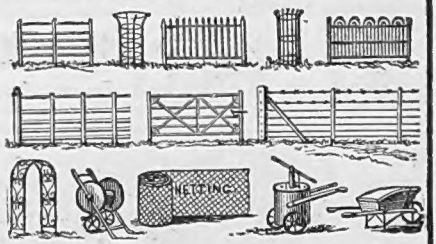

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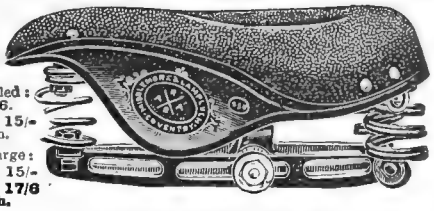

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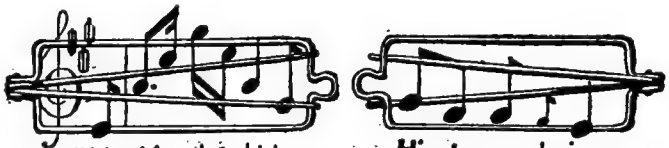

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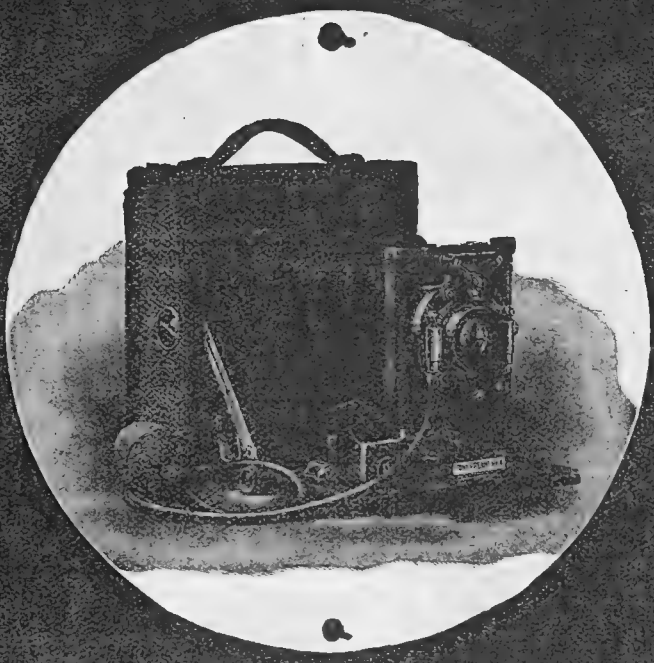

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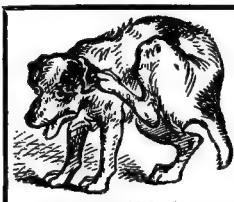

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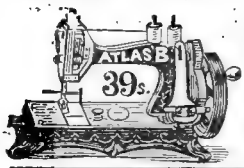

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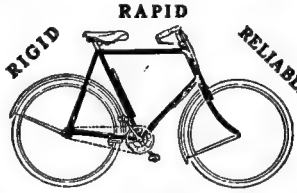

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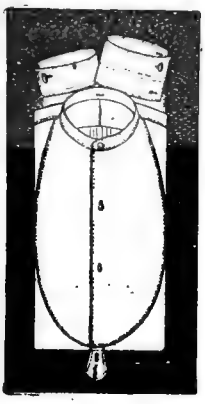

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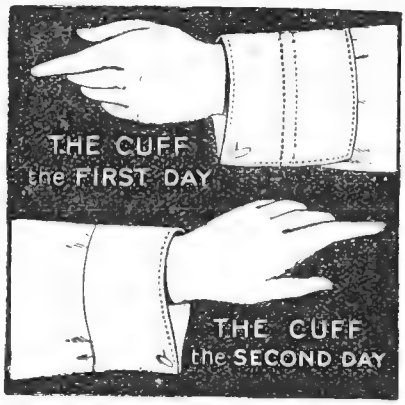

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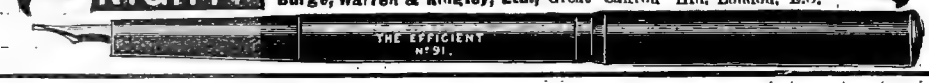

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6 Columbian Silver Tea Spoons.
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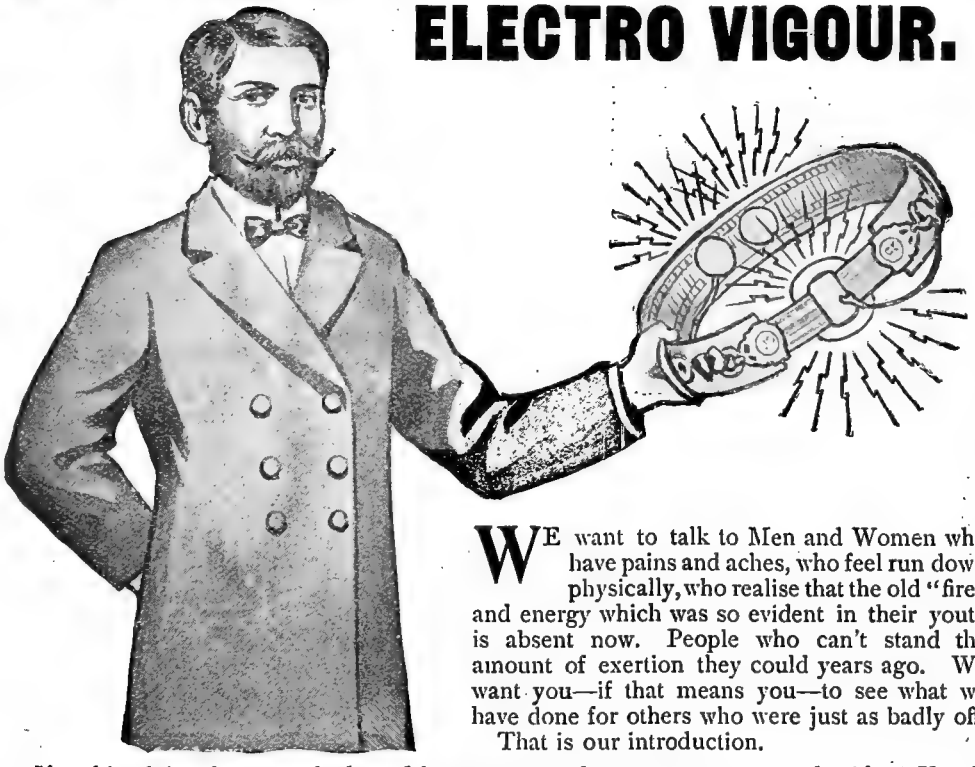

WE want to talk to Men and Women who have pains and aches, who feel run down physically, who realise that the old "fire" and energy which was so evident in their youth is absent now. People who can't stand the amount of exertion they could years ago. We want you—if that means you—to see what we have done for others who were just as badly off.

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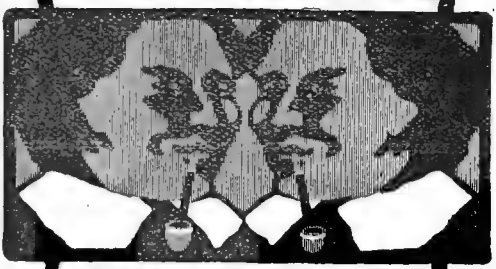

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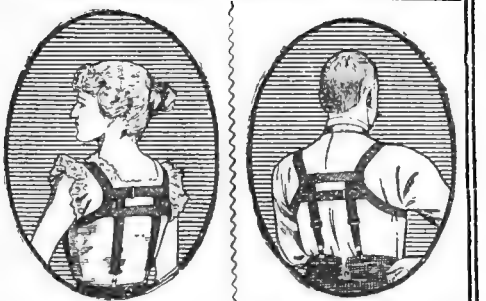

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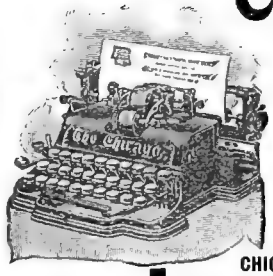

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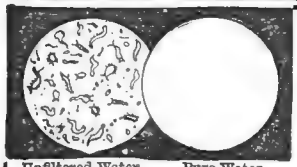

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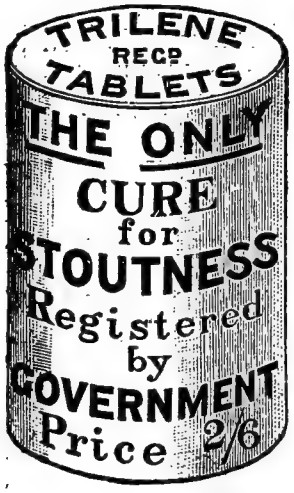

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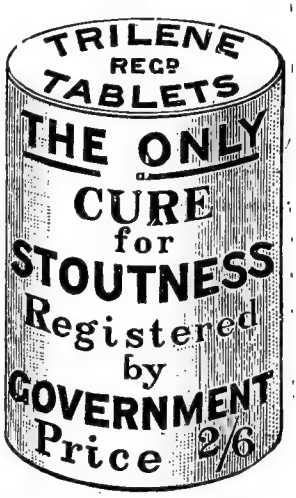

SAMPLES OF TESTIMONIALS.

Mrs. C. Sharp, of Grange Farm Cottage, Wellingborough, says: "Your Tablets have made me very much thinner. All my friends notice the great reduction in weight."

Countess Seckendorff, of Berlin, writes: "I have taken Tablets with success, and am recommending them to friends."

Colour-Sergeant Whittle, of East Lancashire Regiment, Burnley, Lancs., says: "A man in our regiment in 1891 lost several stone from taking your Tablets."

Mrs. Rollit, of North Farm, Letwell, says: "Tablets have done a world of good—reduced 14lb. already without altering diet."

Mr. Gibbs, 147, Richmond Park, Kimberworth, writes: "Pleased to say Tablets reduced me 31lb."

"87, Alexandra Road, Norwich, 19th Oct, 1896.

"GENTLEMEN,—In reference to Trilene Tablets, I may say that my wife found the greatest possible benefit from the use of them and their action was rapid, as my wife was for many years growing too stout, but the Tablets soon reduced the same completely.

"Yours faithfully, **J. R. Canham.**"

Princess Liechtenstein of Landsberg, Austria, writes: "Pray send me your Tablets directly."

Lady Constance Conrad writes from Wiesbaden: "I am highly pleased with your Tablets."

Countess Furstenberg writes: "The Tablets act speedily and well."

Extract from "The Lady," 3rd Sept., 1896: "Many stout persons have suffered untold agonies in unavailing efforts to reduce their bulk, either by means of severe dieting or by taking more or less deleterious drugs; but all these pains would have been saved if they had only invested in a case of the wonderful Trilene Tablets, which are an unfailing Cure for Obesity."

Mrs. T. Boston, Cambridge Villas, Clifford Street, South Wigston, says: "I congratulate you on your wonderful Tablets. My weight at first starting them was 11st. 7lb., and I now weigh 9st. 11lb."

Mrs. Fenton, 11, Wood Street, Tyldesley, writes: "Been fat all my life, but now your Tablets tell a tale. I have lost 17lb. already, and am delighted. Suffered untold trouble previously, but now do my work with pleasure."

Mrs. O'Connor, 2, Kensington Square Mansions, London, writes: "I am much less stout for taking them."

Mrs. Pearce, of Armstrong Road, Benwell, writes: "I am reduced from 12st. to 9½st., and do not get any heavier."

Count Ehrenwaud, of Llatorp, Sweden, writes, 9th Oct., 1899: "The person who took Tablets lost 18lb. during the cure."

Mrs. Kay, of "The Cross Keys," Upwood, writes: "Great benefit from Tablets. To my surprise they reduced me 8lb. the first week."

Mrs. Weaver, of Greenpits Villa, Station Road, Ross, Hereford, says: "I wish to say I have been reduced from 13st. 8lb. to 11st. by your Tablets, and can recommend them highly. You can use this publicly if you wish."

G. A. Gale, Esq., of Bothenhampton, Bridport, says: "Tablets most beneficial, and greatly reduced my weight. I feel better generally."

Father T. M. Byrne, of Holy Cross Abbey, Sligo, writes: "When I began your Tablets I was 12st. 5lb.; I now scale at 10st. 11lb.—my case, too, is hereditary."

Mrs. Mary Williams, of Old Yard, near Bedol, Bagillt, Wales, writes: "I have lost 28lb., and will do my best to make them known."

Miss Patient, of Woodberry, Theydon Bois: "Feel great benefit from Tablets. I have lost 2st., and am sufficiently reduced."

Mrs. Crossley, of Rose Hill, Torver, near Coniston, says: "There is a very decided diminution of fat. I am delighted. I cannot praise Tablets too highly. My heart is better, and I can breathe so much easier. You may refer to me as often as you like."

Mrs. W. A. Radford, High Street, New Brinsley, Eastwood, says: "Before taking your Tablets, I was 46in. round waist. I am now 32in., and can get about in comfort, and hope soon to be 24in. You may use this as you please."

Miss Jane Carter, of Forthampton House, Tewkesbury, says: "The Tablets are of the greatest value. I am reduced many stone, and shall be pleased to recommend them."

Mr. Thos. Blakely, of 37, The Grove, Bedford, writes: "I have lost a little over 42lb. since taking your Tablets, and my case causes much local interest."

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THE ROYAL MAGAZINE.

PUBLISHED MONTHLY.

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The Editor will always be ready to consider contributions, whether literary or pictorial, and, where stamps are enclosed, will make every endeavour to ensure their safe return in the event of their proving unsuitable, although he cannot hold himself responsible for any MSS. or drawings or photographs sent on approval.

Cases for Volumes I.—VII. of THE ROYAL MAGAZINE are now ready, and can be obtained at the Publishing Office price 1/- each, or post free, 1/2.

Bound Volumes 3, 4, 5, 6, 7 may also be had, price 4/- each, post free, 4/6.

The original drawings in this Number are on sale on application to the Editor.

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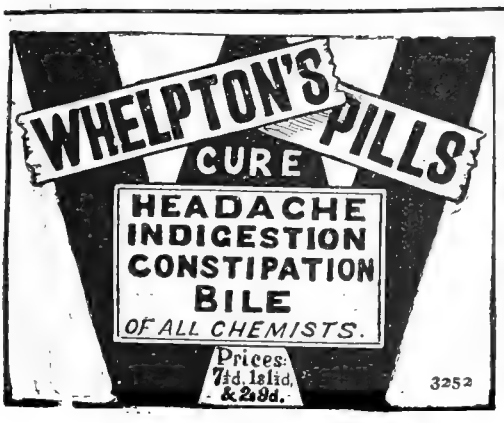

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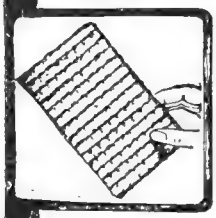

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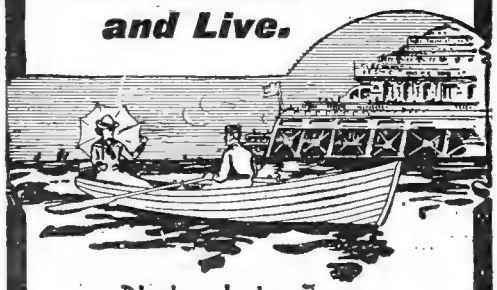

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Photo by Foulsham & Banfield.

The face is yours with all its subtle grace,
Yours with the sweet lips and the eyes divine;
But the proud heart that holds that little face—
The heart that holds that face of yours is mine.

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Photo by Langfier.

LOUIE FREEAR'S COLLIE PUP.

She once had a bulldog, the child of the celebrated "Miss Stockwell," winner of many first prizes and a championship. But the bulldog died, and Miss Freear became very melancholy. Then a lady, an enthusiastic breeder of collies, and a perfect stranger to Miss Freear, took pity on the little lady's loneliness, and made her a present of the beauty you see in the photograph. Miss Freear received him with open arms, and his former owner is now one of her greatest friends.

Google

Actresses and their Pets

Photo by T. & R. Annan & Sons.

ELLEN TERRY'S ANIMAL FRIENDS.

The young Pomeranian in her arms is the latest addition to her many pets—dogs and cats and birds. For Miss Terry has always been passionately fond of animals. Prince, who has now, alas! gone to a better land, was a bullfinch with the voice of a *prima donna*, and Punch, her terrier, was seldom out of his mistress's presence to the day of his death. He was a clever dog, and though he didn't like it, would sham death if asked to do so very prettily.

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Photo by W. & D. Downey.

EDNA MAY AND HER PUG.

Fat and sweet, isn't he? and very lucky as well, don't you think? to be clasped in the beautiful hands of "The Belle of New York." He is a great favourite of his mistress, who, like most actresses, loves animals, and especially dogs. I am afraid he is a very much spoilt little fellow—anyhow, he needed no little coaxing before he consented to sit for his portrait. Those white arms were not thrown about him in affection merely; they were to keep him from jumping down and making for the photographer.

←‹‹‹

SHE HATES . . BULLDOGS! . .

Yes, a great lover of most animals, Miss Lily Hanbury hates bulldogs. Not because she has ever been bitten by one, but because one of the breed slew her darling "Wobbles." And "Wobbles," as you see in the picture, was such a perfect angel—a little terrier in other words. This is not the only tragedy that has occurred among Miss Hanbury's pets. She once possessed a kitten, who, for some reason best known to itself, committed suicide by falling from a second floor window. There are, however, other pets — a green parrot, for instance, who gives three cheers for the King and swears in odd moments. Some while ago an interviewer, calling on Miss Hanbury, found a very hideous black cat comfortably seated in her drawing-room. "I never asked it to come," said Miss Hanbury; "it came of its own accord, and seemed so pleased with its reception that it has remained here ever since."

Photo by R. Thomas.

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PRINCE: AN ODE.

Concerning her fox-terrier, Prince, Miss Eva Kelly writes as follows:

"When he was young he played at slipper-biting;
Now he's grown up his spare time's given to fighting.
He tackles dogs of every weight and size—
He's thoroughbred and winner of a prize.
Such men as tramps—he hates them like the dickens,
He chases sheep, and has a taste for chickens.
Never a dog more lively, game, or merrier
Than Prince, my representative fox-terrier!"

Photos by R. Thomas.

JULIA NEILSON and KING CHARLIE

Did you see Miss Neilson in "Sweet Nell of Old Drury"? If so, you must have seen the little King Charlie, who sits in the accompanying picture so primly on the table beside her. He contributed his share to the marvellous success of that play, merry, intelligent little fellow that he is. The privileged few who have the honour of his acquaintance in private life declare that he is a living refutation of the belief that King Charlies are snappish and unfriendly.

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Photos by R. Thomas.

MAXIME ELLIOT AND HER DOGS.

We wrote to Miss Gertrude Elliot for some information about her sister's dogs, and received the following reply: "The dog in the centre of the photograph is Sport, a Boston terrier, whose father, Monte, is the champion doggie of that breed in America. Sport has become an actor last season, and is now playing with Mr. and Mrs. Goodwin in 'The Altar of Friendship.' Flossie, who is on Spot's left, is an old-fashioned bull-terrier. She is very sweet with human beings, but has no use for other doggies—especially shaggy ones. The doggie on the right is very nice, but has no interesting characteristics worth speaking of. I think that's all. No! I forgot to say that if Flossie is shut up in a room by herself she chews anything—no matter what—to ribbons."

OLGA NETHERSOLE, BOSS, AND OTHERS.

Miss Nethersole was in Biarritz when the sad news suddenly reached her that Boss, her dear bulldog, had disappeared from his home in Park Lane. In desperation Miss Nethersole wrote to the papers: "I have advertised and offered a liberal reward, but if you will help me by giving publicity to my loss, I feel that the chance of recovering my dear companion will be greater." Finally, a crafty detective discovered that Boss had been stolen, ran down the thief, and placed "her dear companion" in Miss Nethersole's welcoming arms. Boss is not the great actress's only pet. She loves the terrier on his left, and she loves the terrier on his right. But Boss holds the first place in Miss Nethersole's heart. Life would be a desert without him.

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Photo by Lallie Charles.

MIRIAM CLEMENTS' YORKSHIRE TERRIER

When "Mr. Royal Magazine" went to see Miss Clements he was at once introduced to the apple of her eye—a Yorkshire terrier. Dear little animal! He spent most of the time flying about the room and trying to tear everything to pieces, including "Mr. Royal Magazine's" trousers. But in Miss Clements' hands he is as kind and gentle as a lamb. Little wonder, you say. So do I.

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MARIE TEMPEST'S HOBBY.

She takes dogs very seriously, loves them with the love of a warm heart, and is keen about securing prizes at the Ladies' Kennel Association and other shows. Nellie, her beautiful collie, won the second prize at an important show not very long since. Dogs are her special hobby; but all animals find a place in her heart, especially birds and cats. The member of the former species perched on her hand in the photo is a parrakeet, a love-bird, and a prime favourite with its brilliant mistress.

Photos by R. Thomas.

MAIDÉE WRIGHT AND BOY.

His name is Boy. He is a well-bred dog—well-bred, that is to say, in one sense. From the pedigree point of view he is somewhat lacking. Miss Wright calls him a retriever, but her friends always laugh at her, so she never speaks about his pedigree. Boy had a nice little collection of brothers and sisters once, but they were all consigned to a better land the day after they were born. But Boy had a blue ribbon tied round his chubby neck and was saved. He is devoted to his mistress, who is his devoted slave in turn. They are a very happy pair.

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Photo by Langfier.

ETHEL MATHEWS AND HER CHOWS.

They are very sweet and charming people, Miss Mathews' chows, almost as sweet and charming as Miss Mathews—almost, but not quite. The very superior, aristocratic looking chow sitting beside his mistress is called 'Wang.' "But he has another name as well," says his mistress: "he is called 'The Yellow Danger'—'Wang is his pet name. I call him 'The Yellow Danger' in society. He left the country some months ago for Johannesburg, and the reports I heard of his conduct were not altogether reassuring. He seems to have developed a taste for Boers' legs. Perhaps the terms of peace were not properly explained to him. Let me introduce you to the other chow—'The Lady Lo —'Mr. Royal Magazine!'"

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RUBY RAY AND HER BULLDOG.

His name is Buller, and he is a friendly person. He is very talkative, and will give you as many big paws as you want. Miss Ray is very proud of Buller. She has also a marmoset, but he saw our photographer looking at him with his camera ready, and was so much offended that he wouldn't say a word, much less sit for his photograph. But Buller was delighted, and posed beautifully, sitting on the same chair as his pretty mistress.

GERTIE MILLAR AND TOBY.

Toby shares, with a canary, a parrot, and a Maltese cat, Miss Millar's affections. I think Toby has the largest share. Anyhow, his mistress declares that he is not in the least jealous of the others—indeed, he gets on swimmingly with Polly, into whose cage he thrusts his nose of a morning, and who climbs down from his perch to kiss him.

Photo by Ellis & Walery.

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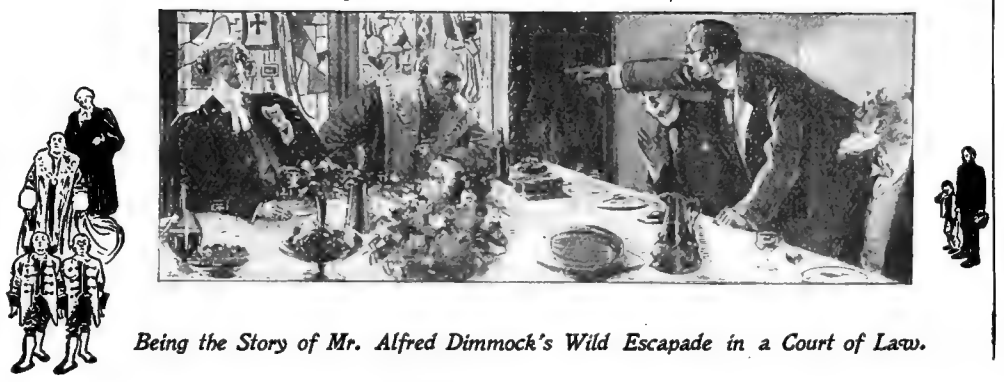
The Deputy Recorder



Being the Story of Mr. Alfred Dimmock's Wild Escapade in a Court of Law.

By Charles James.

Early rising was no hardship to Mr. Alfred Dimmock, and so when duty called him to spend the week-end with a maiden aunt who lived some thirty miles out of town, he elected to start by early train on the Saturday, rather than go down over night.

Whilst waiting on the platform, which held, at that hour, but few passengers, he saw a dreamy-looking, middle-aged man shamble along in search of a carriage. He was clutching a blue bag, which obviously held a wig and gown, and proclaimed his profession to all men.

As this gentleman arrived opposite Mr. Dimmock, he turned a somewhat helpless look upon him and, removing his gold rimmed spectacles, said:

"Could you tell me—I am so short-sighted and this train is so confusing—which part of it is for Mudbury? The fact is—ahem—I am going down there to-day to sit as Deputy Recorder, for the first time, and I don't know the place, or anything about it, and, of course, I must not be late."

"Indeed," replied Mr. Dimmock, "a great honour, that. I think I can put you into the right way. Let me see—Mudbury, Mudbury? Yes, here we are—you haven't any too much time."

Then, his quick eye having noted a small board over the carriage opposite them, indicating that it travelled direct to Rugby without stopping, he suddenly cried·

"Here, in you jump! I'll hold your bag—quick, the train's moving!" and assisting his new acquaintance, with a vigorous shove behind, he banged the door to, and made as though he would pitch the blue bag into the rear-guard's van as it passed.

The learned gentleman waved his hand in thanks, and then subsided contentedly into his seat—leaving Mr. Dimmock with ample material for one of the biggest practical jokes he had ever yet embarked upon.

Armed with the blue bag, he quietly stepped into one of the rear carriages, labelled "Mudbury," and when, a few minutes later, the train started, he produced from the bag's recesses a horsehair wig, white bands and a stuff gown.

He then proceeded to try on the wig, and found that, although rather small, it yet fitted him fairly well. With the gown and bands, there was, of course, no question of fit.

Mr. Dimmock had been called to the Bar, some six years previously, and although his ignorance of the law could only be described as stately, he did know that a five years' standing qualified a barrister to sit as Recorder.

To this extent, therefore, all was right; of course, he had no written authorisation—but this document, as a matter of fact, is rarely, if ever, asked for, and so he considered himself fairly safe from premature discovery. He was hardly likely ever to experience legitimately the joys of "the Bench"; this, he thought, was the opportunity of a lifetime, for illegitimately doing so.

Alighting at Mudbury, he left his kit-bag at the station, drove to the court-house and made his way to the robing-room, which he found in the occupation of about a dozen members of the Bar—mostly local practitioners—and whilst he was assuming his forensic dress, the Mayor, in all the glory of scarlet gown and chain of office, fluttered in.

"Good morning, Mr. Recorder, good

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morning!" he cried. "The constable outside told me a gentleman he did not know by sight had just passed in, so I guessed it must be our new Deputy. Heartily glad to welcome you to our ancient borough, sir."

"Delighted, Mr. Mayor, delighted," purred Mr. Dimmock in reply, whilst all the local Bar smiled blandly as though to curry favour with their new Judge.

Mr. Mayor fussed about importantly, as did the two old serving men, decked out in blue liveries and white worsted stockings, for the great occasion of holding the sessions. As the hour of ten struck, Mr. Mayor, giving a final hitch to his red gown, turned to Dimmock and asked:

"Are you ready, Mr. Recorder? Shall we go on to the Bench, now?"

And, Mr. Dimmock graciously acquiescing, the Mayor, preceded by one of the white worsted stockinged servants, and looking like a robin-redbreast walking ahead of a crow, led "Mr. Recorder" in a solemn stalk, to the court-house door. This was thrown open by Worsted Stockings, and Mr. Mayor and Mr. Dimmock entered, and took their seats on the Bench, Mr. Recorder, of course, occupying the judgment seat beneath the heavy oaken canopy. Mr. Mayor, who on these occasions merely played a "thinking part," sat on his right hand, whilst two or three of the borough magistrates occupied places on his left.

Then, amidst much shuffling of feet the gentlemen of the grand jury were duly ushered in to their seats, and the Clerk of the Peace—a pompous old gentleman with a bald head, a red face, and a very roomy waistcoat, rose to read that weird document, "The King's proclamation against Vice (with a capital V) and Immorality." It would be safe to say that of the numerous spectators seated in the body of the court, not a single soul had the most elementary idea as to what it all meant.

The concluding words "God Save the King" had hardly been spoken when Mr. Dimmock, from his stately judgment seat, commenced his "charge" to the grand jury.

"Gentlemen of the grand jury. Most of you are probably indulging in a not unnatural wonder as to why you have been dragged from your peaceful homes to serve your country here to-day. I share that wonderment with you, to the fullest extent. You possibly know the duties of a grand jury? I will merely say that your safest course is to find a True Bill in every case, and then the prisoner will come into this court for trial and the charge can be more fully investigated.

"As to the petty details concerning which of the witnesses you will have called before you, and which you will not, I leave all those to be explained to you by the learned old gentleman with the bald head, now seated before me."

Here the pompous Clerk of the Peace sat bolt upright, and removed his tortoise-shell rimmed glasses in astonishment.

Mr. Dimmock paused, and then, with an airy sweep of his hand, resumed:

"You can now retire to your deliberations, gentlemen—I trust your subsequent luncheons will prove less tough than the consideration of knotty points of law."

The gentlemen of the grand jury looked at each other in a mystified manner, and then up at the Recorder. They couldn't make it out at all.

Blandly, and without the suspicion of a smile on his immobile face, Mr. Dimmock resumed:

"I will only add that, should you have undisputed evidence that a prisoner was seen, for instance, to take a loaf out of a baker's shop and run off with it, there would be at least a *primâ facie* case that he stole it. That being so, pray do not worry yourselves about motive, but find a True Bill. To use a homely colloquialism: 'You press the button, we do the rest.'"

In a state of bemused wonderment, the grand jury filed slowly out to their retiring room, and Mr. Recorder amused himself by looking over the depositions and gleaning some slight idea as to what offences he would have to adjudicate upon.

The Clerk of the Peace—whose few remaining hairs had been slowly rising on end as he listened to this astounding "charge"—conferred with the Chief Constable; the borough magistrates whispered behind their hands to each other, whilst furtively glancing in the direction of the Judge; and presently the "Bar" came into court, prepared for action.

The "Bar" on taking their places, bowed to Mr. Recorder: Mr. Recorder bowed to the "Bar," and then they settled down to the real business of the day.

The grand jury soon returned with a "True Bill" against Thomas Slimkins for larceny—the said awful offence being the stealing of two mutton chops from a butcher's shop. Thomas Slimkins, a wretched looking boy of fourteen, was then hustled into the dock.

After he had pleaded "Not Guilty" Mr. Pumpcourt, as counsel for the prosecution,

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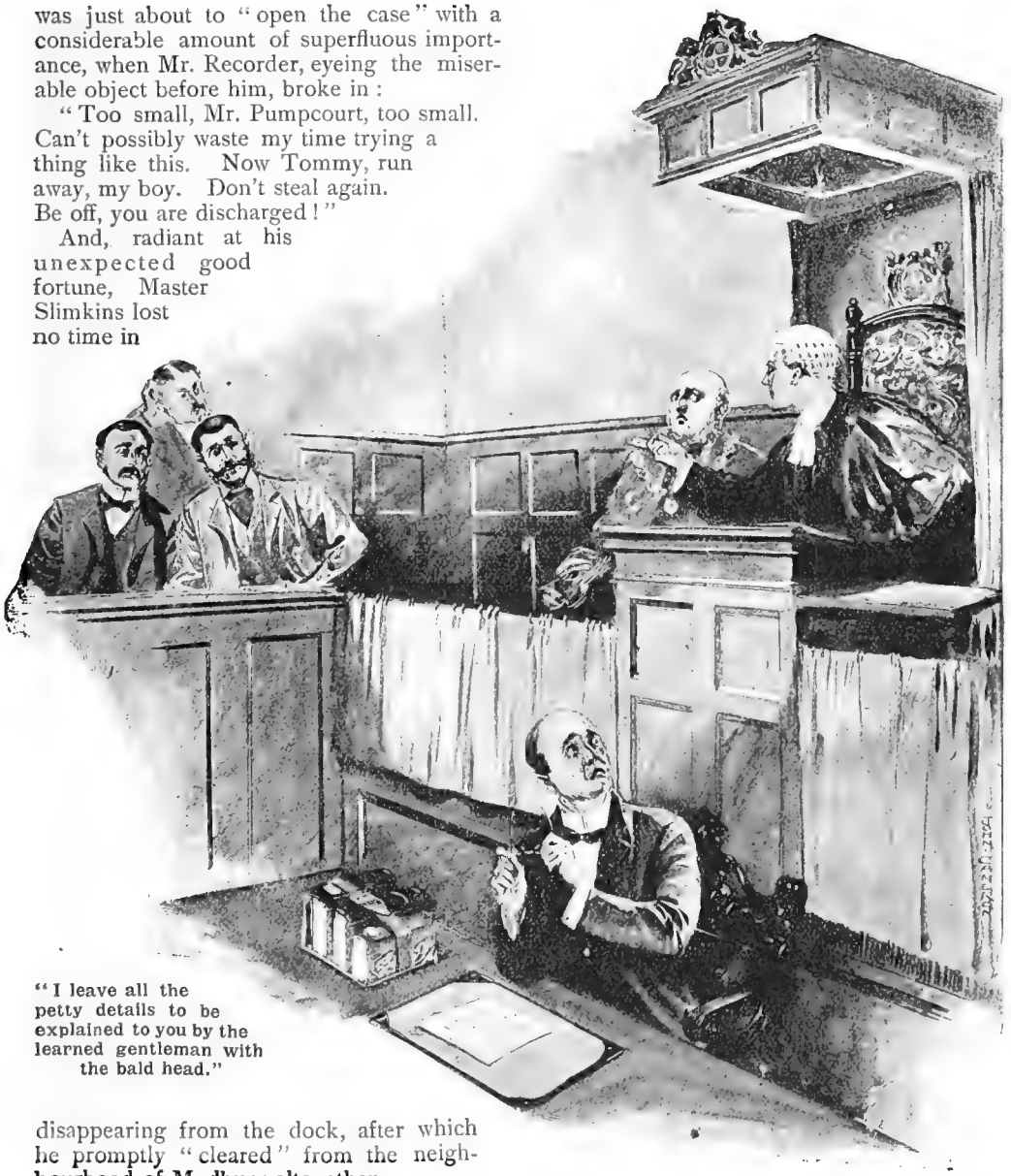
was just about to "open the case" with a considerable amount of superfluous importance, when Mr. Recorder, eyeing the miserable object before him, broke in :

"Too small, Mr. Pumpcourt, too small. Can't possibly waste my time trying a thing like this. Now Tommy, run away, my boy. Don't steal again. Be off, you are discharged!"

And, radiant at his unexpected good fortune, Master Slimkins lost no time in



"I leave all the petty details to be explained to you by the learned gentleman with the bald head."

disappearing from the dock, after which he promptly "cleared" from the neighbourhood of Mudbury altogether.

Counsel for the Crown and the Clerk of the Peace both attempted a remonstrance, but Mr. Recorder peremptorily ordered them to "sit down"—and they sat!

By this time, two more "True Bills" had been found, and a lady of the Hooligan type, was put up to be tried for a violent assault on a policeman, who appeared in the witness box with a very colourable imitation of a broken head.

The lady in question, Mrs. Polly Slapcabbage, having looked upon the wine when it was red—or to descend to the hard, unpoetic language of daily life—having imbibed more "goes" of gin than she could conveniently carry, had taken umbrage, when requested by Constable XX 2006 to "move on," and had struck the said constable, knocked off his helmet and followed this up by dealing him a terrific blow on the bare head with the handle of her umbrella, thereby causing the cuts and contusions

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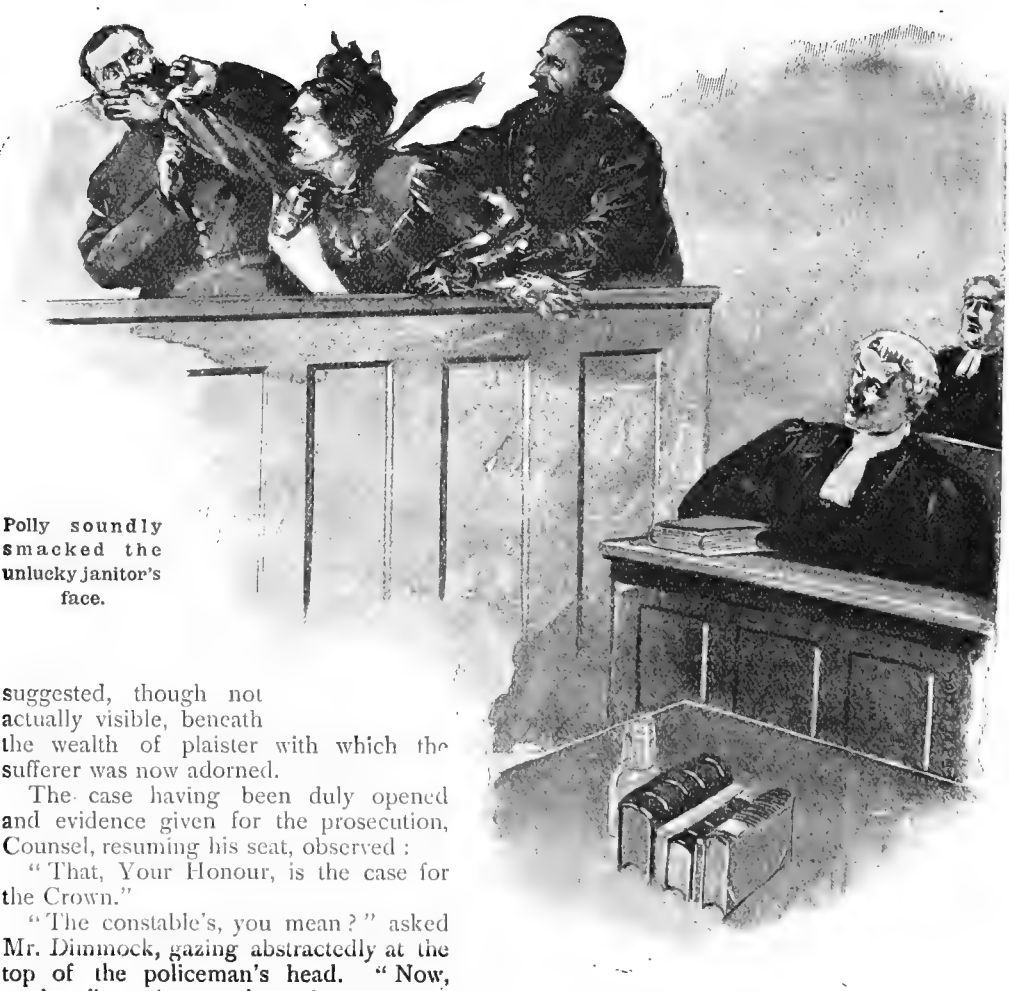

Polly soundly smacked the unlucky janitor's face.

suggested, though not actually visible, beneath the wealth of plaister with which the sufferer was now adorned.

The case having been duly opened and evidence given for the prosecution, Counsel, resuming his seat, observed:

"That, Your Honour, is the case for the Crown."

"The constable's, you mean?" asked Mr. Dimmock, gazing abstractedly at the top of the policeman's head. "Now, madam," turning to the prisoner, "any questions to ask the constable, or will you address the jury at once?"

The lady called no witnesses but elected to take the latter course, and made a long, rambling speech which had nothing to do with the case. The gaoler behind her having ventured on a gentle giggle, Polly promptly closed the flood-gates of her eloquence and soundly smacked the unlucky janitor's face.

"I presume that incident closes the case for the defence," observed Mr. Recorder sententiously. Then, in summing up, he said:

"Gentlemen of the common or garden jury. You have heard the evidence for the prosecution and also the statement of the prisoner in defence. If you believe the one, you certainly can't think much of the other. Now, the first and most important witness called was the injured man himself, the constable. To have to call the constable as their first witness, came rather hard upon the crown—so did Polly's umbrella handle. The constable evidently had his skull cracked, which must have annoyed him very much. Even I should have felt quite vexed had it happened to myself. You must now consider your verdict, gentlemen, and remember that you have to decide all questions of law, whilst it is for me to deal with the facts"—here the Clerk of the Peace turned an agonised glance upon Mr. Dimmock, who immediately glossed over his slip by adding—"that is, I mean, of course, that *you* are to deal with facts, whilst *I* attend to all matters of law."

The jury stared at the Judge, and then at each other. They put their heads together, and in a feeble, uncertain manner, the foreman rose and began:

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"We should like to know, your Honour——"

"Certainly—most proud, I'm sure—the Clerk of the Peace shall introduce us directly after the court rises," responded Mr. Dimmock with cheerful alacrity.

The foreman passed his fingers wearily through his hair.

"I—I don't quite follow Your Honour's meaning—I daresay it is very stupid of me—but I was about to say that we should like to know what value we ought to attach to the evidence given by the witness Jones, and the witness Watson?"

"Oh, I had forgotten them!" returned Mr. Dimmock airily, "they both appeared to me to be economical of the truth. Watson, in fact, never opened his mouth without telling a lie. Disregard their evidence entirely."

The jury consulted together for a few minutes, and then found the prisoner "Guilty."

At this announcement, Mr. Dimmock desisted from his occupation of dropping small pellets of blotting-paper (apparently by accident) on the bald head of the Clerk of the Peace, and assuming a judicial aspect, said:

"Prisoner at the bar, you have been found guilty of assaulting this unfortunate constable. As I understand it, your defence is that you merely expostulated with him for moving you on—but the law of England says that you must not expostulate with the handle of an umbrella, or any other deadly weapon. Six months' imprisonment will give you ample time for reflection, and as the prison authorities hold strong teetotal views, the probability is that your general health, physical and moral, will be vastly improved by your temporary withdrawal from a society which I doubt not you now so greatly adorn."

Mr. Dimmock made a most polite inclination of the head and Mrs. Slapcabbage was led below.

"And now we'll adjourn for luncheon," said the Recorder cheerfully, as he rose and left the Bench, the Mayor waddling out closely after him.

Followed by the "Bar," and a few favoured solicitors and their clerks, the Mayor struggled past Mr. Dimmock and led the way into a long room wherein was a table spread with a substantial luncheon. Mr. Mayor took the presidential seat, whilst Mr. Recorder occupied the place of honour on his right.

The meal nearly over, a message was sent round to Mr. Dimmock requesting him, as Recorder, to propose the health of the Mayor. As he rose to do so, a telegram was brought in for the great civic dignitary.

"From the Recorder, I expect," thought Mr. Dimmock to himself. The Mayor glanced over the telegram and then prepared to listen to the usual post-prandial adulation of himself.

"Gentlemen, I ask you to charge your glasses—a thing which I have never yet known men shy of doing—and drink with me to the health of our excellent friend, the Mayor. (great applause) The Mayor of this highly unimportant borough, should be a man of integrity, of high and lofty aims—especially if he shoots pheasants—he should be a man of hospitality and a man of business. (Applause.)

"All these requirements are fulfilled by your present representative—the gentleman now fastened up here by his chain of office. (Loud cheers.) He is a merchant prince. ('No, no,' from the Mayor.) Well, then, he is a highly respectable grocer, if you like that better. In grocery, gentlemen, of late years, a change has come o'er the spirit of the dream. The day of sanding the sugar has passed, the day of chicory—I mean chicanery—is no more, the day of——"

But here the man seated next to him pulled his sleeve and whispered: "He's *not* a grocer, he's a saddler!"

"Ha!" exclaimed Dimmock, not in the least abashed at his mistake, "'nothing like leather.' Gentlemen, you couldn't have a better man or a better Mayor. He can always make a saddle to fit the mare—and it's money makes the mayor to go (cheers) not that we want him to go—long may he remain to occupy the chair (cheers). Judging by the size of the chair and the size of the Mayor I should say that you've made the chair to fit the Mayor! (laughter) and the toast I give you all, is 'The Chair for the Mayor and the Mayor for the Chair!' Three chairs—I mean cheers—for the Mayor!"

Amidst great applause and rapping of knife-handles on the table, the toast was drunk, and Mr. Dimmock resumed his seat.

And just at that precise moment, the real Deputy-Recorder rushed into the room.

Mr. Dimmock hummed softly under his breath. He had hardly expected the *dénouement* so soon as this.

The Mayor half rose to meet the new comer, as the latter breathlessly exclaimed:

"Oh, my dear Mr. Mayor, pray accept my deepest apologies for keeping you all waiting

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The fact is I was put into the wrong train at Euston. I telegraphed as soon as I could, asking you to adjourn the sitting of the court till I could arrive."

The Mayor positively swelled with importance.

"My good sir," he said pompously, "I have only just received your telegram, but the business of the session can *not* be adjourned because one learned Counsel is late. I never heard of such a thing!"

"Most ridiculous!" corroborated Dimmock, "monstrous suggestion."

The Deputy-Recorder stared at the speakers blankly. He did not recognise Dimmock, so great a change had the wig made to his face.

"But—but—but how could you proceed without me? I am the Deputy-Recorder!"

A burst of laughter met the unfortunate gentleman's assertion, making him more bewildered than ever.

"Oh come, my boy," exclaimed Dimmock, "that won't do, you know. *I* am the Deputy Recorder!"

"You—you are the Dep——" here speech failed him for the moment, and he dropped into a chair. "Well I'm ——." Fortunately, however, for the best traditions of the Bar, the Mayoral sleeve, at this particular moment, swept a glass off the table, and it fell with a crash, opportunely drowning the new-comer's last word.

Then the Real Recorder rose to his feet again, and faced them all.

"Gentlemen, this is all a fraud. This man here, who pretends to be your Deputy-Recorder, is a humbug, a—why, hang it! he's actually got *my* wig on!"

"Oh really, I say, this is too much!" exclaimed Mr. Dimmock, rising also. "This poor fellow is under some hallucination. First he thinks I've taken his seat, and now he says I've got his wig! Constable—you at the door there—just remove this gentleman—do it quietly, but be quite firm—and conduct him into the street. Now, my poor fellow, take my advice and go straight home."

"Wha-at!" screamed the now infuriated man, "how dare you, you impudent impostor, have me put into the street? You villain with your mock-solemn looking eyes, that are laughing at us all the time! You will all live to rue this day—yes, you, Mr. Mayor, and all the rest of you!"

But Mr. Dimmock had been whispering to the Mayor, and as the result of their short conference "Mr. Recorder" called for silence, and then, in gentle, impressive tones, said:

"My dear sir, pray calm yourself. It is quite possible that there may be some mistake here——."

"Some mistake!" shouted the victim, "there's no *mistake!* Here's my delegation," and he produced from his pocket the document in question.

"Well, I've forgotten to bring mine," said Mr. Dimmock coolly, "but it's just possible that the two of us have been, by some mischance, delegated to the same sessions. So you go on the Bench now, my good sir, and I will sit in the body of the court, and watch how you acquit yourself. I'll lend you my wig——"

"*Your* wig! *My* wig!"

"Well, well, put it which way you like," returned Mr. Dimmock soothingly, "now, robe, and follow the Mayor, and don't——"

"Thank you, sir. I want none of your instructions!" snorted the new arrival. "All these prisoners, having been illegally tried, must be tried again by me," he continued addressing the Clerk of the Peace, in loud tones.

"What price the youthful Slimkins!" murmured Mr. Dimmock. "First catch your hare!"

"And," resumed the real Recorder severely, "I shall keep an eye on you, sir, and, before the day is out, you may find yourself in custody."

Mr. Dimmock slowly deflected his left eyelid in the direction of the Mayor, as though to ask his indulgence for the new Judge's doubtful sanity. Then, doffing wig and gown, he took his hat and strolled into the body of the court.

And when, about the middle of the afternoon, Mr. Deputy Recorder, after many times conferring with the Clerk of the Peace and the Chief Constable, finally decided to take the important step of arresting Mr. Dimmock in court, curiously enough, the arrest could not be effected, the principal actor in the play—Mr. Alfred Dimmock himself—having opportunely disappeared.

Next Month Mr. Charles James describes one of the maddest of Mr. Alfred Dimmock's mad escapades. He impersonates an Officer at Parade with wildly funny results.

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The wonderful mansion at Lea Park, owned, re-built, and built on to by Mr. Whitaker Wright.

Mr. Whitaker Wright,

AND HIS WONDERFUL PALACE AND PLEASURE PARK.

The only Authentic Account that has ever been Published of the Wonderful Way in which Mr. Whitaker Wright "Improved Nature" at his Home, Lea Park, in Surrey. Full and True Details are given for the First Time of the Marvellous Palace, with its Theatre and Observatory; of the Gorgeous Stables; of the Hills that were Removed and Built up again by Hand; of the Construction of the Grottoes and the Great Artificial Lakes, with their Fairy-like Houses under the Water; and of the other Wonderful Surprises that were Prepared for Visitors, which are said to have Cost, in all, £1,250,000.

Some years ago, in the early nineties, one of the many beautiful old country seats in Surrey came into the market, priced at about £150,000. Lea Park, near Godalming, boasted a lovely Elizabethan half-timbered manor house, standing on a hill, whence one looked out over fair, green, undulating grounds to the blue line of the Haslemere hills in the distance. A typical English home—green, restful, utterly peaceful.

To this haven of rest came, from the City of London, a great financier, a man who had sprung from none knew where, who had floated companies, amassed a great fortune.

He was a big man, this financier, standing almost six foot, of great bulk, of weight quite eighteen stone—a man of domineering force, somewhat Jewish in appearance, clean shaven save for a heavy moustache, dressed always in sober black, unrelieved by any sign of jewellery whatever, but sometimes by a bright tie. His name was Whitaker Wright.

Apparently, as he walked over his new property day by day, he did not find the rest that was there. His brain must have been working always, conceiving great plans. It soon became known in the neighbourhood that great works of improvement were to be carried out at Lea Park.

Wages at this time were at the rate of 14*s.* a week. It was not long before they rose to 21*s.* a week—before four hundred men were engaged on the great works that were being carried out by the sombre, silent man in black from the City of London.

He strode about his park, carrying a great

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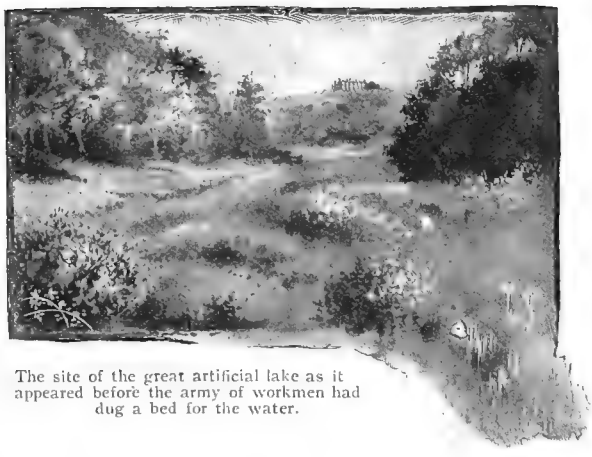
oak stick, planning, superintending. Everywhere he saw chances of improvement. "We will have a great lake here," he said in effect, with a wave of his oak staff; "this hill blocks the view—take it away. Cut down this wood. Here we will have a grotto. An Italian fountain would look well here. But first have a wall built, ten feet high, all around," and he waved his stick with an all-embracing sweep. It was a standing joke of the workmen to say, every time they saw that oak stick waving: "There goes another hundred pounds!"



The site of the great artificial lake as it appeared before the army of workmen had dug a bed for the water.

It is impossible to give a straight-forward account of how the transformation scenes at Lea Park were carried out. The master-mind often changed. But the four or five hundred workmen were kept busy, day by day, year by year. And the big dark man moved among them, encouraging, directing—now and again taking a pick and shovel himself. For he could dig.

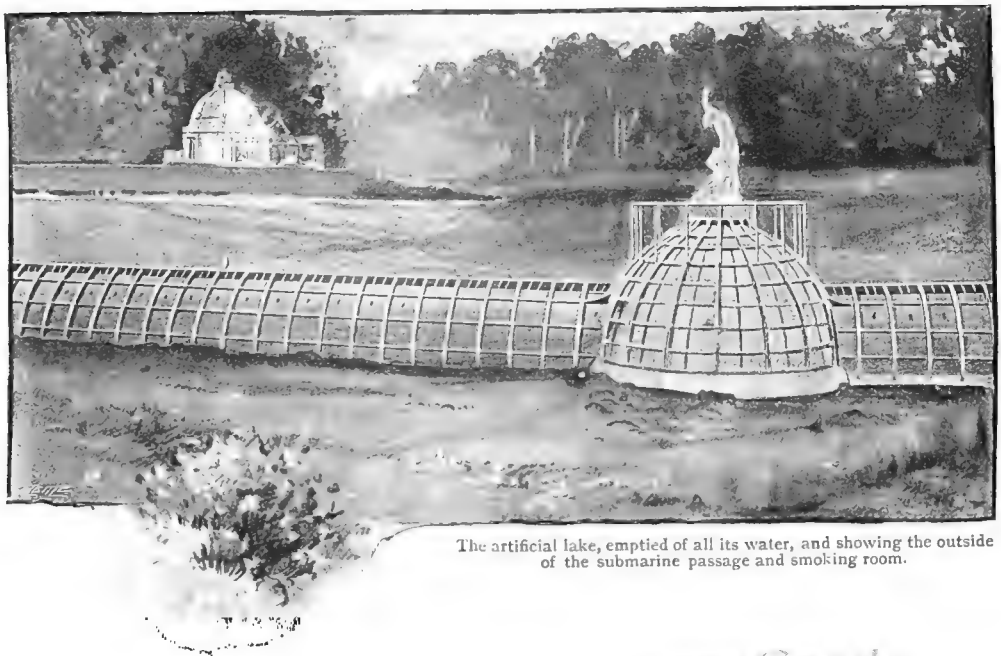
"Why don't you put more energy into your work, my man?" he said one day to a giant navvy, who took things rather easily. "When *I* used to dig, I worked three times as hard as you do."

The navvy turned slowly, and looked his master in the eyes. "Maybe," he answered, "*but you were digging for diamonds!*"—which may or may not have been true, but which went unanswered save for a hearty laugh.

The hundreds of workmen, in the course of six or seven years' hard labour, utterly changed the face of Lea Park. Whatever may have been left undone, it is easy to say what was accomplished. It is estimated that Mr. Whitaker Wright must have spent fully £1,250,000 whilst at Lea Park.

The big lake, in front of the house, covering some fifty acres, was the greatest of all the works. It was Mr. Whitaker Wright's idea to make it a Lake of Surprises—the most wonderful lake in the world. This it surely is.

There are now three artificial, hand-made



The artificial lake, emptied of all its water, and showing the outside of the submarine passage and smoking room.

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The wonderful artificial lake at Lea Park. There is a passage underneath the lake leading to a crystal smoking room under the statue in the foreground.

lakes in the park. The first is a square lake at the top of a hill, whence the water is carried by pipes to the bathing lake, entering by a cascade, some thirty feet high. From the bathing lake the water is carried to the big lake, through a great dolphin's head, which is fed by a natural stream, taking its name, Brook, from a neighbouring village. There is a turbine house at one end of this lake, which, when necessary, will pump water up to the first lake.

The big lake to-day is in full view of the house, at the foot of a sloping stretch of greensward, profusely dotted with Italian statuary. But it was not always so, for a natural hill shut out the view of the lake, though one could see over the top of it to the blue Haslemere hills. It was this hill that Mr. Whitaker Wright ordered to be taken away. The vast work was carried out by hand, by hundreds of navvies, who cut the hill down in slices, and carted it away in barrows. When the hill had been laid low, so that the ground sloped gently down from the house to the lake, turf was laid, and the many statues and fountains were put in place.

One fountain from Italy, representing a grotesque and gigantic dolphin's head, is so enormous, that when it was landed at Southampton, the railway company refused to carry it to Lea Park because it was too big to pass through their tunnels! Mr. Wright therefore dispatched one of his traction-engines to Southampton, to haul the dolphin home by road, on a truck that had been specially built for it. All went well, until the traction-engine came to a place where an arch spanned the road. There was no room to pass under. Mr. Wright sent down word that the road was to be sunk until the dolphin *could* pass. So the road was cut away, and in due time the dolphin reached home in safety.

The dolphin was carved from a solid block of marble, weighing eighty tons.

But one must go beneath the surface of the big lake to see the wonder of wonders at Lea Park—the houses under the water, the retreats, built of iron and glass, where the Master loved to think of seclusion from the cares of the world, to smoke his cigars in peace.

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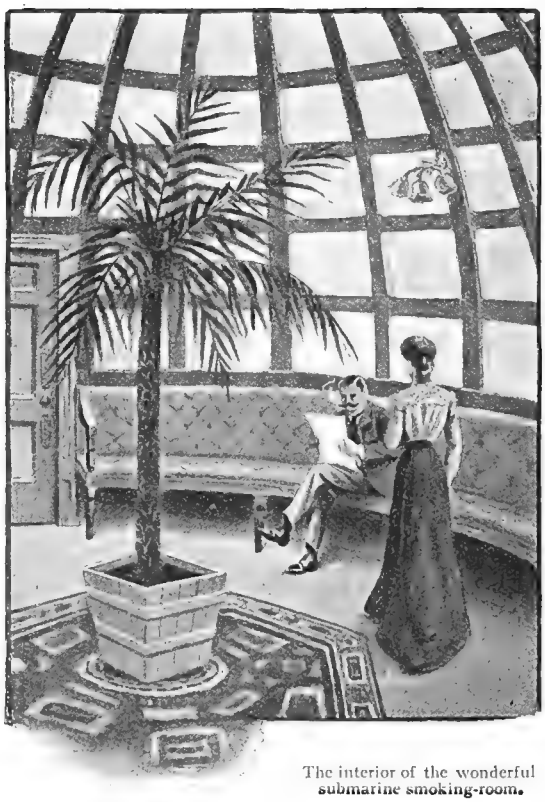
On the lawn, by the lake side, is to be seen a little erection sheltering the head of a spiral staircase. Descending the stairs one comes to a subway, four hundred feet long, lighted by rows of electric lamps. The passage, which is wide enough for four people to walk abreast, leads into a great chamber of glass thirty feet in height—a beautiful conservatory with a wondrous mosaic floor, settees and chairs, palms, and little tables.

It is a wonderful place—a fairy palace. In summer it is delightfully cool — in winter, delightfully warm, for the temperature is always fairly even. Outside the clear crystal glass is a curtain of green water — deep, beautiful green at the bottom, fading away to the palest, faintest green at the top, where little white wavelets ripple. Gold fish come and press their faces against the glass, peering at you with strangely magnified eyes. On summer nights one looks through the green water at the stars and the moon, which appear extraordinarily bright and large, for they are magnified quite ten times by the curved glass and the water.



The interior of the wonderful submarine smoking-room.

This submerged fairy-room with appendages cost fully £20,000. It was built, of course, with the utmost care—for if one of the square panes of three-inch glass should break, the place would be filled with water within five minutes.

But these submerged houses do not exhaust the wonders of the Lake of Surprises. Mr. Wright built a beautiful boat-house of stone by the lake side, wherein were kept a number of boats—electric launches, sailing craft, row boats—for he is fond of boating, and has achieved some notable triumphs with his racing yachts.

Sailing round the lake, one would come unexpectedly upon an opening in the bank, almost hidden by shrubs and trees. This gave entrance to a subterranean passage, lined with white tiles, covered in places with creepers, deep water rippling at the bottom. Proceeding cautiously up this strange channel running underground, one was reassured by the sight of daylight at the end; and, pushing on, came at length to a wondrous grotto, a fairy-like cavern, with trees, high above, forming a roof with their branches. Leaving the boat, one stepped on to a path carved out of the solid rock, which led, by steps, into an extraordinary labyrinth of galleries and hidden chambers, some of which were beautifully fitted with Oriental decorations.

Whilst one army of workmen was engaged upon these transformation scenes and fairy effects in the Park, another army was engaged in converting the old red-brick house into something akin to a palace. Right and left of the old house two new wings were thrown out, and at one end a domed observatory with a revolving copper roof was put up—Mr. Wright had a taste for astronomy. A little theatre was built in the house, costing about £20,000, and decorated with tapestries, worth about as much, and a wonderful drop curtain.

When, a little while ago, the order went forth that all work at Lea Park was to be stopped, the labourers, the country people in the neighbourhood, were genuinely sorry.

The news of the financier's downfall, and of his arrest came to many near Lea Park as a personal sorrow.

"He never robbed the poor," they said.

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Ponto.

Sir Nicholas Vyse.

THE KING AND QUEEN OF SMUGGLERS.

THE MAN WHO CHASED HIMSELF.

By Halliwell Sutcliffe.

Mistress Josephine Willoughby.

A further smuggling Escapade of Sir Nicholas Vyse, known to his Associates as Captain Contraband, and Josephine Willoughby, his Lady Confederate. This Yarn describes how they both fool Gauger Ralph, the Preventive Officer, and succeed in landing a vast Prize under his very Nose.

Sir Nicholas Vyse, though strangers held his home, was wonderfully partial, so it seemed, to the neighbourhood; for he had settled in a snug place, half house, half cottage, that topped the cliff above St. Thyra's Bay. In front of the cottage, on the landward side, was a great pool, with landing-steps that led from the front door to the water; and this pool, far as the eye could see between the alders and pollard-willows that hugged its banks, narrowed into one of those lanes of water which drain the salt marshes.

Nick Vyse had been duck-shooting to-day, and now, on the last edge of gloaming, he punted to the landing-stage, threw out two brace of birds, and shouted for his manservant.

"Jago!" he called. "Pest take you, Jago!"

A little figure of a man came out of the cottage. He held a candle in one hand, and the light of it revealed a shrunken body, a face as wizened as an apple too long stored, a wonderfully bright and eager pair of eyes.

"Coming, master, coming!" answered Jago.

"Take these birds, man, and then set out a meal of some sort; and be quick about it, for this air has touched my hunger."

"There's a lady here to see you, Sir Nicholas," went on the manservant diffidently. "I am not sure, sir, whether I did right, but she would wait your coming, so she said."

"A lady? Who?" asked Nick Vyse sharply.

Memories of his wild days in town returned to him, and he was disposed to shy at mention of obscure ladies, each one of whom might come to nurse a grievance.

"It is Miss Josephine Willoughby, sir, I think—from the great house, sir—though, to be sure, I am no judge of faces and I only saw the lady once before."

The master's face cleared. "Oh, I will see her now," he said, and strode indoors.

A lamp was burning in the right-hand room, and Josephine stood facing the light—stood, a lissome figure, insolent almost in its bright young beauty. They smiled one at the other, as old friends do.

"Well, Captain Josephine?" cried Sir Nicholas gaily, as he closed the door.

"I earned the title, did I not?" she said, throwing back her head with a mischievous, proud air. "I captained your decoy-ship, and saved a cargo?"

"You did, and I could ill have afforded to lose that special cargo."

"Since then I have been much in the company of Gauger Ralph and others of the Preventive. It is sad company for a lady of fortune to keep, is it not, Sir Nicholas? Yet what can I do, with my father always making

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more money there in London, and only a sleepy dowager for company?"

"True, true," murmured Sir Nicholas, with a merry twinkle in his eyes. The more he saw of this girl with her daring and her ready wit, the more he welcomed comradeship with her.

"I like to hear Preventive tales. I like to listen while Gauger Ralph grows big with talk of caves, and Schnapps, and cutters armed with guns; and Ralph will tell me anything. But I forgot. You shouted to your servant just now that you were hungry. Let him spread the board, and I will tell you one of the Gauger's tales to while away the time."

"You will join me in the meal, then?"

"How could I?" she said with a sudden, odd return to dignity.

Josephine was a woman, after all; and, though this visit to Sir Nicholas had seemed a usual procedure, it became at once an outrage that he should ask her to sit down to meat with him.

"Very well," went on Nick Vyse, still with the same sly twinkle. "I have shared your hospitality. Do you remember when I came along the secret way, and broke in upon you? And yet, it seems, you will have none of mine. Is it fair? Moreover, you blamed me once for not treating you as a man. You wished to rank as Captain Josephine."

Her dignity was forgotten, and she laughed her old, frank laugh.

"Yes, I want to be a man! Just that, with freedom to go in and out, and see brave cargoes run. Captain Contraband, I will dine with you," she broke off with a sweeping curtsey.

"Hush, hush!" said he, in mock dismay. "Sir Nicholas Vyse, if you please, and a good magistrate. Jago," he called, opening the door, "lay covers for two, and, as you love me, hasten."

Jago, lean, noiseless, unsurprised, soon set the board, and Josephine was conducted with much ceremony to her chair.

"They are going to make another big attempt to capture Captain Contraband," said the girl presently.

"They have made so many," answered Nick Vyse lightly, "yet still I am on the Commission of the Peace."

"You have heard of the pitcher that went once too often to the well?"

"Or the keg of Schnapps that went once too often to the cave? You mean, I may think too little of the Preventive?"

"I think so. Gauger Ralph, each time he is outwitted, seems to seek more eagerly for a fresh plan. He is fat and rather foolish, but he is dogged, Sir Nicholas."

"And this time what plan has he?"

"In the first place, he has sent word all up and down the coast, to have the Preventive men in readiness."

Sir Nicholas nodded. "So much he did before; and, thanks to you, he captured a cargo of salt herrings."

They laughed together at the reminiscence, then Josephine grew grave again.

"But there is more," she said. "Three cutters are in readiness, too, and they mean, between them, to sink both your own boat and the decoy-ship when next you make a run."

The other whistled gently. "This is more serious," he muttered. "Three cutters—and their guns are heavy—yes, they might sink us. But they won't?" he broke off merrily. "We'll find a way out, Captain Josephine, as we have done before."

As if in answer to his words, there came a loud double-knock at the outer door, and presently old Jago entered softly.

"Gauger Ralph would have a word with you, Sir Nicholas," he said.

Nick Vyse exchanged glances with the girl. "Show him in!" he cried merrily. "That is unless ——" He glanced at Josephine again, to ask if she had doubts as to the propriety of being discovered here at meat with him.

The girl, too, looked doubtful for a moment; then she laughed, and, "It's foolish, I suppose," she said, "but Gauger Ralph is sure to give us some good jests—and—and — you may tell him, if he is shocked, that for to-night I'm Captain Josephine."

Gauger Ralph stood there on the threshold, pulling his forelock nervously, yet grinning as he caught the girl's last words. Josephine's description of him seemed a true one, as he stood there, fat and a little foolish, with the lamplight on his wind-red face.

"Give you good-even, Ralph," cried Sir Nicholas, who seemed in high spirits. "Take a glass of Schnapps for your stomach's sake. Miss Willoughby here was intrusted with a message to me from—from her father—and I persuaded her to help me through a lonely meal. You are an old friend of Ralph's, eh, Miss Willoughby?"

"Indeed I am. You haven't a secret that I don't know, have you, Ralph?"

Ralph shifted his feet uneasily, and glanced with apprehension at Sir Nicholas. "My

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tongue does run away with me now and then,' he admitted, "when a bonny maid asks me to tell her all my foolish tales."

"And why not?" went on Nick Vyse. "Miss Willoughby and I were talking, the moment you came in, of the urgent need there is to capture this Captain Contraband. She is as eager as we are, Ralph, to save the credit of the county."

"Now that's queer," muttered Ralph, taking a deep draught of his Schnapps; "it was on that very business of Captain Contraband I came to you to-night. Could I talk with you by-and-by, Sir Nicholas, when you are alone?"

Another glance, full of devil-may-care high spirits, passed between Nick Vyse and Josephine.

"You can talk now, man," he said. "This lady is scarcely a conspirator, I think—besides, you are accustomed, as you say, to tell her all, so you may as well do it now as later."

"He's merry to-night," thought Ralph, with a chuckle. "When the wine's in, it's wonderful what a lass can do to a man."

Yet Nick Vyse was grave on a sudden, and he wore his coldest magisterial air.

"I am glad you are here, Ralph," he said. "The fact is, I should have sent for you in a day or two, whether you had come or not. This shameless running of cargoes, under the very nose of the Preventive, must be suppressed. The authorities at head-quarters are growing more angry every day; they say that Captain Contraband will soon command the Channel if this work goes on."

"True, Sir Nicholas, true. Yet there's something, as you might say, uncanny about the man. He's a sort of a ghost, to my thinking, and we never even saw his face till t'other night."

"Oh, you have seen him once, then?" went on Sir Nicholas, in the tone of one who is examining a witness. "What is he like, in case I come across him?"

"Well, now, sir, if I may make bold, he's just your height and breadth—the very figure of you."

"You pay me a high compliment," said Nick Vyse ironically. "Have I the honour, too, to resemble him in face?"

"Lord save you, no, sir! There was no breed in his face, no breed at all; and he was light-haired, and you're dark."

"Would you know him again, if you saw him?"

"Wouldn't I! A man who can land a cargo of herrings under my nose, and make me believe they're Schnapps—ay, I'll know him again."

"Good. Now, what do you propose, Ralph? I am willing to help you in any way I can—both as a man and as a magistrate."

"Well, Sir Nicholas, I was thinking that nobody knows how many men Captain Contraband has on board his boats, and there are none too many of us Preventive chaps. Could you, now, call out your yeomanry, and——?"

A grave smile from Nick Vyse.

"I am afraid it would be exceeding my powers as officer in command," he said. "No, Ralph. We must catch these rascals at sea. We'll have no more skulking in caves."

Ralph's face fell.

"Then—then I'm not to be in at the taking of him?" he muttered. "It seems hard after all the time and trouble I've taken, Sir Nicholas."

"Tut, tut, man! You're a brave man, I know, on sea or land; and you shall bring your men on board with you. Now, what information have you?"

"None to go on just yet, sir. To tell truth, we had a very useful spy; but Captain Contraband has given him a rope's end, and a good-bye."

For one fleeting moment a smile crossed Nick Vyse's face. It was he himself who had administered both the rope's end and the dismissal to the culprit. Gauger Ralph, however, was deep in his second measure of Schnapps, and did not notice the smile, nor see how merrily the glances of his two companions crossed.

"I am in better case," went on Sir Nicholas. "As it happens I have taken great interest lately in this Captain Contraband, and I have means of knowing at least half his plans for the next trip."

"Dare you trust them to me, sir?"

"I wish to do so. In a week from now, if the wind is good, he means to run a cargo from Dunkirk. His ship will anchor close to Dead Man's Buoy, which lies, as you'll remember, north by nor'-east of St. Thanes."

"And which boat will hold the cargo, sir? What with a ghost for a captain, and a decoy-ship that sometimes holds the kegs, and sometimes just holds nothing at all but fish—well, plain men get bothered in their wits, Sir Nicholas."

"It is Captain Contraband who will be bothered this time, Ralph. How many cutters can you secure for patrol service?"

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"Three are ready at any moment, sir."

"Too few, too few," murmured Nick Vyse.

The girl looked at him, as if to guess what new prank was this; but Sir Nicholas went on. "I am a poor man as you know, Ralph, but I have the interests of justice at heart. With help from friends, and some personal sacrifice, I can promise two additional ships, well manned and armed, to be ready in a week's time at furthest. You shall know my plans for the attack when the time draws nearer. I shall, of course, command."

"You mean to do it this time, Sir Nicholas!" cried Gauger Ralph admiringly.

"I do," answered Sir Nicholas grimly. "Good-night to you, Ralph, and be careful of your tongue; a word in the wind is enough to scare this Captain Contraband, and spoil our purpose."

"Trust me, sir, trust me."

"Come here, Ponto," said Josephine. "Let me look at your face."

As Gauger Ralph went out, a nondescript dog, keen-eyed and wicked-looking, slipped past him, and into the house, and began scratching at the door of the supper room.

"Why, 'tis Ponto!" cried the girl. "I meant to bring him with me when I came, but could not find him."

Nick Vyse opened the door, and Ponto greeted him with warm affection.

"Come here, Ponto," said Josephine. "Let me look at your face. Ah, I thought so! You've been amongst your friends the smugglers, listening to their tales; you look so gay and reckless, Ponto, after these visits to the cottages."

Ponto, one hairy ear cocked up in triumph, the other lowered in apology, practically admitted his guilt; then he sat and looked at Sir Nicholas Vyse, and seemed to wink. Nick Vyse lay back in his chair and roared with laughter.

"I could swear he knows this latest jest," he cried. And then he broke into a fresh peal of laughter. "Gauger Ralph will be the death of me one day," he gasped. "Could any man be fatter or more simple?

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Could any man but Ralph have set such a bit of comedy a-going? Tell me, Captain Josephine, do I play the magistrate becomingly?"

Good-fellowship was gaining ground between these two. Their glances met so often, they laughed together so often, the same mood so often held them both. Josephine, just now, was shaking with that sort of inner merriment that hurts one's body.

"It could not have been better done," she said, finding voice at last. "Sir Nicholas Vyse is asked to help in the capture of Captain Contraband—it is just like a cat chasing its own tail! Tell me, did you invent this story of the cargo to be run next week from Dunkirk?"

"To be sure I did, once I had mastered the reason of Ralph's visit. But the information will so far be true. I am crossing to-morrow to Dunkirk, and we shall run such a cargo as no man—from St. Thanes up to Hull—has handled since smuggling first begun."

"Ponto knows you will do it," said Josephine, stroking the beast's shaggy hide. "He can scent luck, the sailors say, and never yet has he been on a losing venture. You'll take him with you? See! He asks for it."

Sir Nicholas looked musingly at her.

"The sailors, ever since you commanded the decoy-ship on a certain night, say that *you* are the luck of any crew you join. It seems too much to ask, but I have my superstitions, too. Will you join us in the coming trip?"

"Ah, that is kind of you!" she cried. "I could not have borne to sit at home, and know that this mad adventure was going forward."

She stopped, and glanced at Nick Vyse with a queer mixture of dismay and eagerness.

"I had forgotten," she went on. "Outwardly, at least, Sir Nicholas, I am a victim to propriety. The adventure would mean crossing to Dunkirk with you—which I should delight in doing—but it would mean being absent for——"

Sir Nicholas filled in the pause.

"You need not cross to Dunkirk," he said. "I want you so much that I will bring my own ship closer in to shore than I had meant to, and you can join us, say from Thyra's Bay. The dark comes early nowadays, and all will be finished before your dowager has missed you from the supper-board."

Josephine laughed. The colour glowed in her proud, eager face. Her eyes looked wicked as the eyes of Ponto, who was listening to every word that passed.

"I will come!" she said. "My hand on it, Captain Contraband!"

Then, with a wonderful return from comradeship to womanly decorum, she rose from the table, bowed serenely and with grace, and bade him a fair good-evening.

"How Fate plays the deuce with a man," mused Sir Nicholas, after Ponto had followed the girl into the misty darkness of the night. "Here was I tired for awhile of cargo-running, prepared to enjoy a week of duck-shooting, and of sitting on the Bench; and, hey presto! enter fat Gauger Ralph, with such a jest as no man could refuse! Josephine, too. I think of her at nights too much—the longest lashes that ever hid grey eyes. Heigho!"

He was thinking more of Josephine than of his trade when at last he went to bed; but, for all that, he was up betimes on the morrow, his mind alert to grasp all opportunities. The wind was veering steadily towards a favourable direction, and, while he waited for it to freshen, he took the cliff road down to Gauger Ralph's, and gave his last instructions.

"Understand me clearly, Ralph," he said at parting, in his stateliest manner. "There must be no bungling this time. Captain Contraband's smaller craft will be anchored close to Dead Man's Buoy, seven nights hence, as soon as the dark has fallen. The three revenue cutters will surround her from three points and sink her if they cannot board her; I shall be on the watch for the decoy-ship with my two boats, and I promise you we'll not let her show the clean pair of heels she generally does. Above all keep everything in readiness, and if the wind is unfavourable and they do not run their cargo on the seventh night, expect them on the eighth, the ninth, the tenth. Is all this clear to you?"

"It is, Sir Nicholas. I always said the Quality had better heads than us rough seafaring folk."

"This needs no special gift of brains, at any rate," laughed Nick Vyse to himself, as he went to prepare himself for his cross-Channel journey.

Sir Nicholas was vastly busy during the week which followed, though at Dunkirk they seemed to know him only by the name of Captain Contraband. He had crossed in one of his own ships, the other following close

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in the wake. But two ships were not enough, so it seemed, for he chartered a third craft, and a fourth—slim, greyhound boats, these latter, yet with more room in their holds than appearances warranted. He bought a fifth boat outright, after careful inquiries as to whether she could stand a trip across the Channel.

Old Aaron, who was Captain Contraband's right hand, grumbled openly when he inspected the last purchase of his master's.

"She'll scarcely weather an hour of sea," he growled. "Have you a spite against some of your crew, Captain, that you want to drown 'em by sending 'em aboard?"

"She was cheap, Aaron, and she'll serve her purpose," laughed Nick Vyse. "I'll cross on board of her myself, man, and that should bring a few men to help me man her."

"That's as you please, Captain, but she's an unchancy craft to look at."

"Ay, and she'll come to an unchancy end, if luck is with us," answered the other, turning on his heel.

Aaron suspected that Captain Contraband had been imbibing too much of the wine of the country, but he knew that it was idle to run counter to the Captain's whims. He had little leisure, moreover, for speculation, since the work of loading cargo was going forward briskly all the day and every day.

Never had one man shipped such a cargo from Dunkirk. It was the town's talk for the week. And Nick Vyse, meanwhile, went to and fro, as busy as any of his crew, with a laugh on his lips and a rollicking sense of luck at his heart.

On the seventh day, the wind blowing fair from the south-east, the little fleet set sail. It was a cumbersome journey, to be sure, for the ship which had earned Aaron's displeasure went staggering like a drunkard all the way, and creaked in all her timbers, and seemed to cry aloud that she was over-old for such rough journeys. The greyhound craft, eager to get forward, strained and fidgeted like hounds in leash; for the Captain's orders were strict that all should keep together until the English coast was neared.

They came at last—an hour after the sun had dipped into an early gloaming—within sight of the Bell Hope Light, and Sir Nicholas from the bridge of the rotten craft in which, according to promise, he had sailed, gave orders that the rest of his small fleet should heave to. He gave, too, rapid orders to his own crew that they should sail at once for Dead Man's Buoy, and anchor there. Then he went aboard one of the greyhound ships, and with them followed in the old tub's wake.

Old Aaron was left in charge of the two smuggling ships, with orders to drop anchor for awhile, then to tack slowly up the coast, and afterwards to scud before the wind as soon as Captain Contraband was ready to give chase.

All went merry as a sea wind blowing fair, for Nick Vyse had left no detail of his venture to the sport of chance. Silently the old tub made her way up to Dead Man's Buoy, and anchored there. Silently Nick Vyse crept up alongside, and took the crew on board his own good ship. Silently he crept up the coast to Thyra's Bay, and put off a boat; and welcomed Josephine and Ponto as they were brought aboard.

"Lads," said he to his crew, "here is Captain Josephine. She has come to bring us luck, and Ponto, too."

A subdued cheer went up. Sails were set afresh. They were scudding down the Channel now. As they neared Dead Man's Buoy they hailed a cutter that showed one light upon the larboard side.

"Ahoy!" called the outlook.

"Sir Nicholas Vyse, with the two ships, promised. Are you ready, lads?" answered Sir Nicholas.

"Ready, sir!" came Gauger Ralph's fat voice.

"Then you know your orders. Sink her on board her, and I will look to the decoy-ship."

The greyhound ships rode gaily on before the wind, and passed the anchored tub—who showed one light halfway up her mast—and slipped down Channel. And then the frolic began in earnest.

"She seems careless-like," said Gauger Ralph, pointing to the mast-light on the smuggling craft. "Give her a shot across the bows, lads, and wake her up."

The anchored smuggler neither answered the volley nor the loud call to surrender. She still rode placidly at anchor, and showed the impudent light upon her mast.

"Give it her hot in the belly this time!" roared the Gauger.

The gunners, misled by the darkness of the boat, and thinking the light to be swinging from the gunwale, not from the mast, aimed high. The shot went screaming over the smuggler's deck, and hit one of the other two Preventive boats that was waiting to close in. The second cutter responded, for all the craft were in so close a circle that they

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"Take Captain Contraband—dead or alive, lads, take him!" he shouted.

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thought the shot had come from the smuggler.

Again the ball went high, and struck the mast of Gauger Ralph's boat, and missed that liquor-loving officer by some three inches. The third cutter joined in now, and, what with bad gunnery, panic, and a mad fury that was gaining among the braver men with each shot that told, the Revenue crews just lost their heads and took to firing at each other.

Captain Contraband was gliding down the Channel now, in mock pursuit of his own ships; which was a pity, for his plot was working better than he had foreseen. Flash after flash came from the Preventive boats; most were wide, but now one would strike the smuggler craft, and now another would sing among the rigging or plunge into the side of a friendly vessel. The smuggler staggered now and again when she was hit, but otherwise she showed no signs of life; dead as the night about her, she seemed a phantom-ship.

It was Gauger Ralph at last who stopped the fight. Snatching up a speaking-trumpet, he bellowed out an order between the volleys.

"Cease firing! We'll board her, lads," he yelled.

His own cutter was brought up alongside; the grappling-irons were fixed; and Gauger Ralph—no coward at any time—leaped down on deck, waving his sword high above his head and cheering on his fellows.

"Take Captain Contraband—dead or alive, lads, take him!" he shouted.

Yet, oddly, no resistance met them. The smuggling craft was dumb, save for the creaking of her timbers. An empty deck showed dim beneath the light of the swinging lamp.

"It's a plot," growled Ralph. "They're lying in wait somewhere, thinking to take us off our guard. Look to your weapons, lads."

Yet still the silence was unbroken, and presently Gauger Ralph approached the hold, and one of the crew lit a lantern, and together they went down. The ship was empty of all but the salt water gathering through a gun-shot wound in her side. And then at last the meaning of all this was clear to Gauger Ralph; and he swore at large into the windy night.

"Captain Contraband has notched another score against us, lads," he cried. "Captain Contraband be ——."

Sullenly, shamefacedly, they returned to their own boat, unfastened the grappling-irons, and stood off a little. And all the solace they could find for their wounded feelings was a broadside, delivered at short range that all but blew the old tub out of the water. She settled quickly, groaning still; she had made her last trip, and at length her tired bones were at rest. But the Preventive crews of the three cutters swore softly as they sailed for home.

Captain Contraband, meanwhile, had pursued his own ships for a matter of five miles or so down the coast, and only when they neared the snug little cove called Riverks Bay did he give the order to heave to. Pursuers and pursued alike obeyed the call, and Josephine, close beside Captain Contraband upon the deck, laughed merrily as she peered into the dusky greyness of the night, and saw the three other ships heave slowly to and make ready to lower all their boats.

"Tell me something," she said suddenly. "Why did you charter *two* instead of one, Sir Nicholas? Surely one ship would have been enough to make your plan secure."

"I will tell you," chuckled Nick Vyse. "As Gauger Ralph was so ready to help me in this matter, and as I saw that we need fear no interruption, once the old tub was sunk—why, I took a fancy to run four cargoes instead of one. These innocent, slim ships hold more than you would guess—and they are crammed with Schnapps and tobacco, just as my other boats are. We can beach our cargo here at leisure, for every one of the Preventive is with Gauger Ralph upon the cutters."

Very low, very pleasant the girl's laugh was. "You take Fortune by the forelock, Captain Contraband," she said.

"Well, yes, for they say that Fortune is bald on the back of her head, and if you let her once slip past you, there's nothing left to grasp!"

All was gaiety on the ships. The crews were whistling softly; Sir Nicholas himself was humming a gay air. Nick did not wait to superintend the hiding of the kegs, however, but, soon as his own ship was cleared (except for half-a-dozen kegs which he ordered to be left in the hold) he left old Aaron to assume command, took with him half-a-dozen men, and made up the coast until at last—the wind had veered again, and helped them slightly—they came to anchor just outside Saint's Bay.

"A boat shall take you to the beach, and you'll be home in a few moments," said Nick Vyse, taking the girl's hand in farewell and holding it longer than needful. "My thanks for the luck you've brought us, Captain Josephine, and I trust your dowager will not have missed you."

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"I would not have missed this trip for all the dowagers in England," cried Josephine. "Nor would Ponto—see what a droll look is in his face."

"You shall know when next I make a run," said Nick Vyse, stooping to pat Ponto's head.

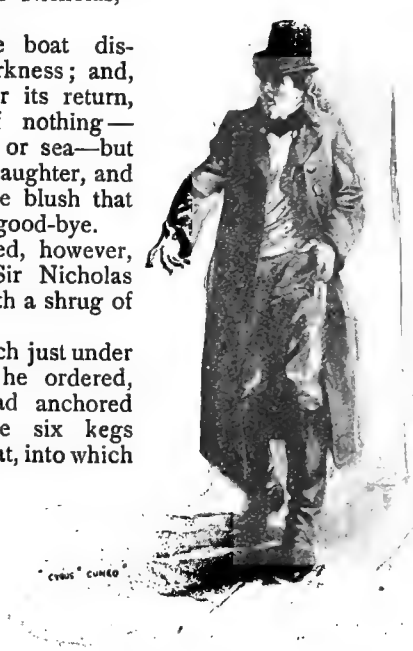
This dare-devil Captain Contraband seemed strangely infirm of purpose just now; he could not let the girl go, and yet he could think of no excuse for detaining her. Perhaps she understood his mood; perhaps something of the same mood was touching her; at any rate, a wonderful, deep colour came into her cheeks, and she turned her head aside.

"Good-night, Sir Nicholas," she said.

He watched the boat disappear into the darkness; and, while he waited for its return, he could think of nothing—nothing upon land or sea—but Josephine's quick laughter, and the quicker, tell-tale blush that had come with her good-bye.

The boat returned, however, very soon; and Sir Nicholas came to himself with a shrug of his wide shoulders.

"Sail for the beach just under Gauger Ralph's," he ordered, and, when they had anchored there, he had the six kegs lowered into the boat, into which he stepped himself, with two stout seamen for his oarsmen. The seamen hailed from Dunkirk, and their picturesque garb, their foreign tongue, gave colour to the final jest which Nick Vyse meant to play upon Gauger Ralph.



"Fooled again!" roared Nick.

A light was burning from Ralph's cottage when Sir Nicholas stepped on shore, and he strode up, and gave a quick, imperious knock. Gauger Ralph opened to him, and his face fell as he saw who this late visitor was.

"We're fooled again, Sir Nicholas," he muttered. "What luck had you?"

"Fooled again!" roared Nick, stepping inside. There were three others of the Preventive there. "Must the gentry do *all* the work, fool Ralph? Does the king pay you lubberly rascals just to let your enemy slip by you with his fingers to his nose?"

The four men looked sheepish. Sir Nicholas in calm moments was a man to be wary of; but in his rages he swept all before him.

"We obeyed orders, sir," said Ralph at last. "We fired on her, boarded her—and, dang me! if there was so much as a rat on board. She was the rottenest old craft that ever saw this coast. Captain Contraband, I reckon, knew that his plans had leaked out, and put the boat there just to keep us out of harm's way."

Sir Nicholas seemed lost in amazement.

"He's devilish clever," he said.

"Well, Ralph, it seems not to be your fault, after all."

"There's more to tell, Sir Nicholas."

"Out with it then."

"Well, what with the dark, and the height she carried her lantern, we aimed clean over her at first—and hit each other—and—and, dang me! if we sha'n't all have to lie by for repairs."

"Humph!" growled Nick Vyse. "You seem to have made a tidy job of it between you."

"And how did you fare, sir?" repeated one of the four men.

Nick laughed. "Well, to tell truth, I let one ship escape—devilish fast she was—but the other we boarded."

"Did you take the Captain?" gasped Ralph, his eyes standing out of his head with excitement.

"Well, no, you see, for they slipped off in boats before we got on board, and we lost them in the darkness. But we captured all her cargo. The ship was settling, though; we had hit her below the water-line, and all the cargo we could save lies on the beach here, Ralph—six kegs of good Schnapps."

"And all t'other kegs lost?" groaned Ralph. "'Tis a waste, a sad waste of liquor."

"The sea has them, at any rate, instead of the smugglers. Now, Ralph, as to these kegs. They are the King's, I take it, and I intrust them to you as the King's officer. Go down,

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men, and roll them up; you will find two of the crew I brought with me from Dunkirk, and they have orders to deliver them to you."

For the first time a smile began to play about the face of Gauger Ralph. He had a little cellar of his own, just underneath the floor on which they were standing at that moment; and he kept such good care of the King's kegs in this same cellar that somehow he did not need at any time to purchase liquor.

"There's something at the end of it all, anyway," muttered Ralph. Then, aloud, "You'll be needing a glass of Schnapps, Sir Nicholas? It has been a hard night for you."

Sir Nicholas accepted, in the stately way that made a favour of acceptance. He tossed off his measure, and then went to the door and turned for a last word.

"I shall spare no efforts in the future, lads, to bring this Captain Contraband to justice. Mark my words, we shall catch him yet."

They stood shiftlessly for awhile, after Sir Nicholas had gone, and at last Gauger Ralph found voice.

"Let's go and shift the kegs," he said. "But hearken to me, mates! Sir Nicholas is nimble, and his wits are sharp, and he's done his best. Where's Captain Contraband, then? *Gone*. You've heard of the Flying Dutchman—ghost of a ship, ghost for captain, ghosts for crew? Well, that's about the size of Captain Contraband. He ain't flesh and blood."

"That's true," growled the others; "but why a ghost should take to smuggling—shiver me if I can tell."

So Captain Contraband had strengthened his position and his pocket by this night's work; and it was odd that, as he walked along the cliff and sniffed the wind, he could think only of a pair of grey eyes, hidden by long lashes.

"If I could run *that* cargo safely home," he sighed.

The Last Cook.

I.

Exactly how, and where and when
Amelia Susan May
Contrived to get engaged at all
Is more than I can say;
And yet she has, because, you know,
She's warned us that she's got to go.

II.

Amelia Susan as a cook
Is mighty hard to beat;
We calculate that there is not
Her equal in the street—
She cannot cook a single dish,
Soup, joint, game, entree, sweet or fish.

III.

But 'twas not for us to grumble
At the cruelty of Fate;
Take the case of Mrs. Muffles,
Who resides at twenty-eight.
Her cook smokes cigarettes all day
And has a taste for Epernay.

IV.

Our dear Amelia never had
Outlandish tastes like these;
Her wildest fancy was no more
Than port and Stilton cheese.
This drawback with a cook is small,
Against not having one at all.

V.

So at last Amelia s going,
And we've advertised a lot
In all the weekly papers, till
We're certain that there's not
A cook remaining, young or old,
That can be got for love or gold.

VI.

It almost seems as if the world
Is coming to an end;
A house without a cook is like
The world without a friend.
Life will be quite ridiculous
After Amelia's gone from us.

VII.

I've made my will, am winding up
My business and affairs;
We've warehoused all the furniture,
And put off worldly cares.
We're going soon, my wife and I,
Into the workhouse—till we die.

SIDNEY WILLIAMS.

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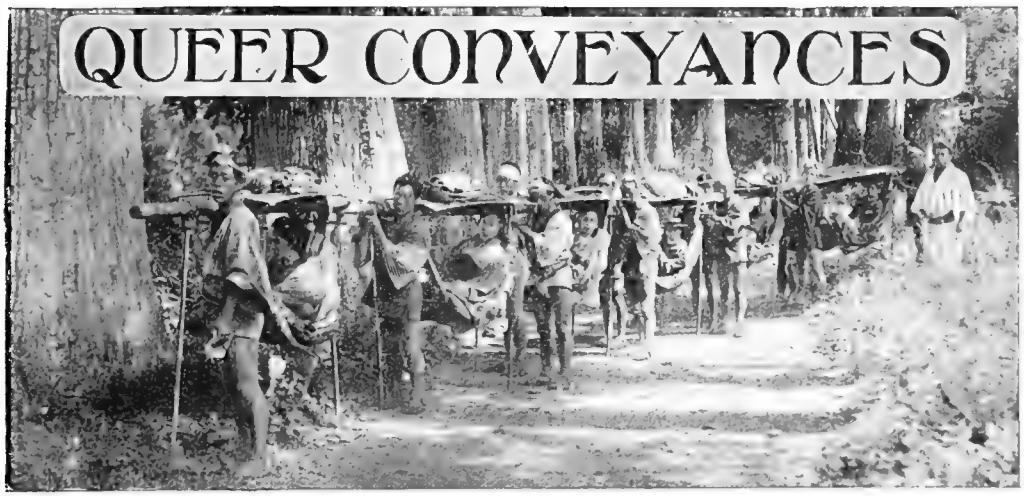
QUEER CONVEYANCES



A procession of sedan chairs, joined together, is used as a sort of Pullman car by natives in the tropics.

Strange Methods of Travel at the Ends of the Earth.

By William Rufus.

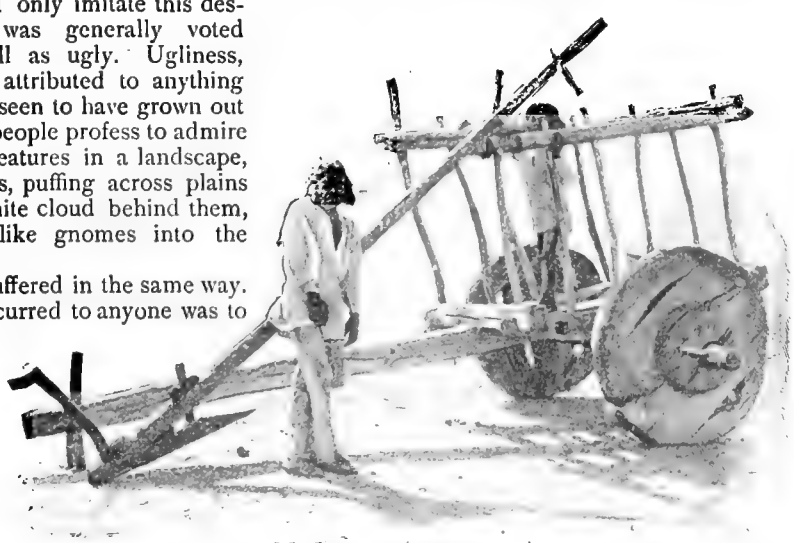
Frequent complaints are heard about the lack of originality in conveyances in this country. Take railways. When they were invented the only model that occurred to anybody was the stage-coach. Now the most charming position on a coach has always been reckoned to be the box-seat or, failing that, at least some place on the roof; the inside was reserved for the poor and the sick and the luncheon-hampers.

But the train could only imitate this despised feature and was generally voted uncomfortable as well as ugly. Ugliness, however, is generally attributed to anything unfamiliar, and trains seen to have grown out of it. Indeed, many people profess to admire them, at any rate as features in a landscape, gliding through valleys, puffing across plains with tails of fleecy white cloud behind them, and then vanishing like gnomes into the heart of a mountain.

Motors have also suffered in the same way. The only idea that occurred to anyone was to make them like carriages of some kind—a waggonette or a landau, or even a brougham—and people jeered at the comical result.

A carriage had been designed to look well and symmetrical behind a horse and shafts. Without these it looked like a legless man or a bald woman, or something equally uncanny. The coachman on the box with nothing in front of him to drive came in for a lion's share of ridicule.

This prejudice is now wearing off, and I am not going to make myself unpopular by offering gratuitous suggestions to motor builders. But the controversy has reminded



A Mexican stage-coach—apparently of date about B.C. 200.

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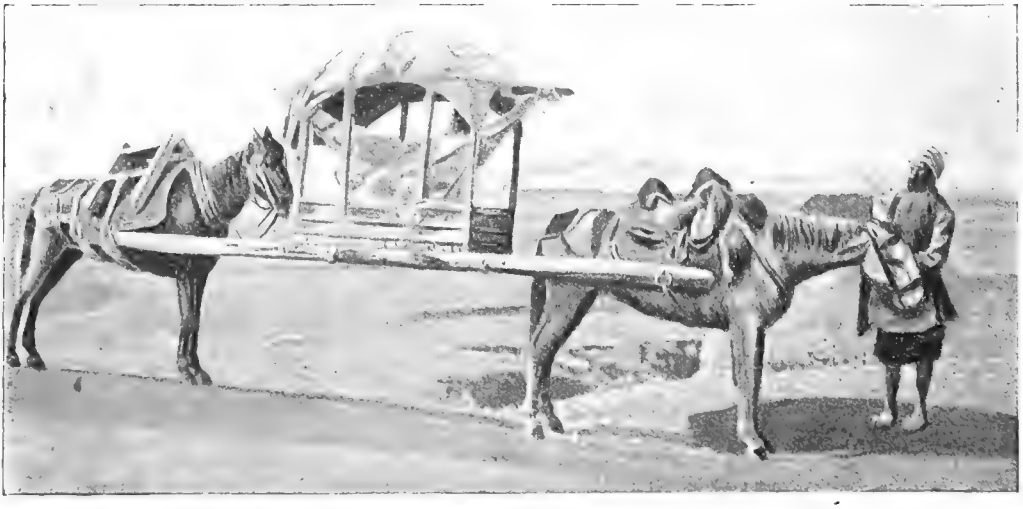
me that after all their choice was not so terribly limited.

Think of all the sorts and conditions of conveyances—some clumsy, some dainty, some fantastic, some useful, and others utterly hopeless — which travellers encounter in various parts of the world. Perhaps the rudest of any are to be found in Mexico.

The cart in use there must go back almost to the days of prehistoric man. Pharoah's chariots are as good as rubber-tyred beside this. Imagine what a sensation it would make in the Row, particularly if the wheels were picked out with red paint, and a liveried coachman drove a team of hippopotami.

I have often wondered why wheels should need spokes. Solid wheels are much more attractive and primæval, and their



A luxurious litter—consisting of a hammock hung under an awning—used on the road between Cabul and Peshawar.

solidity need not impede progress if they be made of some light material, say cork or aluminium. No doubt the cart in question would be somewhat incongruous away from the mud-castles and other evidences of primitive instincts which accompany it, but it is full of suggestions to an artistic mind.

Failing this we might easily find inspiration in the old Sedan chair, which had no rival for distinction and grace. I often wonder why it was ever allowed to go out of fashion. The nearest approach to it that I have known was when I took the waters at Aix-les-Bains.

At about cock-crow two men burst into my bedroom, picked me up in my blankets before I was half awake and stowed me away in a sort of hutch, provided with poles fore and aft. Various outlandish words of command were uttered and I was borne away, wondering in the remains of my slumbers whether I was to be tied up in a sack and thrown into the Bosphorus, or its local equivalent.

Going downstairs was worse than crossing the Channel, for the lurches were so unexpected that it was impossible to prepare for them. However, the ordeal did not last very long, and I was dumped down in a cell of the bath-room before I had time to become really miserable.

Moreover, it was not so bad on the flat, and I could imagine a certain languid enjoyment in travelling thus across country.

If the sedan-chair were not agreeable, it would certainly not be so generally popular as it is in the Far East. There you will find a kind of sentry-box, where you sit bolt upright, and can be carried about at a great pace. The position is tiring, but you feel securer than in the more luxurious equipages, where you have a hammock or arm-chair, and snooze through a journey. Some of these are drawn by two horses, one behind and the other in front, but you are rather at their mercy in case of a stumble.

For towns and smooth roads there is nothing to beat the jinrikshas and various little wheeled go-carts drawn by running men. The pace is often that of a fast trotter and the motion is very agreeable.

The most picturesque kind of litter, as might be expected, is to be found in Japan, where everything is arranged prettily. When

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you travel through the forests of the interior you may meet whole families being conveyed in travelling chairs. As many as six or seven hammocks are suspended to one long pole borne by at least a dozen little men, and

A speedy human horse and his jinriksha.

A sedan chair in use in the Far East.

there is room for baggage on the top of the awnings. The pace is by no means fast and many rests are necessary, but the travellers make themselves very comfortable and the time passes quickly with gossip and refreshments.

French colonial personages are particularly fond of being carried about in a reclining position. The ordinary carrying chair in a remote settlement is not very comfortable for a long-legged fare, but that need not often inconvenience a Frenchman, and when the blinds are let down it is delightfully shady.

In Abyssinia the French Minister always travels to and from the coast on a regular couch, where he can lie at full length. It is supported in front and behind by mules, and looks very magnificent with all sorts of brilliant draperies. But the natives cannot understand it at all, and wonder why he "travels like a woman."

In parts of India, however, where the English are by no means considered effeminate, it is quite the recognised thing for officers to travel about in chairs carried by natives. An old Mutiny-hero, whom I met on a P. & O. steamer, related many amusing stories of his experiences on such journeys.

Once, when he was in a district where the natives were rumoured to be disaffected, he heard his bearers grumbling a good deal amongst themselves. Occasionally they chanted rude things about him, such as: "Verily this infidel is a mass of flesh;

A trotting ostrich makes a speedy if not very docile hauling agent.

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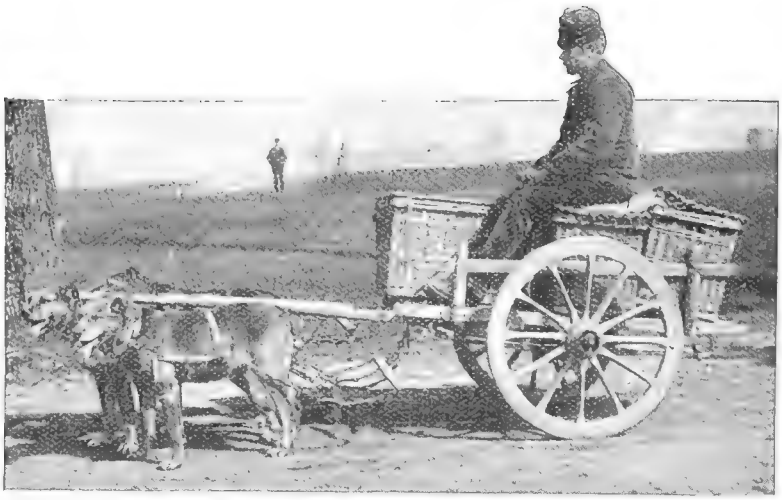


A team of dogs taking country produce to a Flemish market.

indeed, he is as heavy as a mou—ou—ountain." However, it was very hot, and he felt too sleepy to make a fuss.

Suddenly he was rudely awakened by his litter being thrown down upon the road. He looked up, and saw evil faces scowling at him. One of his bearers was actually pointing a revolver, and asking for his valuables.

"What do you mean, you black ruffian?" he roared.

"It is no use making a fuss, sahib," was the reply, "we are eight and you are one. We are tired of carrying your ugly carcase, so we mean to take what you have got and leave you here. The next station is only five hours distant."

My friend saw he was in a fix, but it would have set a very bad precedent for him to give in. Besides, five hours' walk in the blistering sun and choking dust was not to be thought of. Unfortunately his guns were stowed away, so that he could not reach them.

However, with a quick movement he snatched the native's revolver and pointed it at his head.

"Now," he exclaimed, in a calm, judicial voice, "you will go on carrying me at double speed, and the first one who shows a sign of stopping receives a bullet in his gizzard!"

They hesitated for a moment, but the white man's nerve triumphed.

He was awake enough now, and he beguiled the journey by abusing the rascals unceasingly. In little more than three hours they were within sight of the station. Just before reaching it, he ordered a halt and took out a shot-gun, which he had just loaded.

"Now," he said, "I am going to give you a chance. You see that rice-field over there. You have got to run for it, and when I count five I shall fire at you. One!"

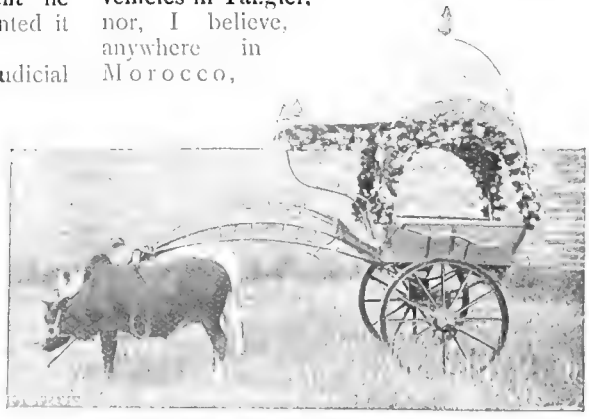
They ran as though they were possessed and presently he fired (but over their heads) so that they might not get off without a fright.

At the station he found other bearers and completed his journey without further incident.

Quite as interesting as queer conveyances are the queer creatures that have been employed to draw them. We have grown so accustomed to the horse as the noble animal whom all must prefer if they can possibly afford him, that it is somewhat surprising to hear of countries where he takes the second place.

In Abyssinia a mule costs as much as two or three horses and is always preferred by persons of distinction. Travellers who go to pay their respects to the Emperor Menelik find it difficult to realise that they are doing the right thing in riding mules while their servants bestride horses with fine long tails.

The little donkeys of North Africa also enjoy a certain consideration. Perhaps the queerest use they were ever put to was at Tangier, when the British Minister imported a billiard-table. There are no wheeled vehicles in Tangier, nor, I believe, anywhere in Morocco,



This team of fat kine, harnessed to a flower-decorated cart, took a prize at a carnival at Leicester.

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A Flemish milk cart.

unless we except the Sultan's cycles. So the only way to bring the table up the steep, tortuous streets from the landing-stage to the Legation was on donkey-back. Sixteen donkeys groaned beneath it, completely hidden from view, and it seemed to be crawling about of its own accord. The Moors declared that it was a new kind of Afrit—evil spirit—and were almost moved to insurrection.

Everyone has a lurking desire to be drawn by an unusual team. This accounts for the popularity of goat-carriages by the seaside, as they cannot be amusing of themselves, seeing that they go at a snail's pace, and you are not allowed to drive. The same thing may be said of elephant-rides at the Zoo.

A friend of mine imported a pair of zebras, and succeeded in breaking them in for driving in Surrey, but they were always a source of anxiety.

I have here a photograph from California. It represents "the first trained ostrich in the United States." In this respect the United States do not appear to be so go-ahead as they are in the multiplication of insignificant inventions, for everyone who has been to the Jardin d'Acclimatation in Paris within the last ten years will remember the little ostrich-cars, which are let out at 5*d.* a drive. There are also zebra-carriages there at the same price.

Ostriches are certainly not easy creatures to break in to harness, for, as everyone who has been to South Africa knows very well, they have a decided will of their own. If I had to employ a bird to take me about I think I should prefer to train an eagle to draw my balloon.

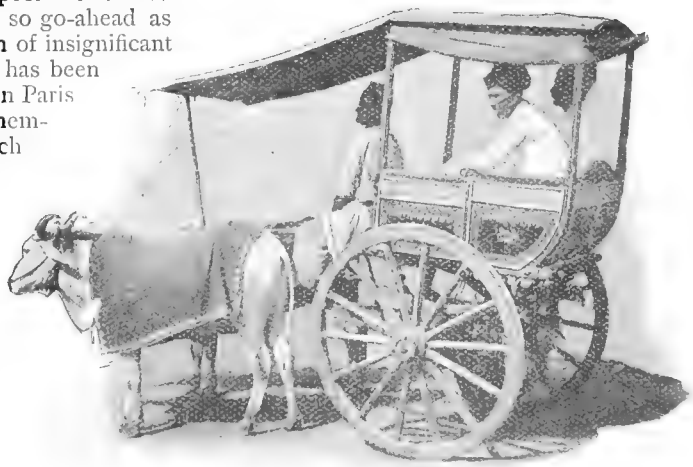
We are accustomed to talk of horses as "cattle," but the average Englishman is nearly always amazed when he goes abroad and descries oxen ploughing or treading out the corn, though he is probably aware that such practices were common in Bible times.

In Bombay, however, you may see plenty of native carts drawn by them, and an enterprising gentleman at Leicester utilised the idea for a carnival and won a prize for a very pretty little chariot decorated with flowers and drawn by a pair of fat kine.

I confess I have too many dog-friends to approve of their drudgery. A dog is a sportsman and a gentleman, and he ought to be treated as such. So when I see two poor fellows panting in the shafts, while a Flemish pedlar or milkwoman sits or lounges behind them, I long to interfere.

But it is only fair to add that they generally seem to be kindly treated, and in good condition.

I suppose there is no reason why every animal should not learn to make himself useful, but we must be allowed to retain our insular prejudices. After all, if the seals or any other animal had obtained the supremacy (I understand it was once touch and go between the seals and our Simian ancestors) we humans should not have been spared. As it is, some of us have to work very hard to support our horses, and dogs, and pheasants.



A smart turn-out of Bombay, drawn by a yoke of oxen.

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A WASTED SHAFT

One day as Cupid searched for sport
He spied a man of wealth.
"Ha, ha!" quoth he, "'tis just the sort
Of game to bag by stealth!"

He tracked his quarry here and there
Until the latter met
A maid with sunbeams in her hair
And eyes of violet.

Then Cupid chose his keenest shaft
And set it on the string,
Took aim, let fly, and softly laughed
To hear the love cord sing.

Oh, straight and swift the arrow sped
And surely struck the man,
But—sad surprise!—with blunted head
It bounced again to Dan.

And while the archer in dismay
His hopeless hunt forsook,
The man proceeded on his way—
Saved by his pocket-book!

J. J. Bell.

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CLICKS

By John A Connell.

How a Water Pipe—used as a Telegraph—Saved my Life, and Something More.

SEVERAL years ago I was a night operator for the Western Telegraph Company. Our office was on the ground floor of an old-fashioned brick building, and the water and gas pipes were fastened to the walls and ceiling without any attempt at concealment.

Directly above our office was a suite occupied by a Dr. Buller and his daughter Mary, a pretty girl of seventeen. The front room of the suite was the doctor's office; the others their home.

Being young and unequipped with armour to turn the shafts of Cupid, I fell head over heels in love with the Doctor's daughter. A glance, a smile, a swish of her dainty skirts, made my heart flutter like a young canary in a strange cage. The boys in the office said it was the jungle of auburn hair which had caught me, but the chief said it was the covey of freckles which seemed to flit over the bridge of her saucy nose as the lights and shadows fell across her face.

She took a fancy to learn the Morse alphabet under my teaching. The water pipe which ran from her father's office down through ours, near my table, was an excellent conductor of a sharp sound, and she would often tap little messages on it, which I would answer in the same way. My dreams were to tap my message of love as soon as I should get another promotion.

Dr. Buller had been a surgeon in the army of the Maharajah of some place or other in India. Though a man of liberal education, he had acquired some strange ideas from the natives of that region. He believed in astrology, to some extent in witchcraft, and was thoroughly convinced that blood was the essence of life. He wrote no prescriptions, but prepared his own remedies from various roots and barks, and enjoyed a lucrative practice.

Physically he was a tall man, and, perhaps, for that reason seemed to take a fancy to me, a slender stripling, and often when I was not on duty would ask me to take a walk with him. More than once, on these occasions, he had spoken to me of the mysteries of the Orient, and had often said:

"Blood is life. If plenty of good red blood could be injected into the veins of a dying man he would live."

The Doctor was passionately attached to his daughter. He said to me in one of his strange bursts of confidence:

"I have been father and mother and teacher to her. Her mother died in India when Mary was a baby. To lose her would be to lose everything that binds me to earth."

Our office was open all night, and I was on duty from early in the evening until midnight. Often we could hear the Doctor walking about and talking to himself all night in his office.

"He's crazy." "Ought to be locked up." "Will do some mischief some day," were the comments of my fellow workers at such times.

I was a frequent visitor in the small drawing-room upstairs. I called there one afternoon and the Doctor answered my knock. I asked for Miss Buller.

"She is ill, very ill, and can see no one," he answered, and immediately closed the door.

The next afternoon I took up a few flowers. The Doctor appeared as before. There was a wild look in his eyes; but he took the

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"When you go off duty to-night come up to my office, will you?"

flowers, thanked me, and without answering my inquiry as to Miss Buller's health closed the door and locked it.

When I reported my reception to the men in the office, one of them said that an investigation should be made, that the young lady should not be left there with no one but a crazy father to care for her.

"Yes," said our chief, "but it would be a dangerous experiment to intrude without an invitation from Buller."

I was greatly worried, because I feared that Miss Buller might lack some of those little ministrations that only a woman can give. I thought of suggesting a nurse from one of the hospitals, but feared that the Doctor would take it as an unwarranted piece of meddling.

That evening, just as I was going to work, I met the Doctor at the foot of the staircase leading to his apartments. He looked haggard. Stopping, he bent down and peered into my face. After this scrutinising look he said: "When you go off duty to-night come up to my office, will you?"

"I can get a substitute, and go with you now if you need me, Doctor. I do not leave work in the usual way until midnight. Will not that be rather late?"

"No; that hour will suit me better than any other."

He started slowly up the stairway, stopped, looked back, then returned to where I stood. When quite close he peered into my face again.

"Are you in good health?"

"I am."

"In what month were you born?"

"In May."

"Very good. Gemini and Saturn. Yes; very good."

Then, without a word more he turned and went up to his rooms.

During all the time I was at work that night I could hear the Doctor's heavy tread above. It was a little past midnight when I went upstairs. He must have heard me coming, for he opened the door before I had time to rap.

"Come in," said he. "I've been waiting for you. You're late!"

"Only a few minutes, Doctor," I answered, "to change my clothes." As soon as I was inside he closed the door and locked it and put the key in his pocket. I was surprised at this, but said nothing. The gas was turned low, and there was an oppressive odour of drugs in the room. The Doctor was in his shirt-sleeves; his iron-grey hair stood out in all directions as if charged with electricity, and his eyes gleamed from under his shaggy eyebrows with an unnatural brightness. A screen I had never seen in the office before now shut off part of the room from my view. Surgical instruments were spread out as if for instant use.

The locking of the door and the sight of the knives and saws made me nervous. The fact that the windows were closed and the curtains drawn added to my apprehension. I would have retreated if I could.

"Come this way," said the Doctor, taking me by the arm with a grip that made me wince, and muttering to himself: "Blood is life, blood is life."

When we passed the end of the screen and

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I saw behind it, my knees gave way and I dropped into a chair.

On a broad table lay outstretched the body of his daughter. It was dressed in a white robe with short sleeves. The bare arms seemed whiter than the garment. White satin slippers were on the small feet, and the red-gold hair had been neatly arranged. The face wore a sweet expression.

A feeling of mingled fascination and fear crept over me. I was unable to move or to speak. The Doctor stood at my side. An hour seemed to pass, but it could have only been a few moments when he said: "Did you love her?"

"Yes."

"Then you want her life. She is dead now, but blood is life, blood is life. Your blood will restore life to her. If you loved her, you will give it, give it freely."

"What do you mean, Doctor?"

"What I say. Blood is life! Your blood will bring her back to life. She must have it."

"But, Doctor ——"

"Do not dally. She must have fresh blood in her veins and she will live again. Come — take off your coat."

"What do you mean to do?"

"Draw blood from your arteries for her, for her. Don't you understand? Blood is life! I want some of your blood for her. Then she will live. Take off your coat quickly, and roll up the sleeve on your left arm."

I began to take off my coat, but did it very slowly to gain time to think. A physical contest with the Doctor was out of the question.

"I may die from loss of blood, Doctor," said I, pausing with my coat partly off.

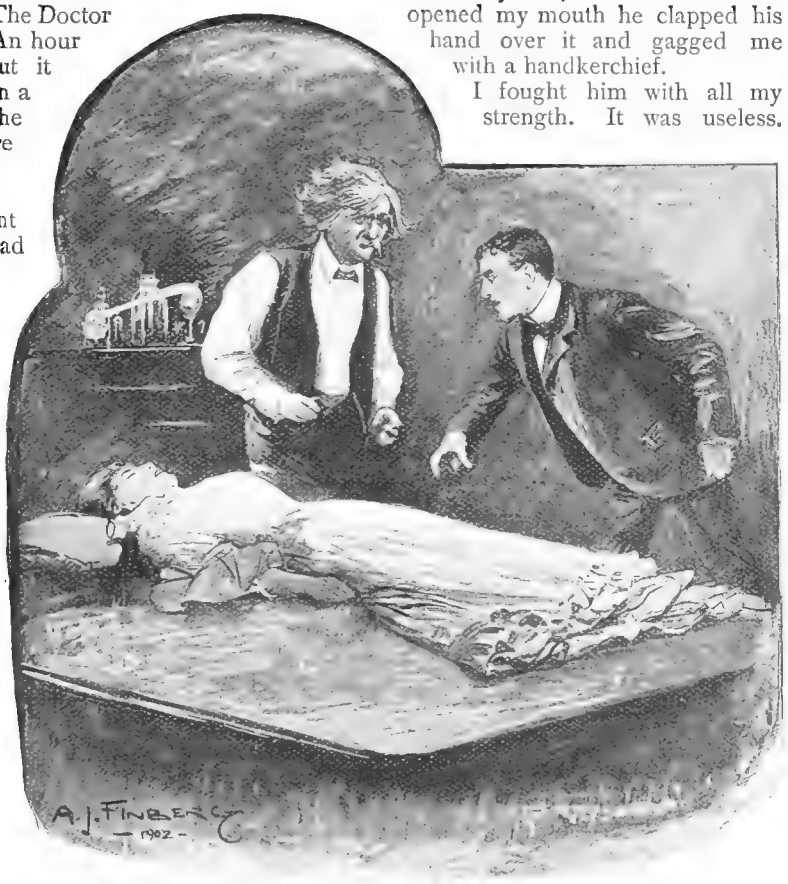
"That is nothing to me—she will live."

"But think of my father——"

"He has other sons. I have only her. And she must have blood, for blood is life. Come, I cannot wait."

Then I thought I would call for help. The boys downstairs would surely hear me and come to my assistance before I could be greatly harmed. But the Doctor must have suspected that I would attempt this, for he never left my side, and the moment I opened my mouth he clapped his hand over it and gagged me with a handkerchief.

I fought him with all my strength. It was useless.



On a broad table lay outstretched the body of his daughter.

He had prepared for a struggle. A long towel torn into strips lay within his reach. It took him but a moment to throw me to the floor, bind my arms to my sides and tie my ankles together. I lay there helpless. I could hear the faint clicking of the instruments in the room below, and the occasional scraping of a chair pushed back by one of the men.

The Doctor looked down upon me with as

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little concern, apparently, as if I had been a trussed calf. He picked up one of his surgical knives and ran his thumb along the edge. It was evidently not keen enough, and he examined another and laid it aside also. He finally found a lancet that was satisfactory.

'Now I am ready," said he to himself, more than to me. "Blood is life. Blood is life."

And, taking a pair of scissors, he cut the shirt sleeve away from my left arm, carefully avoiding the strips of towel that bound it to my side. Then he picked me up as if I were a babe, and laid me on the table by the side of his daughter. Her arm was as cold as ice where it touched mine.

I attempted to get up. He pushed me down and tied me to the table with a strip of the towel. I could raise my head slightly, but he didn't seem to mind that. I could also move my fingers, and I beckoned to him. He bent over as if to hear a whisper, but as I couldn't utter a word on account of the gag, I pointed toward a large bottle labelled "Chloroform."

"Can't do it. Don't want any stupefaction in the blood, for it is life."

Nevertheless he rubbed a place on my arm with a cloth saturated with something until the place seemed to lose sensation, all the while keeping his eyes fixed on mine. I think I must have become hypnotised to some extent. I cannot otherwise explain the state of quietude into which I lapsed for a while.

Then taking the lancet, he cut the arm of his daughter and my arm, the two incisions being close together. I felt a slight pricking, saw a spurt of blood, became deadly faint and closed my eyes.

I did not become unconscious. I wondered how long it would take to draw all the blood from my body and leave me dead. I felt the Doctor connecting the two incisions with a small tube and putting on wrappings of some sort.

From professional habit, I suppose, he rested his fingers on my pulse as he stood silently by my side. In my struggle the heel of my boot struck the water-pipe that ran down into our office. An idea flashed through my mind. I began to tap a message with the tacks in the heel. I could not move my foot much, but the sharp click of the taps told off the message: "Help! help! Buller is killing me." I repeated the message several times as rapidly as I could without attracting the Doctor's attention. It seemed useless.

Finally, I heard a movement as if the men downstairs were gathering about the pipe. Then one of them tapped the message: "What is the matter?" I answered very quickly: "Buller is bleeding me to death. Come up quick."

There was a scurrying out of the room, a clattering of feet on the staircase, a moment later I heard a voice demanding admittance. I heard the Doctor refuse, heard the door give way before a heavy surge against it, saw the Doctor with an uplifted chair in his hands and the look of a maniac on his face, then I knew no more. When I recovered I was on a lounge in the telegraph office below. The clock struck one. I could hardly realise that it was less than an hour since I went up to the Doctor's office.

Mary Buller, now my wife, never speaks of the occurrence. But the Doctor, inside an asylum, and I, outside, are not the only ones who believe that she was really dead and was restored to life, and to me, by my warm blood and warmer love.

Illustration from a charming article on fashions in dress for children in the June LADY'S MAGAZINE.

All Gentlemen, Attention, Please!

NOTHING can possibly interest your womenkind—wives, sisters, daughters, mothers, or aunts—so much as Fashion and Fiction; and Fashion and Fiction are going to be the specialities of the

LADY'S MAGAZINE,

the June Number of which is on sale May 29th. So when you see its bright green cover with the pretty girl in red on the bookstalls, don't forget to buy it.

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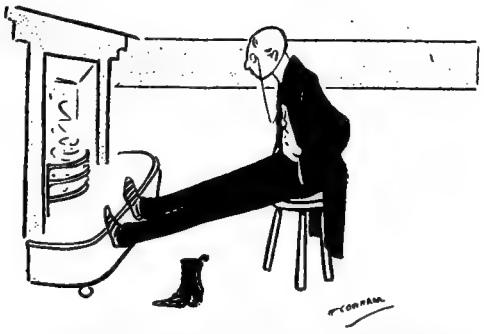

This is an important, if obvious, point of etiquette. When paying a call, do *not* take off your boots and dry your feet before the fire.

PUZZLING POINTS OF ETIQUETTE.

How to Behave at Dances, "At Homes," Calls, and other Social Functions.

By Margaret Noel.

On the subject of etiquette many books have been written and much has been said; so much so, that to find something original and new to speak about is really very difficult. Many people, on taking up a book on the subject, declare that everything they find therein is as old as the hills and as absurd. They cry: "How stupid these books are! Fancy putting down this!" Then a quotation is read, perhaps in this style: "It is customary in the best society for gentlemen to remove their hats on entering a drawing-room or a lady's boudoir, but this is sometimes omitted in the case of relations or intimate friends."

No doubt you carry out all the rules of good society; but it must be remembered that books on good manners are written, not for you, who would as soon think of murdering your mother-in-law as of making a *faux pas*, but for those who have not studied the great art of what is good and what is bad in the eyes of society.

However, there are a few points which are apt to puzzle a great many people who could in no way be accused of lacking in form. These are not big things, noticeable things, which would draw the attention of the whole room on you, such as taking off your boots and drying your feet in front of the fire in the course of a morning call, or turning up to an "At Home" in a flannel shirt and no collar, because the weather was hot; but quite little things, which, though they might easily very often be passed over unnoticed, still should be avoided and kept clear of.

A most puzzling thing is introduction. The correct formalities of this ceremony should always be most strictly adhered to, though there are times when a little laxity is permitted.

When paying a call, your hat must be taken into the drawing-room, but other luggage—such as a great-coat, a walking-stick, bags, newspapers and so on—should be left in the hall.

At a big dance or crowded "At Home," where the hostess is anxious to set her guests dancing or conversing as quickly as possible, she may be pardoned if the introduction is rather hasty and unceremonious; but in a private house the greatest care should be taken.

In introducing two ladies to each other, the one of lower social standing is always introduced to the one of higher standing. In this case, the formula used should be like this: "Mrs. A., let me introduce you to Lady B."; or, more simply: "Mrs. A., Lady B." Ladies, when thus introduced, do not shake hands, but simply bow to each other. However, when the two guests introduced are both intimate friends of the hostess, it is best to shake hands.

At dinner parties general introductions are not made, but the hostess should introduce a gentleman to the lady he is going to take into dinner. It is sufficient to say: "Mrs. C., Mr. D. will take you into dinner." This should be acknowledged by a slight bow. When the majority of the guests are strangers to each other a few of the principal visitors should be introduced, and the hostess may make the ladies acquainted with each other in the drawing-room; but the host does not usually introduce the gentlemen, these guests conversing with each other as a matter of course.

One often hears people ask: "What is the earliest time to call?"

Morning calls, so named because they take place before dinner (dinner was formerly quite early in the afternoon, hence the expression), should be made between the hours of three and six, but the latter hour, from five to six, are rather informal. The proper hour is between four and five, when the hostess will serve her guests with tea.

A gentleman should not take an umbrella or stick with him into the

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After paying a call, a lady must never forget to deposit on the hall table one of her own cards and two of her husband's—just as a sign, presumably, that she harbours no ill-feeling against her hostess.

drawing-room, but should leave it in the hall. About this, however, there are divers opinions, but, viewing it from the practical side, a stick and a hat are somewhat of an incumbrance, and what is one to do with them? You are not supposed to put them on the floor or furniture, and, when handing tea and cake to the lady guests, you appear somewhat undignified if carrying the two at the same time. Besides, if you take a stick into the drawing-room, why not include your great coat or bag or any parcels you may have been carrying at the time? You might or might not object to being asked whether you were travelling in cloth or sewing-machines?

At a large "At Home," it is advisable that tea should be served in a room other than that where music is being played. Otherwise the performers may become nervous.

But, seriously, a stick should be left in the hall while a hat is taken into the drawing-room, unless the visitor be very intimate with the family, in which case his gloves will be a sufficient guarantee that he is a guest. The hat, in any case, must not be hung up in the hall, but left on the table or put on a chair.

A lady will always leave her umbrella or parasol in the hall, and on taking her departure will leave on the hall table her card together with two of her husband's cards, one for the lady and the other for the master of the house.

As regards the hostess's duties, little is to be said. She is, of course, responsible for the flow of conversation, and must direct it to general subjects, topics of the day, art, literature, and the drama. Politics should be avoided. When a fresh guest arrives she should make a point of sitting as near as possible and conversing mainly with her or with him, as the case may be.

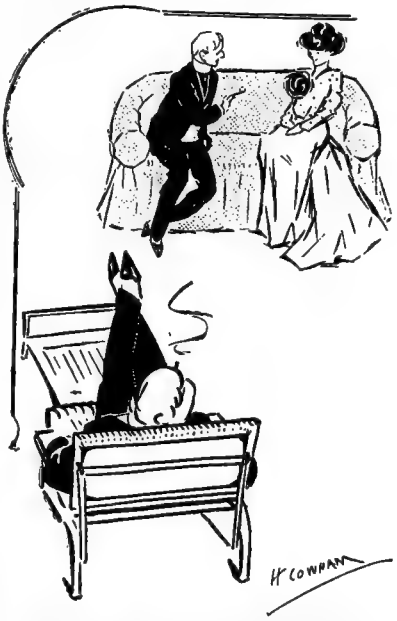
Now for tea. Should the occasion be a regular "At Home" day, the tea is brought in shortly after the hour of four, and either dispensed by the hostess or taken round by a maid, the various gentlemen present handing round the cake and other edibles.

However, at a special "At Home" where, perhaps, there is music, tea should be served in the dining-room or some room adjoining. Thus it will in no way interfere with the conversation or the music. At an ordinary weekly or fortnightly "At Home" day tea served in the dining-room would seem too pretentious and might be adverse from putting the guests at their ease.

To offer sherry or other wine to the gentlemen is now quite out of date.

Here is a rather interesting point of etiquette. You are staying with a gentleman and his wife. Your friend smokes, without asking Madame's permission. What are you to do? Are you to follow his example and light your cigar or pipe, or should you ask the lady's permission?

It seems hardly polite to smoke without asking permission, whereas, if you do so, you accuse the husband of neglect in not doing so himself. Again, if the lady asks you to smoke, she, thereby, apologises for her husband's apparent rudeness in not having previously asked her permission. It is puzzling indeed. The best thing to do is to ask permission, remarking that two pipes give a good deal more smoke than one.



Always ask your hostess's permission to smoke—even if her husband is already doing so. It makes you seem extremely polite, and the husband extremely the reverse; but that is his look-out.

In society you must be

punctual, except at dances and "At Homes," when it is considered the thing to be a little late. However, at dances this should not be carried too far. Some books on the subject go so far as to say an hour late, but this is rather much. It is, too, unsatisfactory to your hostess, who would, of course, be prepared to receive her guests at the hour stated on the invitations, and to yourself, for you would run the risk of getting few partners, and thereby constituting yourself a wallflower —no doubt very ornamental, but hardly pleasant.

Although smoking at a dance is strictly forbidden by the laws of good society, yet, in the case of a summer ball, a gentleman may be permitted by his partner, as an indulgence, to have a cigarette in the garden, but it should not be encouraged.

When meeting an acquaintance or friend, one should always bow, or, in the case of a gentleman, raise the hat. The hat is raised but a few inches from the head, and not until the lady has bowed first. In most cases the lady's bow is simultaneous with the gentleman's, so the point does not arise. The gentleman should always raise his hat with the hand furthest from the lady —not necessarily the right hand.

When a lady meets a man to whom she has been introduced once before, at a dance or "At Home," she may or may not bow, and, in the event of his bowing to her, is not bound to acknowledge his salutation. Gentlemen do not raise their hats to each other in England. In fact, Englishmen often avoid shaking hands with each other. This is specially noticeable amongst those who have been at Cambridge or Oxford, where, with the exception of the beginning and end of term, it is a breach of etiquette to shake hands.

At a morning call—paid between three and six in the afternoon, by the way—a lady may take off one glove, no more.

Always put on your gloves before entering the ball room, gentlemen. A merciful dispensation of Providence allows you to shake hands with your hostess gloved.

A gentleman, when meeting a friend walking with a lady whom he does not know personally, of course, raises his hat to the lady, his friend raising his hat in return. In this case the gentleman unaccompanied should raise his hat first; but the lady, not having been introduced to him, will not acknowledge his salutation.

Everybody knows that it is not proper to offer one's hand to a lady gloved, but that the glove should be withdrawn. As far as possible, this rule should be adhered to, but when the glove cannot be withdrawn in time, a slight apology is quite sufficient. In fact, it is the most ungainly thing to see a man struggling to get his glove off in time. Get it off beforehand by all means, and do so quietly and unostentatiously, but on no account make the attempt if it be already too late.

At a dance a gentleman will put on his gloves before entering the ball-room, and will shake hands with his hostess gloved, without apology. Nothing looks worse than a man at a dance with one glove off and one on. The gloves may be taken off for supper, but should be put on before re-entering the ball-room.

Do not be too punctual in arriving at dances: but, on the other hand, do not be too late. It may result in your being a wallflower most of the evening.

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MR. X —HIS PAGES.

Puzzle Penknives will be given as prizes to readers who forward *new* puzzles, problems, or other tricks which are inserted in this feature. Any readers communicating with "Mr. X," and wishing for a reply, should inclose a stamped addressed envelope. All letters should be addressed to "Mr. X" (care of THE ROYAL MAGAZINE), 18, Henrietta Street, London, W.C.

THE PENNY CATCH.

Concerning coins, there is a very neat "catch."

The man to be caught is led into a coin-talk. You, the catcher, gossip with him upon the subject of rare coins, curious coins—and, especially, notable pennies. You refer to the fiction that there is gold in the 1860 pennies; you mention that '87 pennies will be valuable some day; and, finally, you ask if he knows that '96 pennies are worth eight shillings.

There lies the catch. He racks his brains; he thinks in vain to find a reason why pennies of that date should have so great a value; he confesses ignorance, and asks for an explanation.

You remind him of a certain fact mentioned in the multiplication table, referring to twelve times eight, and probably you will find it politic to bid him a speedy farewell.

Or, having triumphantly effected a catch, you lay a trap for another bite.

"How many pennies are there in a dozen?" you ask.

"Twelve," comes the answer, pat.

"How many halfpennies?" you continue.

"Twenty-four." And your catch is made.

OLD POSERS.

Why did the fly fly?
Because the spider spied her.

Why did the lobster blush?
Because it saw the salad dressing.

Why did the owl howl?
Because the woodpecker would peck her.

Why did the sausage roll?
Because it saw the apple turnover.

Why did the penny stamp?
Because the threepenny bit.

Why did the dewdrop?
Because the moss-rose.

Mr. X is making a collection of posers similar to the above; he will be very grateful to any readers of THE ROYAL who forward other good examples.

HOW TO REMOVE GREASE FROM PAPER WITH INDIARUBBER.

This problem has worried half the conductors of ladies' papers in London, but the solution is really very simple.

Grease can instantly be removed from paper with indiarubber by applying the latter briskly to the word "Grease," which has previously been written in pencil!

A SERIES OF BIBLICAL RIDDLES.

Q. How was it Moses and the Israelites didn't starve in the wilderness?

A. Because of the sandwiches (which is) there.

Q. How came the sandwiches there?

A. Ham was sent, and his companions mustard (mustered) and bread (bred).

Q. What did they do for butter?

A. Lot's wife looked back and they all escaped but her (butter).

Q. When was the first banking transaction mentioned in the Bible?

A. When Pharaoh received a cheque at the Red Sea, crossed by Moses and Co.

Q. When is a savings bank mentioned?

A. When St. Paul lodged with Simon a tanner.

Q. When was St. Paul a pastry-cook?

A. When he went to Philippi (fill a pie).

Q. When did Moses sleep five in a bed?

A. When he slept with his forefathers.

A COMPLICATED PROBLEM.

"How much wood would a wood-chuck chuck if a wood-chuck could chuck wood?"

"Obviously, as much wood as a wood-chuck would chuck if a wood-chuck could chuck wood."

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To Tell a Lady's Age.

If you wish to discover a lady's age in the most delicate manner possible, ask her to tell you in which columns her age is contained. Then add together the figures at the tops of these columns, and you will have found the great secret. Thus, suppose her age is twenty, that number is to be found in the third and fifth columns—and so the figures heading these columns—four and sixteen—give you your answer. This table is useless if the lady's age is greater than sixty-three, but after all would any lady own to more?

1	2	4	8	16	32
3	3	5	9	17	33
5	6	6	10	18	34
7	7	7	11	19	35
9	10	12	12	20	36
11	11	13	13	21	37
13	14	14	14	22	38
15	15	15	15	23	39
17	18	20	24	24	40
19	19	21	25	25	41
21	22	22	26	26	42
23	23	23	27	27	43
25	26	28	28	28	44
27	27	29	29	29	45
29	30	30	30	30	46
31	31	31	31	31	47
33	34	36	40	48	48
35	35	37	41	49	49
37	38	38	42	50	50
39	39	39	43	51	51
41	42	44	44	52	52
43	43	45	45	53	53
45	46	46	46	54	54
47	47	47	47	55	55
49	50	52	56	56	56
51	51	53	57	57	57
53	54	54	58	58	58
55	55	55	59	59	59
57	58	60	60	60	60
59	59	61	61	61	61
61	62	62	62	62	62
63	63	63	63	63	63

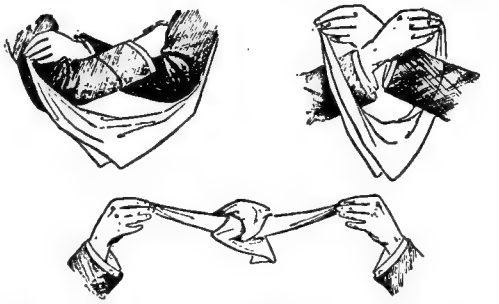
A Matrimonial Difficulty.

Mr. & Mrs. A, Mr. & Mrs. B, and Mr. & Mrs. C, in the course of their travels, arrive by night at a stream which they desire to cross. The only means of transit is a boat, which will hold but two people. The husbands are all very suspicious of each other, and not one of the three will leave his wife if either of the remaining two be present. How are they to cross the river?

1. **Mrs. Biggar had a baby. Which was the bigger of the two?**
   The baby, because it was a little Biggar (bigger).
2. **Which was the bigger, the baby or Mr. Biggar?**
   Mr. Biggar, because he was Father Biggar (far the bigger).
3. **Mr. Biggar died. Which was the bigger then?**
   Mr. Biggar, for he was still Biggar (bigger).
4. **Which was the bigger then, Mrs. Biggar or the baby?**
   Mrs. Biggar, for the baby was fatherless (far the less).

To Tie a Knot in a Handkerchief Without Letting Either End Go.

This is easily done if the processes shown in the three illustrations are carefully



followed. The explanation is that you tie the knot in your *arms*, and then transfer it to the handkerchief.

The Yellow Dog.

Here is a catch which never fails. Ask two or three riddles; then say: "Do you know the difference between a yellow dog and a lemon?" Get your audience to give the riddle up.

Then say: "You don't know? No. What, you don't know the difference between a yellow dog and a lemon? Do you mean to say if you saw a yellow dog on the floor and a lemon on the table you wouldn't know which was which!!!"

Which would you rather have, a ton of half-sovereigns or half a ton of sovereigns?

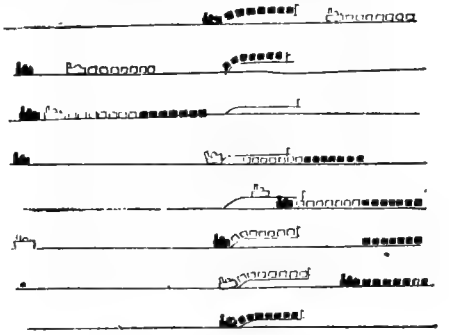
RESULTS.

Ask the Cashier (page 51).

The amount of the cheque was £5 11s. 6d.

A Railway Puzzle (page 51).

The annexed diagram will explain the process.



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A SAFE TRANSACTION

Mr. Tutt, the Ex-burglar, relates how He was Completely outwitted.

By R. Andom.

"It isn't the dangers or the difficulties of the trade we fear," said Mr. Tutt thoughtfully. "They are part of the game, and are taken into consideration beforehand; but the unforeseen contingencies are a quantity which the burglar of experience dreads even more than the amateur. "Fools rush in where angels fear to tread"—you know the quotation, I expect; and it applies, even though it takes a pretty big and elastic imagination to construe us into angels. The amateur fears only the obvious; we dread the tricks of fortune."

"But surely," said I, "the stakes are set out plainly enough. It is a straightforward proposition—a few hundred pounds, more or less, in portable property, against your liberty for months or years, more or less, according to the size of the job and your methods of procedure."

"It may seem that way," acknowledged Mr. Tutt, with a superior smile; "but there is more than that in the game. What, for instance, do you say to doing burglary as a means of supplementing your income with absolute impunity, and then doing time for nothing at all?"

"That sounds interesting, though obscure," said I. "Fill your glass and let's have the details."

No ways loath, the genial old rascal whom I had discovered for myself, and bribed by odd bits of casual charity to enlighten me concerning the gentle art of burglary mixed himself Scotch and lemon and sugar and hot water in due and just proportions, sat comfortably back in the chair, crossed his legs and delved in the storehouse of his mind after odd chunks of experience from the misspent years which had brought him all the way from respectability and the proud position of lawyer's clerk into the gutter.

"As you know, already," he commenced, "I began life in a lawyer's office, and while there I learnt the way and acquired the need of providing myself with other and more lucrative sources of income."

"Did a little burglary in your spare time so as to be able to study the law on the subject with inside knowledge, and bring sympathy as well as understanding to bear when you had to help the unfortunate breakers of safes and despoilers of suburban homes?" I suggested.

"Exactly," quoth Mr. Tutt with a grin, "and I managed very nicely, too, thanks to my legal knowledge and natural sagacity, and a fair share of tact. All would have been well if Fate hadn't brought me into contact with a cleverer scamp than myself. And the confounded part of the whole affair was that, while there were dozens of cases where I might have been fairly laid by the heels, I came a cropper over a twopenny little scrap-iron swindle in which I was the victim, and entitled to sympathy rather than the four years of penal servitude which I got.

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"You see, it was this way! One of our clients was a commission agent in a very large way of business who dealt in devious pathways, which made us a necessary item in his expenditure, both in ordinary pecuniary transactions and in legal advice to safeguard him from treading over the line which divides respectability and a tall hat from squalor and a dark lantern.

"Quite what was meant by 'commission agent' I never discovered; but from time to time we handed over huge sums of money to him, and this fact suggested to me that I, also being a commission agent, might do a bit of profitable business in this direction. He had a set of offices in a block of buildings east of the Mansion House, and as I had to go there on business pretty frequently it was the easiest thing in the world to burgle them.

"There were only two difficulties. The first was to know just when it would be worth while; the other to do it safely.

"Our dealings with him gave me a pretty safe guide towards overcoming the first. When we handed over the next large amount to him would serve; but the safe in which it would be found was in the front office, and that, I discovered, was a room uncurtained and lit at night, so that people going by in cabs and 'buses, and even walking on the opposite side of the way, could see everything that went on in the room—or off.

"Light—that is *the* safeguard against burglars. Better than all your steel shutters and massive safes. A night light is a burglar's horror, and a shop with no shutters up and a light burning is something that no one in my profession will tackle on any consideration. Detection is certain and escape well-nigh impossible."

"Let thy light so shine before men that they will respect thy safe and flee thy cash box," said I. "I see! It is worth attention, and when I get anything together worth burglaring I will remember and save the expenses of a Chubb outfit."

"To make matters worse," continued Mr. Tutt patiently, "the safe, a huge green painted steel chamber, directly faced the window. It couldn't be opened without observation, and to force it was absolutely impossible in the face of the public and right under the noses of the policeman in uniform and out.

"I did a lot of thinking, but it took me nearly a month to solve the problem, and then I got a hint from a little third rate provincial theatre where a drama of the approved Adelphi type was being enacted.

"I went to see it while waiting for the witching hour of midnight to serve me for a flying visit I contemplated to a residence on the outskirts. I had come down for that purpose; but the flash that illuminated me so completely filled my mind that I would have relinquished my original purpose had it not been for the fare and time I was out.

"I did the 'job,' but without enthusiasm, and the twenty pounds odd that I netted seemed trivial and of no account against the affair that was pressing on my mind. It was a timely inspiration too, for all that month money had been rolling in to us in trust for the commission fraud, and we had got all our staff at work pulling levers and manipulating springs in a legal sense to round up business enterprises and press payments from reluctant debtors and struggling or recalcitrant firms.

"Quite why there was so much energy all of a sudden was known only to the principal himself and our chief. To a business man it would have suggested an intention to try another climate and a change of scene.

"I got an impression of the locks which stood between the main corridor and the room in which the safe stood, and fitted myself out with keys to match. There were only three required, and to one who understands the art, a file and a few blanks make short work of difficulties of that sort.

"My masterpiece required more thought and labour. From the roof of a passing 'bus I snapshotted the safe one afternoon when the sun shone most conveniently and threw a light right upon it.

"Then, with the resulting print and a careful observation of size and colouring, I set to work. My other appliances were simple—an oblong bamboo frame made to fit together at need, with a couple of spikes in the lower transverse bar to make it stand, then a roll of canvas deftly marked and painted up; and, upon my word, the thing was so natural that I could have gone and burgled it myself in a dim light. You catch on?"

"Yes, I think so," said I. "It was a dummy front, behind which you could work at your leisure. I always have maintained that those sensational dramas are immoral. They are too well conceived, and lend an unnecessary aid to the enterprising but unimaginative backslider."

"Well that depends on how you look at it," grunted Mr. Tutt with a sour grin. "Anyway it *was* a dummy, and a speaking likeness of the real thing.

"I didn't waste any time. There was, to my certain knowledge, close on five thousand

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pounds in hard cash that should be in the possession of that commission agent, and where more likely than in that safe?

"I took the last seven hundred round myself early in the afternoon, and that evening I did the trick that I had prepared so elaborately; that is to say I got in the building, made my way along the dimly-lit corridors, and entered the office of my unconscious benefactor. I had my collapsible safe with me, of course, and one or two useful little tools with which I could guarantee to see the inside of anything in the safe maker's line.

"With due caution, but without unnecessary care (for that only hampers you and leads to detection where boldness would carry you through) I got into the room and took a well-earned rest in the narrow space between my facsimile front and the real safe. Up to then I had no suspicion that anything was wrong; but in another moment I was undeceived.

"I wasn't in front of the safe at all—at least not immediately. I was only a dummy in front of a dummy. I *was* dummy too, flummoxed by the sudden overwhelming conviction that I was neither original in my idea nor my purpose.

"The false front which I confronted was a better and more pretentious work of art than mine. It was good, solid timber, with side wings, and I opened it with care and a chisel, and found—the commission agent, huddled up against the real safe, and looking painfully sick and silly.

"'Hullo, Mr. ——!' said I, for I was too flabbergasted to attempt to conceal my identity. 'Playing hide and seek?'

"'What do you want here?' he snarled viciously.

"His terror gave place to anger, and between them I was inclined to believe that he was too far gone to recognise me.

"Oh! he was a precious crafty villain. It wasn't terror or anger at all. I had played into his hands beautifully, and he couldn't have bought the service I had come to do for him for a thousand pounds, cash down. It would have been risky, and required much too long a spoon.

"I said something about having come to look at the safe in a way that I hoped would suggest a properly accredited agent from the makers doing overtime.

"'Oh!' said he, with a breath of relief. 'Well, just open it for me, will you? I have lost my key. You know how to do it, I suppose?'

"Even then I didn't tumble to the villain's purpose. It was so obvious that I looked beyond it, I suppose. Or perhaps it was that I was wondering quite how I was to secure the contents to myself under these changed circumstances. I need not have troubled myself!

"I made some little demur about spoiling the lock and that sort of thing, but my companion cut me short.

"'Don't try and humbug me,' he snarled. 'I know why you are here and what you want. You came to break open the safe. Now do it, or I'll raise the alarm and let you explain the matter to a jury.'

"I did it! And all the while that beast stood there and sneered at my clumsiness and lack of skill. There was an element of humour in the situation, though I did not discern it till long afterwards—myself working away with brace and file to secure a nefarious entry into that safe, while the owner stood by with the key all the while in his pocket and exhorted me to further efforts with casual comments of a stinging nature in between. It took me nearly an hour to get through and force the lock, and when I did at last get the door open there was absolutely nothing!

"My companion laughed a nasty sneering laugh.

"'Hardly worth the trouble, was it?' he jeered. 'Now you may go. You can send in your bill, you know, unless you work from purely philanthropic motives. Stop a bit, though. Haul that dummy of yours—it's crude, but I suppose you couldn't contrive anything better—close in. It fits up handily, doesn't it? So does mine, which we can dispense with.'

"He pulled it to pieces as he spoke, and flung the parts on top of the safe.

"'So,' said he. 'Now stand here, and don't move unless you want to face that jury after all. I'm going to turn the light out.'

"He slipped across the room, flung the door wide open, and then rushing back extinguished the light, and was on top of me kicking and struggling and yelling like mad.

"For a moment I was dazed, but if it was going to be a game of play-acting I thought it would impart a little realism and be more comforting to myself if I contributed my share, and I hit out straight and hard. Over went the dummy front with ourselves on top of it, smash went something through the window—the beast slung it just as I was getting the whip hand of him—and then there was a scurry of feet, the sound of excited voices, and the next moment a policeman

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I and a mob of men and youths of all classes, walked along to Blankgate Street.

heading a crowd of men and boys burst into the room.

"'Hold him,' yelled my treacherous assailant, struggling to his feet and standing there panting and torn and blood-streaked from the encounter which he had himself precipitated. 'Did you stop the other? There were two of them.'

"'What is all this about?' demanded the unemotional custodian of the peace.

"'I'm darned if I know,' said I simply. It is difficult to think of a likely and plausible lie under such circumstances, and it is safest to say nothing; you don't have to go back on your first statement, which is sure not to fit with anything you can think of in the peaceful security of your cell during the next twelve hours or so.

"'It is burglary, policeman. Secure that man. I don't know what he has got yet; but they have forced my safe, and there was seven thousand pounds left there this evening.'

"The policeman whistled, and the audience nudged itself in breathless excitement at this sensational disclosure.

"'You must come along to the station,' said the official solemnly. 'Fetch one of my mates, you chaps.'

"Someone officiously obliged, and in a moment policeman number two was in charge of the office, while I and my accomplice in the difficult art of safe-breaking, and a mob of men and youths of all classes and conditions, walked along to Blankgate Street.

"The commission agent came eagerly, as though it was what he had been looking forward to in anticipation for months; the public went from sheer curiosity; I, because I couldn't help myself.

"The charge was soon taken, and I must confess that the evidence against me was

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He was sorrowful and sympathetic, the wretched old humbug.

overwhelming. I refused to say anything; but that was only a negative help, while the contents of my pockets, my presence on the scene, and my position were positive testimony, and the sergeant-in-charge consigned me to a cell straight away, and sent back a detective with the prosecutor to survey the scene and make a search for my accomplice.

"I didn't understand until the next morning what had really happened. I got it then from the evidence offered before the magistrate. It was simple and convincing—to him.

"The prosecutor had been working late in the back office. He had finished, and was about to return to put his books away in the safe when he was confronted by a couple of ruffians, including myself. One had dodged him and bolted, but the other he had grappled with, and at desperate peril secured The safe, it was found, had been forced under cover of a canvas dummy and absolutely ransacked. Several valuable documents and a heavy sum in notes and gold had been stolen.

"That was the story on which I was committed for trial as I heard it. It didn't tally with the version I knew; but I determined to wait for a better occasion to make that version known, and as a result it never was made known at all.

"To me in my cell at Holloway came my employer. I didn't send for him. I had given no name or address, but he came fully primed, and with a cunning knowledge of my identity, and the fact that the prosecutor was moving for and against me in the background.

"He was sorrowful and sympathetic, the wretched old humbug. He would do what his firm could for me; but I must know that I was in a hopeless case. If, however, my version of the affair was not made public, and it couldn't help me in the least if it were, the prosecution wouldn't press the charge vindictively. I thought of the offer, of my desperate position, and the absolute futility of resisting, and consented.

"I got four years."

"But," said I, "the commission agent knew that you were really after his money, and, since you were, you can hardly term the result an unforeseen contingency."

"No, possibly not," said Mr. Tutt drily; "but the fact that he had robbed his clients and was endeavouring to hide the results of a fraudulent bankruptcy under cover of a fake burglary when I arrived on the scene, was unforeseen.

"Without me he *might* have muddled through and failed honourably with the extenuating circumstances of a burglary which was never committed; but it was a risky expedient. With the burglar caught, caged, and convicted, suspicion was disarmed at once."

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Aunt Tom's Derby

How a Prim Old Maiden Aunt, not Usually Addicted to Betting, Won Considerable Sums at the Derby.

By Roland Oliver.

Aunt Tom lived in the Close at St. Chads in solitary maiden state. St. Chads being adorned with a Cathedral, and encumbered with a Mayor and Corporation, is known locally as a city; otherwise it is a small and uninteresting town in Ramshire. Aunt Tom's horizon was bounded on the north by the Minster, on the south by the Chapter-house; her front door opened on the Close, her back windows overlooked the Deanery. She knew intimately the names, ages, salaries, and personal history of every Minster official, from the Precentor who doffed his mortar-board when she met him to the choristers who came to tea with her and ate unlimited raspberry jam.

Nothing short of an earthquake could have kept her from the four o'clock service at the Minster, of which she seemed as much a part as the stone gargoyles and noseless saints. Aunt Tom's own nose was a fine and decided one, under very black eyebrows. Though a Cathedral mouse, she was not exactly meek, but after all who knows if mice or men are meek at home?

She had been baptized Rosalind; her heroic mettle, perhaps, earned her masculine nickname. She "visited" a district, of course. Visited? I should think she harried it like a troop of Ironsides. She could crumple airy young Minor Canons—to crush the conceit of a man with a tenor voice is an achievement indeed—and was the only person in St. Chads whom the Dean's wife dared not be rude to.

To all of us her word was law, and to me it still is. I am her only surviving nephew, and, I hope, her heir. But though she has frequently told me her money, of which she has plenty, is to come to me, it has never been without the grim postscript, "if you behave yourself, Roland."

So far I had succeeded, with merely trivial and temporary lapses, in keeping in her good books. I stuck well at my work with the Liverpool firm whose cotton operations I assisted with such brains as I possessed (assessed at the value of £3 10s. per week), and I only allowed myself (by favour of Messrs. Mackarness & Giles) three weeks' holiday about the beginning of every June.

Of this short vacation the dictates of affection and commonsense led me to spend annually a week with Aunt Tom at the Close. It was rather slow, but I was fond of Aunt Tom. Besides, Sylvia lived near St. Chads. Who was Sylvia? At that time she was Miss Fitzpatrick. I shared the poet's opinion that she excelled each mortal thing upon this dull earth dwelling, and we had been engaged for two years.

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This year, on the second evening of my visit, I was sitting at half-past six opposite Aunt Tom at the cumbrous meal known as meat tea. The time was crude, and the early Victorian furniture of the room suited it. The only relief to the æsthetic eye was the fine old silver and the smooth whiteness of the napery. Aunt Tom was too old-fashioned to deck her table with flowers.

My aunt handed me a second cup of tea. Her ringlets bobbed as she did so, and she regarded me benevolently.

"Where are you going to spend the rest of your holiday, Roland?" she asked. "At Barnsby?"

Sylvia lived at Barnsby. Aunt Tom approved of Sylvia, luckily. Part of my brief vacation I certainly meant to dedicate to the smooth lawn and shady trees of the Rectory there, but this year I intended to take the Epsom Summer Meeting *en route*.

"I'm going to the Derby, Aunt Tom," I replied, forgetting for the moment my Aunt's views about the Turf.

"To Derby?" she queried.

"No, *the* Derby, Aunt Tom—the races, you know."

"Oh, Epsom," she remarked placidly, with a readiness that surprised me. "I'm sorry you are fond of these horrid races, Roland."

I assured her that I feared no contamination from witnessing the "Blue Riband of the Turf"—that, in fact, it was an Englishman's duty to see it.

Aunt Tom tossed her head in her old-fashioned way. After a pregnant pause she said:

"Well, it's in the blood, I suppose; your dear grandfather never missed it. It would have been better for his younger sons if he had. But you don't bet, Roland, I trust?" She added this in an almost tragic tone.

Again I assured her that the sum total of my wagers would scarcely pay for my bookmaker's dinner.

"How fond your dear grandfather was of taking us to see his horses run," she continued presently, "not that he ever owned a Derby horse, Roland; his were steeplechasers. That picture over there is Gazelle, one of his favourites."

Aunt Tom seemed reminiscent. I thought it wise to feed the flame; my proposed trip might escape censure, and I was curious to hear more of Aunt Tom's past. It was lucky her "dear Dean" was not there, for once set going she continued to talk away of my grandfather's racing days. Though at first she adorned the tale by pointing the moral of his ill-success, the old leaven gradually asserted itself; her anecdotes of my sporting forbears became more racy. I heard less of the unrighteousness and more of the fun of those earlier days when she was her father's constant companion. At length she burst out with a sentiment that filled me with horror:

"It is very wrong of me, Roland, but I *should* like to see a horse-race again!" I had no words to reply to this, so she went on:

"Roland, it is a long time since I have left home, but you say that Epsom is now so quiet and improved that you shall take me there this week."

Thus was I hoisted with my own petard. I was still too amazed to do more than stare speechlessly at Aunt Tom. Take her to Epsom! Mittens, curls, old-world bonnet and all! Was I dreaming, or was Aunt Tom demented?

No, Aunt Tom's mind seemed under perfect control and firmly made up. I knew by experience there was no shifting her from a decision once taken. I was forced to grin and bear it, and to wire to Teddy Fitzpatrick, with whom I had arranged to go down from London, that circumstances compelled me to cancel the appointment. What these were I did not say. Teddy had a lively sense of fun, and I feared his ridicule.

On the morning of Derby Day Aunt Tom and I started for the station. Her sedate and elderly domestics could have had no idea of where their mistress was bound. I had babbled incoherently to them of Academy pictures and Exeter Hall. My aged relative's rig-out proved even more *bizarre* than I had expected. I did not, of course, think she would appear after the modern mode in a rain-proof coat with race-glasses slung across her shoulder, but I was not prepared for the antique grip-sack (which I subsequently hid in a cloak-room), bulgy umbrella, and bag of sandwiches which my aunt deemed needful for the trip. Her gloves were the only incongruous detail. No Parisienne's could have fitted better.

I shall never forget our train journey to Epsom—a two hours' run. I should have taken third-class tickets, but by my aunt's command and at her expense we travelled first. We found seats in a corridor carriage, full of smart folk with whom my aunt soon opened up a brisk and gracious conversation. Our fellow travellers must have thought us a curious couple; indeed, I should think a more oddly assorted pair never went to any Derby. I felt too new to the situation to

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On reaching the course, I determined to make the best of things and to treat it all as a joke.

contribute brilliantly to the dialogue, and sat silently wondering at my aunt who was quite at her ease and apparently enjoyed herself vastly, chatting with a vivacity and gusto that amused her companions and amazed me.

On reaching the course, I determined to make the best of things and to treat it all as a joke. I half regretted my telegram to Teddy. I ensconced Aunt Tom in a corner of the Stand, bought her and myself race-cards, and stood guard over her for the first three races, for at first she looked a little bewildered.

But the interest she took in the whole affair was amazing. Her talk was full of reminiscences of the scene in former times. Even the names of horses of the past came back to her lips. My reserve with regard to racing matters thawed, and before long I was talking to my maiden aunt very much as I should have done to Teddy Fitzpatrick.

Aunt Tom, so far from blaming me, seemed amused at what I knew—slight though my knowledge was.

"And what horse is the favourite, Roland?" she asked when the great race drew near.

"Sea Salt," I said, "he's what is called a 'red-hot' favourite, Aunt Tom. He won the Two Thousand, and is now an odds-on chance for the Derby?"

"I'm sure I don't know what you mean by 'odds-on,' Roland," said my aunt, extracting a sandwich from the small leather bag she had been clutching all day, "but I suppose you mean he's considered certain to win. How is the horse bred?"

With only a passing feeling of surprise at this question, I told her that Sea Salt was a chestnut colt by Capstan, his dam being Saltarella, and that Capstan's sire was one of Mainsail's stock. All this information I had gleaned from the morning's *Sportsman*.

My aunt pricked up her ears.

"Mainsail?" she said, "I recollect your dear grandfather talking about him. He lost a great deal of money on him for this very race more than thirty years ago. He said the horse was faint-hearted, and that the Epsom course did not suit him. Long afterwards he said his stock were just the same. 'No Mainsail colt can ever come down a hill,' he used to say."

I remarked that the *Sporting Echo* said Sea Salt might fail in the same respect, but that

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the public had made him the hot favourite he was.

"Well, Roland," said Aunt Tom with the snap of her jaw with which she was wont to clinch her theological points, "mark my words, Sea Salt will not win the Derby!"

I said I would bear her prophecy in mind; but I confessed I was sorry to hear it, for I had been rash enough already to wager a small amount that he would.

Aunt Tom said she was sorry too. She began what I thought was a lecture on the evils of betting, but it only turned out to be a remonstrance on the making of foolish bets and an exhortation to amend my ways, or—as I took it—to hedge.

"What shall it be instead, Aunt Tom?" I asked chaffingly. She looked at her card and her eye caught a name in the list of Derby horses.

"Gazelle? Gazelle? What an odd coincidence!" she exclaimed. "Don't you recollect my picture? Your dear grandfather's favourite? *I* rode her once myself—at exercise, of course," she added demurely.

I said it might be an omen, and suggested she should back it.

"I do not approve of betting," said my aunt sternly, "I have seen too much of it." (I began to think she *must* have seen a good deal.) "Still, Roland, to save your pocket," —and she fumbled in the black satchel and produced an ancient net-purse, and out of the purse a bank-note—"there, there's something to put on Gazelle. Two wrongs do not make a right, you know," she added with a return to her austerer manner.

"They don't," I reflected. "Neither Sea Salt nor Gazelle may win after all." In fact, I would rather have had my money on Telemachus II., Teddy Fitzpatrick's tip, but I could do no less than obey Aunt Tom's behest.

I asked a friendly policeman to give an eye to the old lady in the corner of the stand, and hurried off to make the bet.

"What price Gazelle?" I asked a bookmaker whose face I knew.

"100 to 7. 'Ere you are, sir." This was much what I expected, knowing Gazelle to be an outsider and that it was many years since a filly had been successful.

"Oh, come, that's not good enough," I said, pretending to turn away in search of longer odds.

"Well, 20 to 1 to *you*, Capt'n," he said persuasively, "how much do you want?"

"All right," I said, handing him the note which up to then I had thought was a fiver, "I'll take £100 to £5."

Just at that moment there came a rush of people to back Sea Salt and I was pushed away from the bookie.

"'Ere, this is a tenner!" he shouted to me over the heads of the crowd, "d'you want change?" I was in a hurry to get back to Aunt Tom and the crush was awful.

"No," I shouted back, "put it down £200 to £10." Which he promptly did.

We had an excellent view of the race. I watched it through my glasses and "read it," as the reporters say, to Aunt Tom.

"Black and yellow's in front, Aunt Tom; that's Sea Salt, you know," I said presently.

"Wait for the hill, boy," she replied grimly.

The horses raced on, Sea Salt still leading. "The fav'rite'll win!" cried somebody in the crowd, "Sea Salt wins!"

"Stupid fellow!" I heard my aunt mutter.

Coming down the hill Sea Salt dropped back. "By Jove, you're right, Aunt Tom!" I exclaimed. "The hill's stopped him!"

"Of course it has! What did your grandfather say? Can you see Gazelle?" The old lady had all her wits about her.

"She's well up with the leaders," I said, spotting a citron jacket on the rails. "Now comes the tug of war!"

There is no need to describe the final phase of the race. It was a grand struggle from the distance between three, but a fine piece of jockeyship got the filly first past the post by half a length.

"Gazelle's won, Aunt Tom!" I cried, scarcely able to close my glasses from excitement, "Sea Salt was nowhere! My word, what a splendid race!"

Aunt Tom was speechless. She was clapping her hands with wild disregard of decorum and French kid, to the amusement of her next neighbour, a jolly-looking girl in a tailor-made frock.

"Your bonnet's all crooked, Aunt Tom," I said.

The tailor-made girl respectfully straightened it and rescued the umbrella. "Thank you, my dear," said Aunt Tom, and then to me, "pray, Roland, let us go. I really cannot stand any more; it is too exciting!"

"I should rather think it was," I remarked; "did you often advise grandpapa to bet on 100 to 7 chances?"

I sought my bookmaker, and was stowing away a wad of notes in my safest pocket when I felt a hand on my arm. It was Teddy Fitzpatrick.

"Good Heavens, Teddy, is it you?" I exclaimed.

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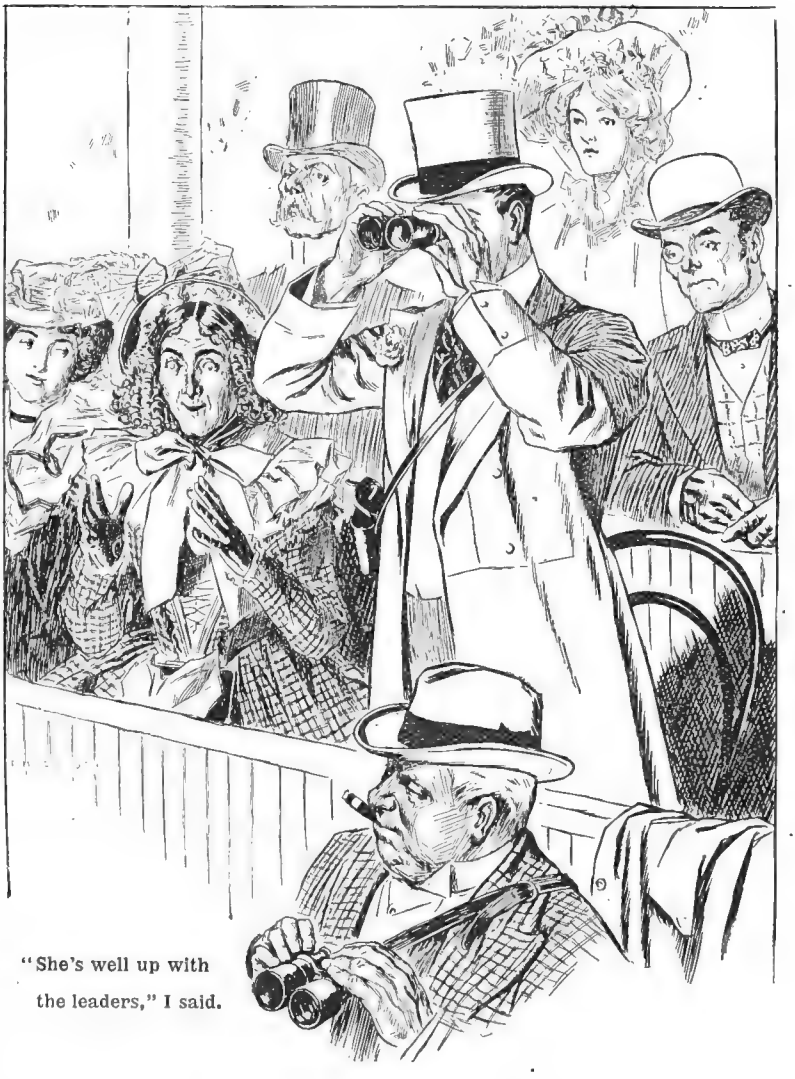
"Do you mean to say you backed Gazelle?" he asked, "and what on earth do you mean by wiring me you couldn't come? Where have you been all this time, you wretch?"

"I've been with a lady, my——" I stopped. Teddy gave me a queer and searching look.

"But I've left Sylvia in town with the Nepeans," he said (Teddy was Sylvia's brother). "She came up unexpectedly last night."

"Did she?" I asked eagerly, "that's ripping! Come along with me, old chap, you need not be suspicious. I'll introduce you to my aunt, Miss Oliver."

Teddy's face was a picture when I took him up to the old lady; he had never seen her before.



"She's well up with the leaders," I said.

"I'm very glad to meet you, Mr. Fitzpatrick," she said graciously, "you will think it strange to see me here, and Roland must explain another day. How is your sister Sylvia?" Teddy told her of my *fiancée's* health and whereabouts.

"I am too tired to go all the way back to St. Chads to-night, Roland," she said when I had rescued her grip-sack from the cloak-room, "take me to some quiet hotel in London—and perhaps Mr. Fitzpatrick will do me the pleasure of dining with us and will bring his sister?"

Nothing could have been better. I wired for rooms and Teddy wired to Sylvia, who met us later at the Belvoir. Our little table was not the least merry at dinner that evening. Sylvia, looking her very best, enjoyed the recital of the day's adventures, and made violent love to Aunt Tom, who came out of her shell in the most surprising manner, and was vastly tickled when Teddy raised his glass and said gravely:

"Lady and gentleman, one toast, please! Miss Oliver's Derby tip!"

We drank it with enthusiasm and Aunt Tom took her honours with the dignity of an acknowledged belle. I wondered if she remembered the time when my grandfather's dashing compeers toasted their host's pretty daughter?

Well, it was a pleasant day, Aunt Tom's Derby.

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A photograph taken from an express train represents the appearance to the eye of a moving tram.

PICTURE PARAGRAPHS.

Photographs of Curiosities, Oddities, and unusual Occurrences are in great request. The Editor of the "Royal" has an unlimited Opening for them.

A PHOTOGRAPH AT A MILE A MINUTE.

You may think that this photograph is the result of an experiment with a camera in the hands of a beginner. As a matter of fact it represents the appearance to the eye of a tram as seen from a passing train, travelling at the rate of sixty-five miles an hour. The photograph was taken from one of the carriages of an express train that was passing at the time in an opposite direction to the tram. You will observe that the objects not in the foreground are clearer, just as distant objects are more clearly visible than the foreground as you look out of a train.

A pilgrim carpet of uncommon appearance.

A HOLY CARPET.

Every year a holy carpet is taken on a pilgrimage to Mecca. Here is a photograph of the carpet and the pagoda that carries it. It is drawn by camels, and when it reaches the sacred temple it is kept there for a year, and then another takes its place. The carpet when it is new costs over £6000, being made of the finest and the richest of material, and beautifully embroidered with passages from the Koran, the holy book of the Mohammedans. The pagoda itself is covered with rich crimson cloth, heavily ornamented with gold.

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THE SMALLEST BANK NOTE IN THE WORLD.

This little bank note is not what the papers call a crisp fiver. It is a "fiver"—but merely for five cents, and is worth about a penny in English money. As you can see from the picture given here, it is issued by the Bank of Paraguay. It is reproduced here in its exact size.

The smallest bank-note in the world, worth 1d. It is reproduced here in its exact size.

A DOG WITH A GLASS EYE.

When an ordinary person goes blind in one eye he has a glass eye and says nothing about it to anyone. But when a dog goes blind people say: "He runs into everything and tumbles into ponds and ditches. That is because he has only one eye." Nobody seems to think of the poor dog's feelings about the matter. But here is a portrait of a dog who has really nice, kind friends.

In an unfortunate affair some years ago, when he was very young and wild, he so far forgot himself as to attack a cat who was notorious for her bad temper and sharp claws. The cat used her claws to such good purpose, from her point of view, that poor doggy was sadly defeated and lost one of his eyes.

His friends were very sad about it, and did not know what to do, until at last someone sent the dog to the Veterinary Establishment at Worthing, and the clever dog doctor there, Mr. Henry Smith, fitted up our one-eyed friend with such a good glass eye that now no one can tell the difference between the good eye that he can see with and the glass one that does not see.

Photo by Gardiner, Worthing.

A dog with a glass eye.

Photo by G. W. Wilson.

A photograph taken at a quarter-past twelve—midnight.

MIDNIGHT PHOTOGRAPHY.

Here is a photograph of the Town Hall at Lerwick, far, far north in the Shetland Islands. It certainly doesn't look a very handsome one, but the people who meet in it to discuss the municipal matters of the islands do not mind that. The real interest in the photograph is that it was taken at midnight, and to be exact at a quarter-past twelve, as you may see if you look at the clock on the tower. It was taken in June, and shows how light the nights are in that country.

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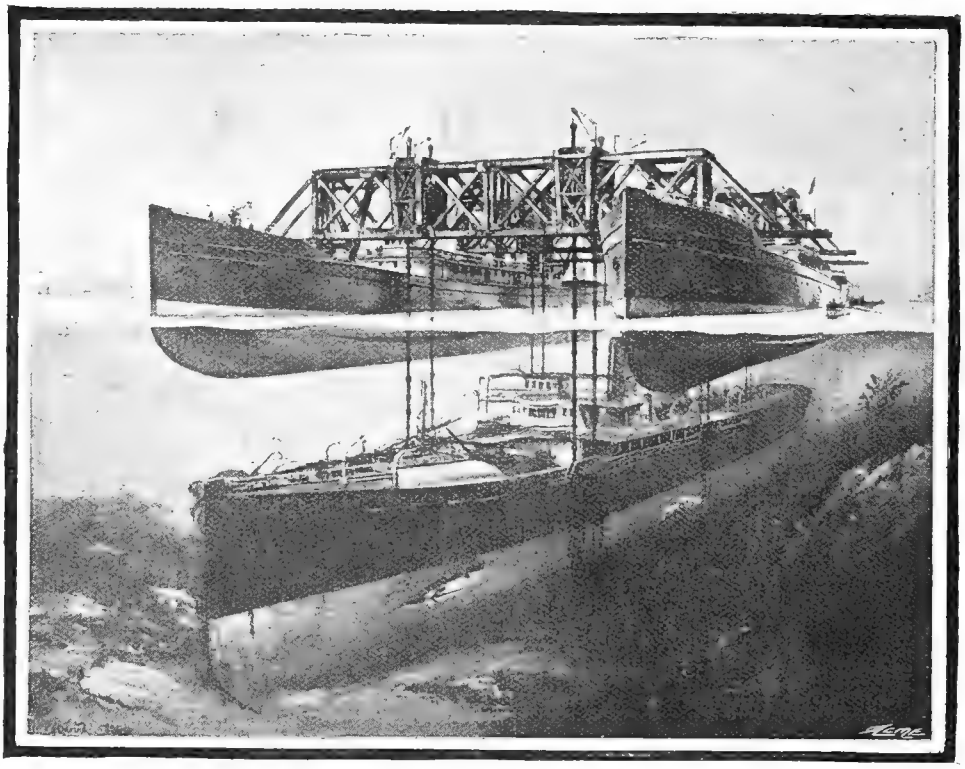

Wreck-raising up to date. Two specially made vessels, held together by a strong "bridge," float on either side of the derelict. Steel hawsers connected with the bridge are passed under the sunken ship, so that with the rising tide the latter is lifted from the ocean bed and can be towed towards land.

SHIPS AND THEIR SAVIOURS.

An interesting Article which describes the many and highly ingenious Methods by which foundered Ships are raised from the Ocean Bed.

By Richard Colman.

The perils of the sea—it is a phrase glibly enough used, but not many that use it understand how great and varied those perils really are. The sea is insatiable. Every year it devours hundreds of human lives, and sunk round the coasts of Britain alone are nine millions worth of ships and cargo.

So heavy are marine insurance rates that some small owners prefer to bear the risk themselves, though like Antonio, merchant of Venice, they are doomed to many sleepless nights, and sometimes like him brought to the verge of ruin. But by far the greater number of owners insure, and it is chiefly on behalf of the underwriters, therefore, that the Salvage Associations exert their skill to reclaim, where possible, battered, though still valuable, wrecks.

Disabled ships have been rescued under almost every conceivable variety of circumstance. But by far the largest number of rescues are of vessels driven in shore by the resistless force of the wind and waves.

In the olden days a vessel in this predicament would have been seized upon greedily by bands of lawless rogues — men who scrupled not to lure a ship to her destruction, for the sake of plundering the poor victims cast up by the sea.

There is not much of this kind of wrecking now. The telephone bell rings in a handsomely appointed office, or a telegraphic message is delivered, telling of a disaster on the coast. Instantly the resources of the Salvage Company are focussed upon the spot. Specially constructed boats laden with

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necessaries from divers to derricks are got out; officials hurry to the fatal spot, and the company's photographer puts his gear together with a view to pictorial reports of the wreck as the work progresses.

Amazing as is the power of modern surgery to patch apparently hopeless human wrecks, it is sometimes paralleled by what mechanical science can do for ships. Take the case of the *Aberfoyle* after a collision with the *Agir*. Its bow had been almost smashed to pieces from top to bottom, yet the vessel was easily patched up, her vital organs having remained unimpaired.

The *Aberfoyle* after a collision with the *Agir*. In spite of her serious damages, the *Aberfoyle* was easily patched up, and is now busily at work again.

Wrecks cannot be raised from very deep water. At a depth of thirty-two feet the diver has to bear a pressure of thirteen pounds to the square inch, or double that which we sustain from the air. The pressure increases in direct ratio to the depth descended, thirty fathoms or one hundred and eighty feet being the utmost that can be borne. At such a depth the pressure is eighty-eight and a half pounds to the square inch. Salvage operations are various, and are best illustrated by a description of the methods employed in the recovery of certain notable wrecks.

During a fog, the *Tina*, a large vessel, struck a rock, off West Loch Tarbet, and settled in five fathoms of water. The work of raising her was undertaken by the Clyde Salvage Association. Four large pontoons took up their stations, one at each of the four corners of the sunken vessel. Each pair of pontoons was then connected by huge log pines. Flexible steel hawsers, seven and a half inches in diameter, tested to bear a strain of 500 tons to the square inch, were with immense difficulty passed under the wreck and fastened to the logs. All this, of course, was done at low tide, and nothing further was

A derelict being towed towards land. The man directing the salvage work is seen standing on the side of the vessel.

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This seemingly uninjured vessel, the *Hesketh*, had to be sold for merely £200, as the position in which she was stranded rendered it impossible to remove her without breaking her up.

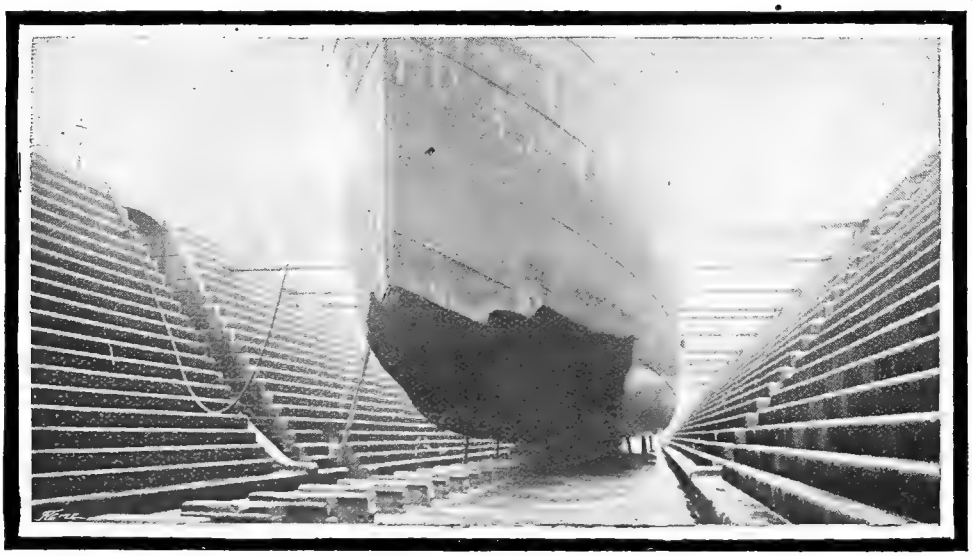
required from engineering science; the rising tide, harnessed to the work of salvage, lifted the wreck from the sea bottom.

Partially immersed, she was then towed to a shallow part of the coast, repaired at low tide, and afterwards floated. But the workers, so far successful, were destined to sad disappointment. It really seemed that an evil fate had marked the *Tina* for its own. Weak and rickety, she was being taken to dry dock to undergo her final repairs; a sudden squall caught her amidships, and she plunged into the trough of the sea never to rise again. Five of her crew went down with her, and one of her owners, who was on board, and who, no doubt, had been congratulating himself upon her rescue, had a narrow escape.

A happier fate befell *Valkyrie III.*, the dainty racing yacht belonging to Lord Dunraven. The remarkable thing in connection with the rescue of this vessel consists in the fact that she was in no less than twenty-one fathoms of water, and had buried herself in an additional twenty feet of mud. Her exceptional lightness, however, was much in her favour, as was also her noble owner's resolve to save her regardless of expense.

The record for deep sea diving is held by diver Angel, in the employ of Erostarbe, Siebe, Gorman & Co., the famous Swedish salvage firm. Angel went thirty fathoms down to the cabin of the *Skyro*, which had been wrecked five years previously nine miles south of Cape Finisterre. The object was not, of course, to raise the wreck, but Angel brought up with him sixty bars of silver.

The man who bought the carcase of the



A fearful hole. The *Breckfield* struck a submerged rock, which tore away almost all her keel. She was, however, fully repaired.

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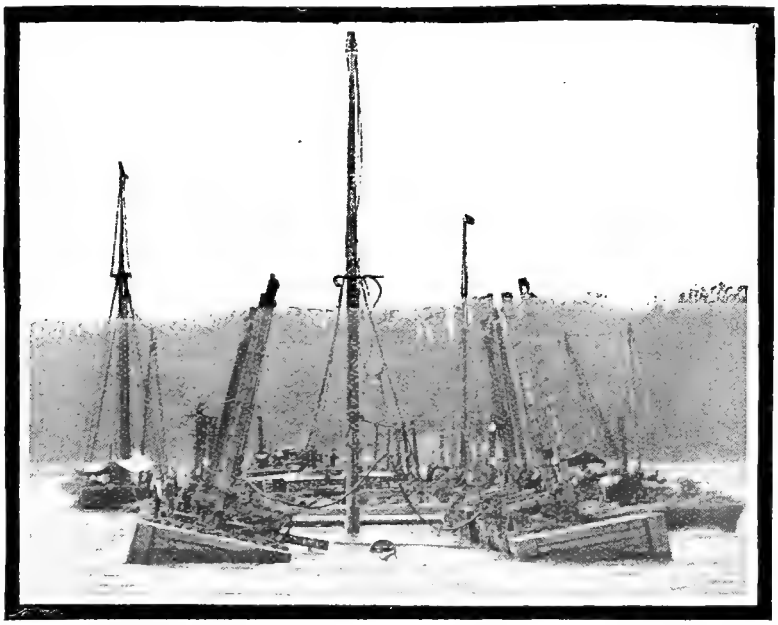

Raising a vessel by means of pontoons. They are connected with the submerged derelict and lift it when the tide rises.

Hesketh for £200 as she lay in the trough of heavy seas at Grangemouth made a strange bargain. Her insured value was £4600, but the impossibility of saving her entire being manifest, there remained but the miserable alternative of selling her as so much scrap iron, old copper, and timber.

The *Walter Bibby*, one of the most powerful of dredgers, met with calamity in Leith Harbour. Forsaken by the outgoing tide she settled down upon a big boulder and being heavily laden her back was broken by the strain. There she lay for six months, an immovable mass by reason of her hundreds of tons of dredging gear. Eventually, some of her impedimenta were removed from her forepart. After which stout rubber bands containing dynamite cartridges attached to an electric battery were passed round the outside of the wreck where the keel was broken.

The current was then applied and the vessel blown into two sections. The open ends were next closed with bulkheads, the sides were built up and the water pumped out. Instantly the front portion sprang to the surface like a cork. The after part, being heavily laden, was more difficult to deal with. Six times the water was let in, and the half ship re-sunk, before a balance sufficiently even could be maintained to insure against her turning over.

The work of salvage is expensive. The *Walter Bibby* was insured for £15,000; a

All that remained of the *Walter Bibby* after a period of six months under the water.

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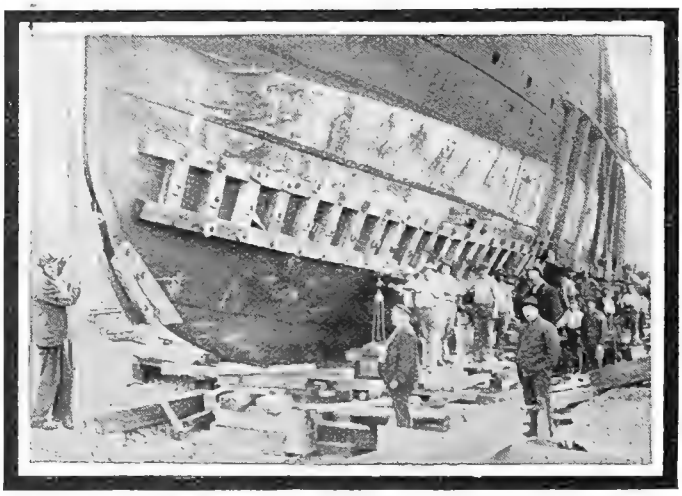
A New Zealand liner blown high and dry ashore at the mouth of river. Banks had to be cut to allow her to get back into water. She is being made fast before lifting her to repair her keel.

third of this large sum was spent in her reclamation.

Sometimes very simple means suffice to save the stricken vessel if she be close in shore. At low tide parties go out and repair her temporarily, so that she may float at high water. She is then towed to dry dock. But if she be cast high on the beach, trenches must be dug around her, the water being let in when her repairs have rendered her convalescent.

Attempts were made to save Nelson's flagship, the *Foudroyant*, in this manner, when she stranded near Blackpool Pier in 1897, but she being found irretrievably damaged, nothing could be done but break her up. An ignominious fate indeed for a vessel with so glorious a history.

The saving of H.M.S. *Howe* in 1892 was a most remarkable feat. The *Howe* was a vessel of over ten thousand tons, with four sixty-seven ton guns on board, when she ran aground off the coast of Spain, settling down with her fore-deck entirely under water. First of all, some projections



To lift this derelict ladder-like arrangements had to be bolted on to her sides so as to give the lifting-jacks a grip.

of rock that pierced her sides were carefully blasted away with small charges of dynamite. Four hundred cubic feet of rock were disposed of in this manner. Then the gaping rents in her hull had to be covered with an immense shield before she could be floated. A similar course was pursued in the case of the liner *Paris*.

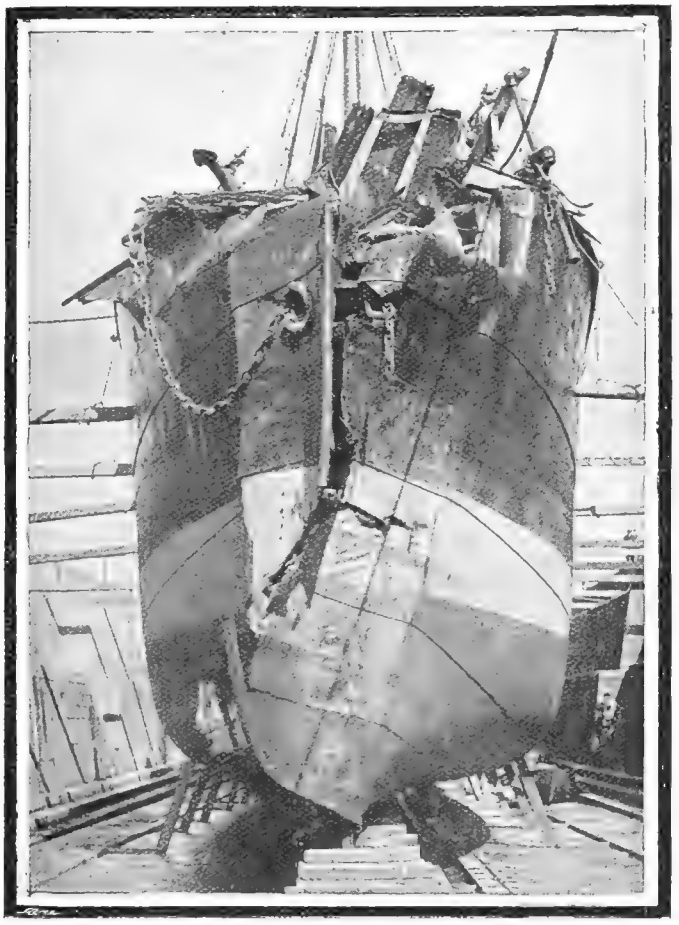
Sometimes the nature of the cargo is responsible for the destruction of a vessel. Coal may prove very dangerous, as it gives off gas, which, under certain circumstances, may explode with appalling results. The barque *Caithness*, of Glasgow, had her main deck blown up by an explosion

The *Caithness* had her main deck entirely blown away by an explosion of coal gas. The photograph shows her whilst undergoing repairs.

Google

of coal gas, and although, fortunately, the vessel was not destroyed, two thousand pounds' worth of damage was done.

To serve on a ship laden with gunpowder of any kind seems very like taking a picnic on the top of Vesuvius. The barque *Allegiance* shipped twenty tons of this deadly compound at Glasgow, and had not been long at sea when she took fire. To attempt to save her was simply to court certain death. The boats were got out, and the crew and their captain left the doomed vessel with as much expedition as possible. Finding, however, that in the panic the boats had been left entirely without provisions, the mate and some of his men at immense personal risk returned to the ship for the necessary provender. Very shortly afterwards there was a terrific display—an immense roar, then one great gush of flame skyward, and all was over.



The *Emerald* after colliding with another vessel in mid-ocean. She seems to be literally riven in two, and yet she was brought safely into dock and repaired.

A tourist sailing round the world in search of health would hardly choose a vessel laden with nitrate of soda. The *Marion Valentine* carried 2350 tons of this dangerous merchandise. This ship also took fire, and had to be quickly abandoned. Any attempt to pour water on the burning nitrate would only have caused a serious and possibly fatal explosion.

Very drastic means are necessary to recover a ship under certain circumstances. A very fine ship was the *Milwaukee*, wrecked on Cruden Scars, Aberdeenshire, in 1898. Impaled upon a huge sharp pointed rock, it was impossible to move her by any of the usual means. A charge of dynamite was put into her, and she was blown into two sections, which were floated separately, and subsequently rejoined.

When it is not possible to save the ship it is sometimes possible to save the cargo. The *Pandiom*, which left Gottenberg for Cape Town in August of last year, was compelled to put into Ceara, in Brazil, being then in a very dangerous condition. She had sprung a leak, and, despite all the efforts of her crew, was in her last extremity on reaching the Brazilian haven. On board there was ten thousand pounds worth of floor boards. By the almost superhuman efforts of the captain and crew this cargo was removed just in time and built up in a monstrous stack upon the shore. Very shortly afterwards, the *Pandiom* went down for ever.

On the other hand, it is sometimes necessary to sacrifice—or to use the technical term—to jettison the cargo to save the ship, or to save life.

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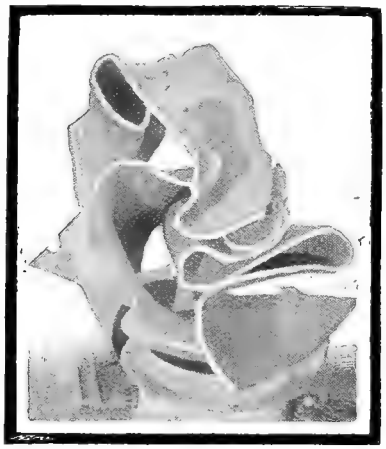
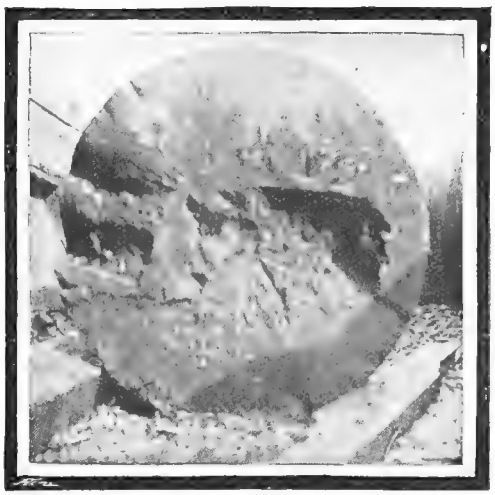


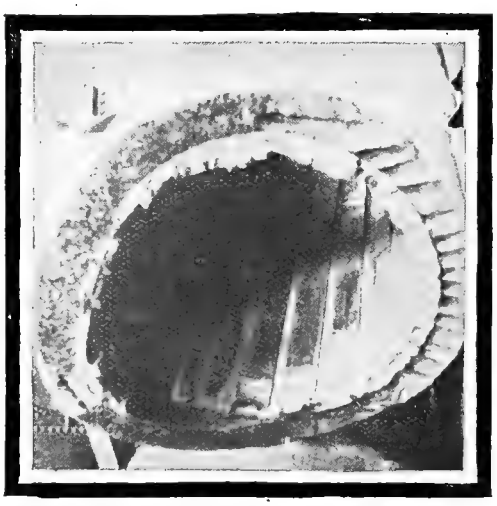
This is a plate of the steamship *Knight Bachelor* after collision with an iceberg.

One of the most thrilling and remarkable episodes in the whole history of marine matters occurred some years back. The *Missouri*, a screw-steamer of four thousand two hundred tons, carrying a cargo from England to America, of cattle, cement, rags, skins, etc., when a hundred and thirty miles out fell in with the *Danmark* from Copenhagen, an emigrant ship bound for New York, with seven hundred people on board. She was flying signals of distress. When within speaking distance, it transpired that on the fourth day out the *Danmark* had broken one of her main shafts, which, whirling round and round, tore a terrible hole in the ship's bottom before the engines could be stopped. The ship was leaking very fast in consequence, and her captain implored Captain Murrell of the *Missouri* to help him.

Before the full extent of the danger was realised, Captain Murrell made an attempt to take the great liner in tow, a huge chain cable acting as their connecting link. There was a heavy sea on, and the condition of the *Danmark* speedily became alarming. It was simply a question whether Captain Murrell should take 700 people on to his little vessel, in which he had only proper accommodation for twenty, or whether he should see them perish before his eyes. If he took them, where could he stow them, and how should he supply such a vast horde with food, seeing that he had only provisions for forty men for three weeks, eight days of which had already gone?

The former difficulty he solved by taking upon himself an act of grave responsibility. His 'tween decks were laden with cargo, which he flung into the sea. Then the order was given for the *Danmark* to discharge her passengers from the doomed vessel in the following order. There were no fewer than twenty-two babies on board. These Captain Murrell insisted upon coming the first, in charge of one or two women. When the boats reached the side of the *Missouri*, the problem arose how to get the little terrified creatures on board in safety. The captain hit upon a happy idea. Coal baskets were slung over the side, the children secured within them, and drawn up to the deck in safety, from whence they were carried into the cabin by the sailors. One little girl had brought her doll, which she tightly clasped the whole of the time. A relic of this extraordinary event is preserved at Madame Tussaud's in the shape of one of





The great steel shaft and iron tube of the *Persia* broke in mid-ocean, and the vessel would inevitably have foundered had not the engineers managed to repair it. They received a gratuity of several hundred pounds.

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these coal baskets, which were found so useful.

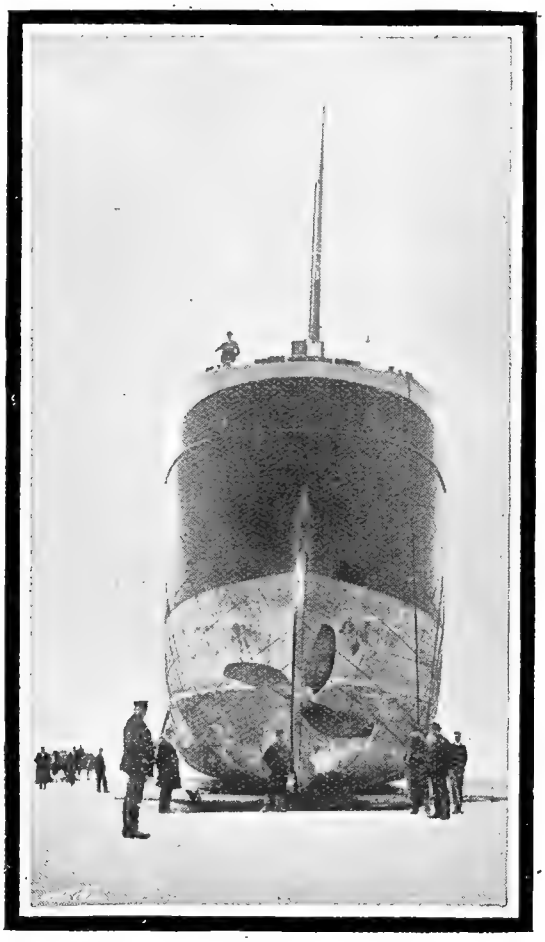
Next the women were sent for. Several boatloads of them arrived without mishap, and it was truly a beautifully pathetic and never-to-be-forgotten spectacle, to witness the gratitude to the Captain and the joyful haste with which they rushed down into the saloon to find their children. Imagine what must have been their feelings on parting from their little ones, not knowing whether the ship *Danmark*, which was rapidly settling down, would suddenly sink and leave their offspring motherless!

Last of all came the men, and although a heavy sea was running at the time and the ships were fully a quarter of a mile apart, their transfer from the *Danmark* to the *Missouri* was effected without the loss of a single life.

The work of rescue was performed none too soon, for shortly after the last boat had reached the *Missouri* the *Danmark* sank to her inevitable doom.

Captain Murrell was hard put to it to accommodate his numerous and unexpected guests. For pillows many had to be content with cattle troughs, but no one complained—each was only too thankful to have been preserved from an awful fate.

Some provisions had been brought from the *Danmark*, and by skilful management the survivors were fed, if not luxuriously, at least sufficiently until port was reached. On arrival in America Captain Murrell was given a long series of ovations, gifts of all descriptions were showered upon him, and banquets were held in his honour. He was absolved from blame by the owners of the jettisoned cargo, and the freedom of the city of London was conferred upon him.



This is exactly how the steamship *Claverly* was found after having been washed ashore in a storm. She stood on the sand in a perfectly upright position.

The *Milwaukee* was impaled on a sharp rock, and in order to remove her the salvage company had to blow her into two sections.

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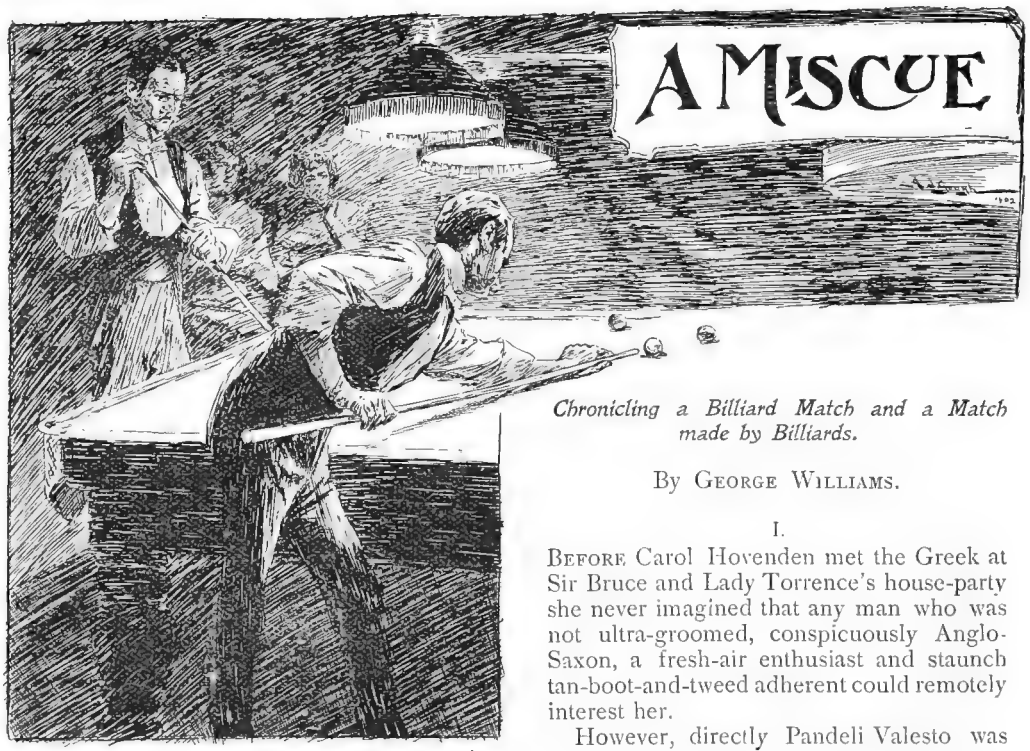

Chronicling a Billiard Match and a Match made by Billiards.

By George Williams.

I.

Before Carol Hovenden met the Greek at Sir Bruce and Lady Torrence's house-party she never imagined that any man who was not ultra-groomed, conspicuously Anglo-Saxon, a fresh-air enthusiast and staunch tan-boot-and-tweed adherent could remotely interest her.

However, directly Pandeli Valesto was introduced she discovered that it was possible to over-rate the attractiveness of any individual also. Pandeli Valesto was below middle height, plain when analysed, desperately dark, with an attractive back to his head, and wore a single eye-glass for the unusual reason that one eye was less perfect of vision than the other.

His methods were all so very new to Carol Hovenden, and Sir Mountain Braye, who had been hoping hopes for the two previous seasons, realised that these methods were very subtle and dangerous indeed. Though, however, Carol had never definitely accepted him, still it was generally recognised by their set that Sir Mountain was irreparably lassoed, and that Miss Hovenden firmly held the end of the slip-knotted rope; but, with the introduction of this new element, Mountain Braye shares rose considerably in the matrimonial markets, and daughter-ridden mammas cast eyes on him.

At last one evening things came to a climax, and the necessity for decision stared Carol Hovenden full in the face; but once more she adopted the feminine ruse of temporising.

She and Pandeli Valesto had left the music-room where Mountain Braye, with a tuneless voice and a heavy heart, was occupied in roaring out genial hunting-songs to the wrong-noted accompaniment of a pretty portionless Admiral's daughter; and, without any definite steering of their course, found themselves in a small Orientally-upholstered recess leading out of the picture gallery.

"Er—I—er—er—almost think I won't stay here," she said. "Perhaps we had be'ter go back to the others."

"Perhaps so—yes—very likely," replied Valesto in an uninterested tone.

Their eyes met.

Carol Hovenden sat down!

"You are a puzzle to me at times," Valesto remarked reflectively, putting up his eye-glass and moving the fraction of an inch closer.

"Then why not be the key—a 'Grecian key'—and give the answer to the puzzle?" she replied lightly, thinking only of her feeble jest, and ignoring the full significance of her words.

"You mean that? You understand what you say?" he cried swiftly. "Yes, you *do* mean it, and you *do* understand—you *must*. I love you, Carol. I love your pure,

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narrow English reserve, your capability for concealing all you think and feel in that white maiden mind of yours; and I love you because—ah! because I adore you. It has always been my creed that every man who comes of a sparsely-peopled race like the Greeks should do his duty to the country which claims him, and not marry outside his own people. I have forgotten every creed, every theory, and only realise that—that—Carol, my dear life—will you be my wife?"

The glamour of the man and the moment was upon her, and yet not so strongly as to banish every other consideration. She remembered Mountain Braye, his two seasons' devotion, his tenderness over a wounded fox, and his honest eyes; so—she temporised!

"Wait till to-morrow night," she whispered, rising hurriedly. "I—I—can't say anything now, but I promise my answer by then . . . No, I will go back alone. . . . Good-night." She hesitatingly held out her hand, which Pandeli Valesto reverently took between his own, softly brushing it with his silky upturning moustache before releasing the daintily manicured fingers.

"I will wait," he said. "I will wait—Good-night—good-night, *zoë mou*."

When Carol reached the great oak-panelled music room, it was empty, save for Mountain Braye, who was moodily fondling a small grimy kitten which had escaped from the regions of the kitchens.

Carol watched him in silence for a moment. She liked his way with the kitten.

Suddenly he turned round and saw his companion, and, continuing automatically to caress the small kitten very heavily and definitely moved towards the girl. There was a dogged set purpose in his eyes that disquieted her.

"I'm tired of wanting my answer," he said steadily, "and I mean to get it. Are you going to marry me, Carol, or are you not?"

"Give me a little longer," she answered pathetically, trading upon her womanhood and his chivalry.

"I want to know *now*." His shoulders looked alarmingly square.

"I'll — I'll — promise you your answer —*to-morrow* night," she replied desperately.

"You promise?"

"I promise." As she held out her hand in farewell the kitten stretched forth one tiny paw. Impulsively Carol responded

"You are a puzzle to me at times," he remarked reflectively.

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to the movement—she stooped and kissed the kitten.

When she reached the doors she looked back before passing out into the corridor.

She saw a tall fair square man pressing his moustache on the grimy head of an infant kitchen cat!

She forgot all about Valesto and hurriedly sought her own room where Lady Torrence, her hostess and former schoolchum, sat by the fire awaiting their delightful moments of midnight confidences when the services of their respective maids were sacrificed for the exchange of feminine tittle-tattle.

"Well?" said Maud Torrence, uncorking the brilliantine bottle.

"No, not at all—very much the reverse—Maudina, I'm dying of acute indecision."

"Try force of circumstance my dear—it's a sure cure."

"I *have* been—this evening; it has made matters worse."

Lady Torrence pondered.

"Let chance decide," she cried, suddenly turning over the hair-pin tray in the inspiration of the moment. "Toss, draw lots, or—Carol, suppose they *play* for you."

"What, serenade me do you mean? I don't know anything about Mr. Valesto's musical powers, but the idea of Mountain Braye with a guitar and—"

"Hush! my dear, I don't mean music, let them play billiards for you! Look here, there were never two good players more evenly matched—when they challenge each other the loser is always within a break of the winner. I'll get them to play an exhibition game after dinner to-morrow night, that is, if you give me your solemn promise that the one who scores his hundred first shall provide you with a new surname! . . . You will never make up your mind otherwise, and there are several disturbing little proverbs about 'two strings' and 'two stools,' etc., besides which, though twenty-four is not to a degree *passée*, still——"

Carol was silent a moment. She picked up Lady Torrence's discarded fringe net, and spoiled it before her reply was ready, besides twisting no fewer than three hairpins till, in shape, they resembled a trio of small armless men.

Having wasted so much destructive power she had less to spend on the engineering of her own life, so, abruptly laying down the ruined hairpins, she rose from her seat and arrived at a conclusion.

"Maudina, I shall adopt your suggestion."

"Good! And you give me your word to abide by the result of to-morrow's game?"

"I give you my word and—my hand on it."

The hand was a small assurance, but it served.

II.

"Now, we all expect a truly great exhibition, so please Sir Mountain and Mr. Valesto don't disappoint this select contingency of the B.P.," said Lady Torrence, stirring her coffee.

"I think there's nothing more interesting than to watch a good game of billiards," lisped the pretty, portionless accompanist, who didn't know a "cannon" from a "hazard."

Carol Hovenden, seated next to her hostess on a lounge facing the "D" end of the table, offered no remark upon the subject. She was watching a sleek, groomed, fair head and a sleek, groomed, dark head, both bent over the manipulation of cue-chalking, and she was wondering in a sort of vague way which would be her breakfast table *vis-à-vis* throughout the long dim vista of the future. Her glance rested the fraction of a moment longer on the fair head, and then the game began.

For the first five minutes both players kept practically together, and then Mountain Braye ran away with a steady twenty break.

Carol thought of the Greek's repressed, though blazing, ardour with regret.

Then nothing of interest occurred till Pandeli Valesto, by a marvellous all-round cannon, got the balls well in hand, after which he played with almost audacious brilliancy with the result that his opponent was left fifteen behind.

Half unconsciously, Carol Hovenden bit her lip and pressed her friend's hand with a sharp convulsive grasp. Lady Torrence looked at her curiously for a moment—then she smiled. She understood from that moment her companion's mind.

After that Sir Mountain Braye regained his lost ground till the game was "eighty—eighty-one," with Valesto leading.

His next shot was a simple "loser" off the red, before attempting which he polished his eyeglass, and smiled straight into the eyes of Carol Hovenden. The ostentatiously cool and unnecessary action vaguely irritated her, and in that smile the darker side of the man momentarily shadowed his charm of expression.

Carol held her breath as he followed with a twelve break.

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"Eighty — ninety-three. . . . *Oh!* Maudie," she whispered, leaving the sentiment evidenced by the cry unexplained. But Lady Torrence understood, and her heart beat fast as Mountain Braye by some careful play once more passed his opponent.

Then *he* looked at the white lace-clad girl, whose fate, unknown to the two players, rested on the wanderings of these ivory balls, but *he* did not smile. He just regarded her steadily, and—then the heart of Carol Hovenden called out to her at last!

"Maudina," she whispered passionately, "he—Mountain—*must* win. Exert all your will power and *make* him win."

Maude Torrence nodded silently, and abstractedly poured the remaining contents of her cup into the saucer. She contemplated a combine of which woman's power of resource was one important factor.

With Valesto's next break he reached ninety-nine.

Lady Torrence called him to her side and examined the silver plate on his cue, while Mountain Braye score five and then broke down.

"Ninety-nine all!"

Sir Mountain looked imperturbably at his feet. Carol looked at Sir Mountain with her soul in her eyes. Valesto chalked his cue prior to making a certain, easy cannon to complete the game. Then Lady Torrence dropped a charm from her bracelet, which rolled an inch or two under the lounge, and while the Greek stooped to find it she held his cue. Her coffee cup and saucer were still in her hand.

"Thank you," she said, taking the golden diamond-eyed pig and returning the cue. "Now, Mr. Valesto, finish off Sir Mountain, and let's go and dance. When 'Greek meets Greek' I know there 'comes a tug of war,' but when Greek meets Englishman I fear it sometimes means Britannic defeat."

Valesto bowed with an ideal grace and moved towards the table, took aim and—miscued, missing the object ball.

One hundred—ninety-nine!

Sir Mountain Braye had won the game and —something more!

Some subtle impulse drew him to Carol's side—he *felt* her sudden need of him.

"Will you come in the fernery?" he whispered.

"Yes." He drew aside the heavy plush curtain for her to pass out. "And—Mountain—'yes' also—to—the *other*."

The shadow in the curtained recess was profound. They were alone. They loved each other.

"Oh! my dear—my *dear*," was all he said.

It was enough. They were quite alone.

* * * * *

Letter from Lady Torrence to Lady Braye written six months later:

VERY Dearest Carol,

I *must* confess, and, as I hear that you and Mountain are wading dee er and deeper into the intricacies of being in love, I hope for eulogistic gratitude instead of virtuous condemnation which my conscience sometimes tells me I deserve.

My dear, *I* did it. *Legally* speaking, perhaps, it was the Dean of Brayshire who married you and Mountain, but *actually* it was Maude Eloise Torrence. . . . Do you remember that memorable game of billiards towards the end of which you learnt the state of your own heart and revealed its leanings to me? Do you remember how Pandeli Valesto stooped to pick up my gold pig while I held his cue? Do you remember the coffee in my saucer? Do you remember his final miscue? Do you know that to damp the tip is a certain way of insuring a miscue?

Answer these queries and forgive me.

I must confess that, anxious as I was for your happiness, my finger-tip would never have strayed into the coffee if Pandeli Valesto had not happened to have casually questioned Bruce about your father's property and investments, and your own income and expectations. I never observed any great anxiety on Mountain's part regarding your worldly goods!

Wire, my dear, if I'm forgiven,
Yours ever and quite,
MAUDINA.

P.S.—Pandeli Valesto has just become engaged to Miss Deborah K. Figgs, of Chicago, U.S.A. . . . Tinned Beef!!

Wire from Lady Braye to Lady Torrence:

You wrong, wicked, dishonourable, dear darling love. Writing.

CAROL.

HOW SHE REFUSED HIM.

Having read your sweet effusion,
I am forced to the conclusion
You are under a delusion
That I love but you alone.

'Mong a score my love's divided.
And of all the hearts provided,
I am really undecided
Which shall call me all its own.

So I'm not prepared to marry.
And, therefore, my dearest Harry,
You had best no longer tarry,
But select another Joan.

Clifford Barlow.

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My Week-End with the Duke

By Frances Clifden.

I.

I AM only a lady artist, and hope it won't seem snobbish to say that when I received a letter from Lady Mildred Blair, who kept house for her brother, the Duke of Beverley, I nearly went off my head with delight. After I had seen what it contained, of course! For it was an invitation to spend the very next week-end at Beverley Castle, preparatory to painting the Duke's portrait as a commission, and it came at a time when business matters had gone rather especially ill with me.

Then, too, I had always hoped some day to see the Duke; I had never gone to the lengths of imagining that I could possibly meet him. Even lady artists have their dreams, and since my childhood His Grace had stood as a kind of fairy prince to me.

He was rich, and young, and good-looking, naturally—even society papers chronicled as much—but his other claims to distinction were higher far than these. I knew of many people whom he had helped in secret; I had heard more than a little concerning his past history. At Eton and Oxford he had outrun even his lavish allowance "in helping poor devils who hadn't a penny to their names;" and when the war in South Africa broke out he spent, as I knew, half his first year's income in equipping a staff of nurses for service there, to please the widowed sister who kept house for him.

II.

At Peignbourne railway station—I live at Peignbourne—I found myself confronting my first difficulty. What class was I to travel by? Of course the remaining guests would all go first—but then, the price of the fare would have strained my slender resources to the uttermost. So I swallowed my pride, and took a second-class ticket, secure in the happy consciousness of wearing my brand-new pale tan-coloured cloth costume.

At Peignbourne station, as I waited, I could not help noticing the looks of a stranger, a girl of about my own age, but dressed in very shabby tweed.

The day was cold, and had she been in my carriage I could have offered her my rug; but she took her seat in a third-class compartment, and I became too engrossed in my own personal fears and conjectures to give her a second thought until we arrived at Black Junction, where the Duke had promised to send in for me.

This article, which is the outcome of genuine experience, though fictitious names are, for obvious reasons, introduced, relates to the smallest detail exactly what happens in a ducal establishment during a week-end house party—how the guests are received, how entertained, and all the comforts and luxuries they enjoy.

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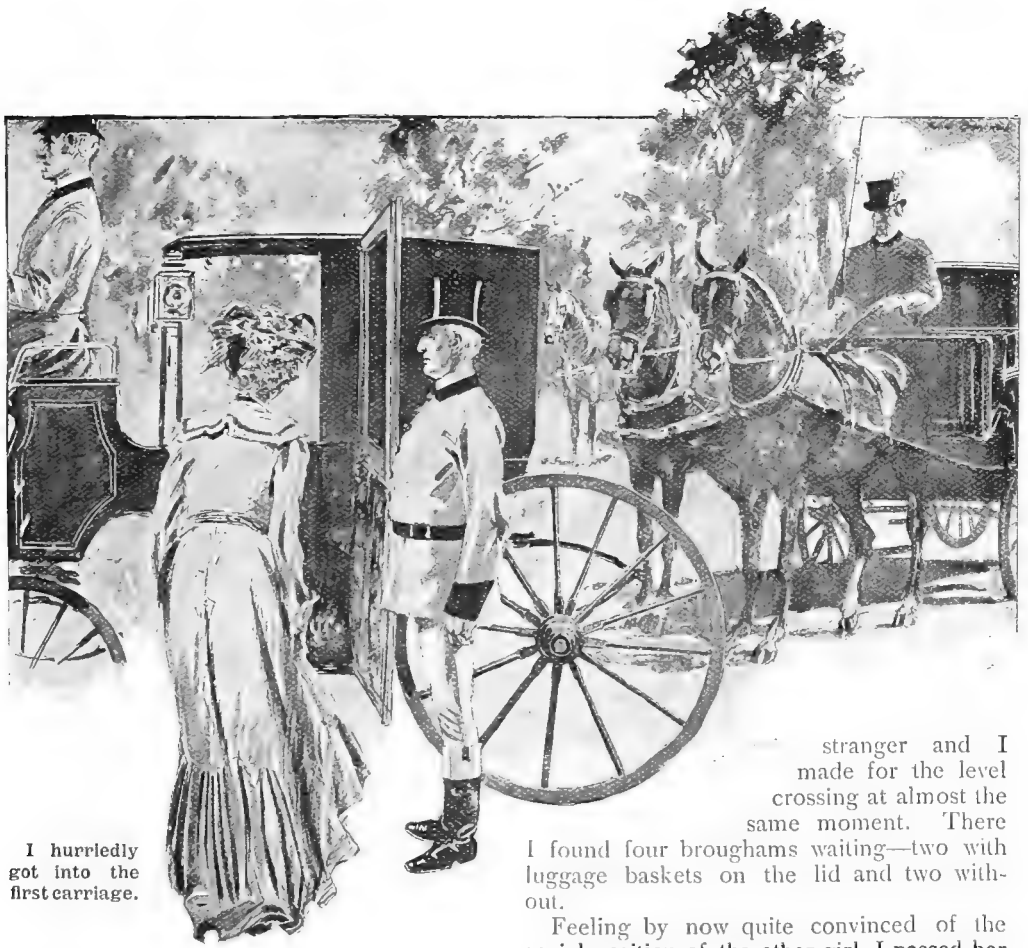

I hurriedly got into the first carriage.

As the train approached I was aware of two grooms in smart, ducal livery, who were awaiting its arrival. I looked out eagerly. Some guest of importance was possibly travelling to Beverley at this hour? My heart sank.

I expected the bustle and scurry at the station which would doubtless betoken the coming of some "personage." But greatly to my surprise it was towards the plainly-dressed stranger of the third-class compartment that one of the grooms made his way, with an air as deferential as though she had come from a first-class carriage. For the moment I marvelled. Then an idea flashed across me. The other girl was, of course, a maid, and I was reminded of the non-existence of my own as the other groom took my handbag.

"Has your ladyship brought a maid?"

"Not to-day," I mumbled, with an inward blush, as I recalled the inadequate services of the overworked "general" in my seaside lodgings.

The men-servants led the way; the stranger and I made for the level crossing at almost the same moment. There I found four broughams waiting—two with luggage baskets on the lid and two without.

Feeling by now quite convinced of the social position of the other girl, I passed her rather hurriedly and got into the first carriage. The brougham door closed, and, with a beating heart, I told myself that now I was in and of a world of which I had hitherto merely read in the pages of society papers.

III.

The drive was long, but not too long for me. Everything was fresh and new. At the doors of their cottages, the cottagers, men, women, and children assembled, as the horses' approaching hoofs were heard, to nod and "dip" in honour to their benefactor's unknown guests. I felt like the heroine of a novelette.

Presently I was driven through the wide white gates of the castle by the lodge, into a park the like of which is scarcely rivalled in England. Away in the distance I could trace the outline of deer, and for the first time realised that a deer forest and a dense wood have nothing in common!

On and up, up and still on, the carriage was pulled up at last by the great oak door of

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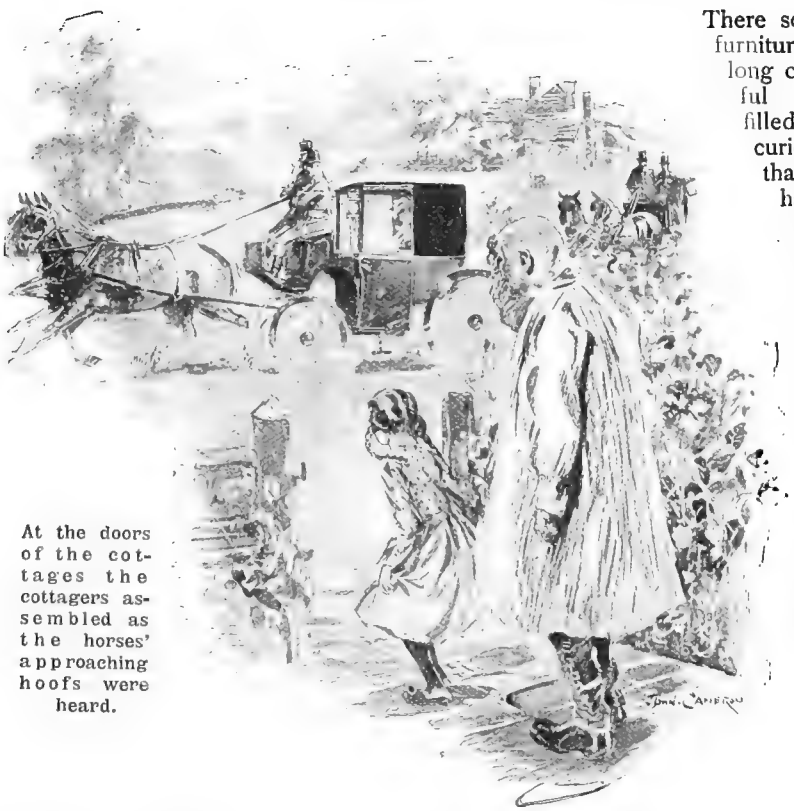

At the doors of the cottages the cottagers assembled as the horses' approaching hoofs were heard.

the castle. The bell clanged. Conscious of the immaculate fit of a frock I could ill afford, I stepped out leisurely, and was interested to find only one man waiting at the door. I had expected a whole retinue, not knowing the Duke's dislike to ostentation.

The other girl joined me, rather to my astonishment.

"We've still got a long walk before us, haven't we?" said the girl, smiling pleasantly. "We can't go all the way like mutes. I don't think we've ever met before, have we? My name is—" she hesitated for a moment, rather uncomfortably, I thought, "Claire Hamilton."

"Mine is Belinda Grey," I said. I knew now that she was another guest, and was relieved to find one without a handle to her name, and yet I was vaguely disappointed. Miss Hamilton seemed so curiously at ease. One would have thought she had lived in just such another palace all her life. And while everything was so new and bewildering to me that I could hardly help exclaiming out aloud now and again, she took things quite as a matter of course, though she was only just an ordinary enough girl too.

There seemed such a lot of furniture for instance. The long corridors had beautiful marquetrie cabinet filled with old china and curios of all kinds that collectors would have raved about, to say nothing of the paintings, and now and again some lovely hangings of old tapestry. The hall was full of armour, and to the left a narrow door led upon a little private chapel. (Lady Mildred is a Catholic, and her brother is devoted to her.) A flight of steps on the right led into the first of these corridors, which made a regular maze of the castle, and then we went through room after room, passage after passage, before we arrived at the great empty ball-room, where my heart nearly stood still with fright, for the Duke himself hastened forward to greet us, and take us on into the bijou drawing-room where his sister, the house-party, and a few afternoon callers were assembled.

And here at last there dawned upon me the first suggestion of an awakening. For amongst this shabby house-party of notabilities the shabby figure of my fellow-traveller was no longer remarkable. All the women had come in from their afternoon walks, and were dressed in short, rough frieze and tweed coats and skirts, except the old Duchess of Eccles, who wore a handsome black brocaded satin tea-gown, slightly open at the neck, and trimmed with old Point de Venise lace.

Lady Mildred herself, who did the honours of the tea-table, was in simple black, and it was my own too smart costume which appeared noticeable in such surroundings.

One by one I took in the appointments of the room. Azalea bushes in huge pots, great palms reaching almost to the ceiling, broke its lines into many corners. It looked

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very "lived in and natural." Indeed, naturalness was the order of the day. There was none of the stiffness that obtains so often in middle-class households.

There were no introductions, for everybody knew everybody else's antecedents and belongings; I was the one "outsider." The tea-table was laden to overflowing, with big cakes and little cakes, cakes hot and buttered, buns, and savoury sandwiches, and the groups that clustered round the table, as well as those others who had collected into corners, all combined in making the sort of square meal which I should once have considered quite bad form. But personally I was too taken up in noticing the "Teneriffe-work" table-cloth, and the little lace-edged doyleys upon which stood the plates that held the cold cakes and sandwiches, and the little silver hot-water plates, rather like round entrée dishes, to make more than a meagre meal.

Rather to my surprise Miss Hamilton seemed quite a favourite, though she was, except myself, the only commoner amongst the guests. I began to wonder if there were anything odd about her name, for whenever she was called "Miss Hamilton" there was a burst of laughter, and now and again a man or two of the party, and Lady Mildred herself even, called her "Polly," which is certainly not a diminutive of "Claire."

Presently, an under footman brought in a sheaf of evening papers, and handed them for the most part to the male guests, and after tea the guests dispersed, mostly in twos, some to the billiard-room, others to play Bridge; and Lady Mildred collected her latest arrivals.

"I want to show you your rooms."

"I've no maid, as you know, so I haven't brought her," said Miss Hamilton, tucking her arm confidentially into Lady Mildred's. "Can I borrow the fifteenth housemaid or whoever the lady is who attends to my room to do up my frock in the morning?"

"I haven't got a maid either, Lady Mildred," I said hurriedly. Somehow it didn't seem so hard to say so, now Miss Hamilton had showed me how.

"I'll send someone to help you, too, then," said Lady Mildred, smiling. "You girls are all so independent now-a-days, though I dare say you may prefer to manage alone. Polly here"—patting Miss Hamilton affectionately as she spoke—"scorns even to have her boxes unpacked."

"The truth is my clothes are usually so very inferior to any maid's that I dread subjecting them to her inspection," admitted Miss Hamilton quite calmly. "Hurrah! You've given me the corner room again. I'm so glad. And Miss Grey is next door? That's good. We can help one another if occasion demands, then."

"I should like to help you if I might," I said. Somehow, everybody was so genial it was impossible to feel very shy. And Miss Hamilton was only like myself, which made such a difference. I looked at her more closely. She was very, very pretty—I could not help noticing how the Duke had looked at her when she came in. They seemed to know each other very well, those two.

"Had you and Polly met before?" asked Lady Mildred, breaking in upon my thoughts, as she opened the door of my room.

"Never," I said, rather emphatically perhaps. "Hamilton is not her real name, is it?"

"Only part of it," said Lady Mildred, after a moment's pause. "I don't think she would mind you knowing. The—the family has been very unfortunate. Polly's mother died when she was quite a little thing, and the father speculated and lost almost all their money. Polly herself is very plucky, but rather headstrong. She has just gone on the stage—very much to all her friends' regret. It is useless to oppose her, she is so determined; but I hardly think she will stay there long."

"She doesn't look the sort of girl for the stage," I said, aghast. Oh, how dreadful it would be if this fairy-tale Duke of mine were to fall to the lot of a third-rate provincial actress! I pulled myself together. "Really, to get on on the stage, one needs to be so—so——" I hesitated.

"Pushing," suggested Lady Mildred gently. "Polly is not that. You are quite right, Miss Grey; I see you have discrimination. Polly was never made for the stage. I do hope, indeed, that we may be able to save her from it."

IV.

"My rooms are exquisite," I wrote next morning to my sister. Oh, the joy of writing upon notepaper headed with a coronet and with "Beverley Castle" heavily embossed below! "Everything is so good, though simple. The furniture of my bedroom is Chippendale; there is a great bureau, and a big chest of drawers, and a dressing-table with shelves for one's boots and shoes. There is electric light everywhere; but there are

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four huge candlesticks as well, almost like church candlesticks, near the looking-glass—all real silver and coronet-ed.

"The hot water awaiting me when I went up to my room at half-past five was in an old-fashioned brass jug, and there was the daintiest-fringed towel draped over it. I have three linen towels and two bath towels—I can't think what they are all for. My bed has a lace coverlet over it in the day, and at night this is put away, and a pale pink satin eiderdown quilt is put on instead. All the pillows are down ones, and are edged with real lace; so is the outer sheet. The other ones have drawn threads, and the blankets have big coronets worked in coarse thread.

"The inner room is like a boudoir, a Dresden china sort of room, with pale pink brocaded furniture; there is a big sofa and a lovely writing-table, with a silver inkstand and big silver blotter, and every sort of appointment in the shape of note-paper and envelopes, large and small, sealing wax, telegraph forms, and a time-table book.

"Then there is a book-case with a few old standard works and poetry, and some modern novels and reviews and magazines, and there are flowers here and window-plants in jardinières, but these the maid removes at night. On each door down our wing—the actress, Miss Hamilton, and I, the Ladies Ker-Havelock and Lady May Berry, and a few other guests are all in the unmarried girls wing—there is a card affixed—'Miss Grey,' 'Lady May Berry,' and so forth.

"After the maid had unpacked my things, and I had changed into an afternoon frock, I went into the drawing-room, and found just a few stragglers. At eight o'clock bells sounded in every wing, as girls summoned their maids, and men their valets in preparation for the great event of the day.

"When I got to my room, the housemaid had put everything out for me, my evening linen, my stockings, even a handkerchief—just like a real maid does, I suppose. The candles were lighted, and there was a freshly-cut loose spray of hot-house flowers, just the colour of my gown, ready for me to wear.

"Standing at the drawing-room door a little later and looking at the groups which met and divided, coming down on either side of the great central staircase at the head of which runs the long family portrait gallery, was as picturesque as any scene in a play.

"The soft lights in the drawing-room, shaded with little silk covers, the scent of the flowers, stronger now than in the day, all combined to make the right setting for quite the loveliest evening frocks I have ever seen. Do you know, I really think that people who are really personages like these, must take a pride in dressing as villainously as they can in the day in the country, as a change from town, and then doing themselves exquisitely at night? For the jewels worn were really lovely; Lady Mildred had a necklace which blazed with a thousand lights, and lots of the other women had diamonds too.

"But the girls were simple on the whole, especially Miss Hamilton, who had just a plain black *soie de chine* frock with an old fashioned ordinary kind of fichu, and a bunch of lilies of the valley.

"We went in to dinner formally enough, but there were no special seats ascribed to us at table. The Duke called out to me as I came in with my partner, and said: 'Don't go so far away; come here, please, Miss Grey,' and pointed to a seat only three away from his own. Wasn't it kind of him?

"Lady Mildred sat at the other end, and our little group talked across quite intimately, yet without a vestige of the Bohemianism which mars so many social functions in our little world. Personally I was very sorry when it was over; it seemed to me such a long dinner—there were quite twelve courses; a choice of two fishes, a hot and cold entrée, etc. There was hardly anything I knew, and the soup-plates were all silver, and there was a footman to every two chairs, though we sat down twenty-four. I said to my next door neighbour: 'Is it never coming to an end?' and he laughed and told me that people in positions like the Duke's sometimes have even more courses, but he hates ostentation. Eventually we filed back to the drawing-room for coffee and liqueurs.

"In the Beverley household the female guests are evidently not supposed to smoke!

"We women formed into groups, of course, and when the men came back there was a general exodus. Some of us played bridge, some billiards, each in separate rooms. The younger members of the party, headed by the Duke, played a game of question and answer, called 'Clumps,' which frightened me dreadfully. Miss Hamilton came to my rescue, to pilot me through, though. Two couples wandered off unchaperoned into the empty ball-room, and there, presumably, 'danced to the music of their hearts,' since there was certainly no one to pipe!

"And Miss Hamilton looked very lovely.

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The Duke hardly took his eyes off her, though he was kind to everyone, looking after all the old dowagers and making all the young people feel utterly at home and at ease.

"At a little before half-past eleven o'clock there was a general move towards the corridor, which is really like a long room with other rooms leading out of it, and there, on two wide tables, drinks hot and drinks cold were spread—whiskies and sodas, clarets and hot water.

"Lady Mildred saw me to my room again, and the housemaid was waiting to brush my hair if I needed her. She had put away all my clothes, of course, and arranged my linen for the morning, carefully matching the dress she had put ready with the special silk petticoat which toned best with it, which I thought an artistic touch in a housemaid.

"The younger members of the party, headed by the Duke, played a game called 'Clumps'."

"And then—and then—well, perhaps I did feel a little regretful that I wasn't rich.

"It is so good to be properly looked after, for once—to have your nightgown and slippers and dressing-gown warmed at a brilliant log fire—to have velvet curtains shutting out the draught from the windows, and your hot water-bottle steaming under lace-edged sheets, and a table at your side set ready with a silver biscuit canister, and tumbler of milk, to say nothing of your candlestick and matches and devotional books.

"Up in the tower the wind wailed dismally, and in the room above a fellow-guest, a man, snored so loudly that he made night temporarily hideous, but the next thing I was aware of was a knock at my door, and the sound of the dainty little morning tea service, with its choice of thin bread and butter and crisp biscuits, set down beside me, to recall me to the fact that it was morning.

"By-the-by, it is only in the 'married wing' that a bath-room is attached to each suite of rooms, which consist in these cases of a big bedroom, a dressing-room, a boudoir and the bath-room, all complete. The maid brings in mine—and such a paraphernalia!

"A large bath blanket is spread first, and then an enormous can of hot water is put in the middle of the bath with a linen towel draped over it, then everything I can possibly want, soap, loofah, an extra can of cold water, etc., is arranged round, and a chair put ready for me to sit on when I get out of it. I had kicked my slippers to the other end

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"The next thing I was aware of was a knock at my door, and the sound of a dainty little morning tea service set down beside me."

of the room, but she got them out and set them ready for me, and, of course, there was another can of hot water put ready for me in my basin too."

"Then there was a side table covered with cold meats and chicken, and so forth, and lots of hot-house fruit, the grapes that Beverley is famous for, etc.

V.

I think the events of the next day—in its way the most eventful—are best told by extracts from my diary, rough as they are.

"Still having a delightful time," I wrote that morning. "Things grow upon one more and more. The breakfast table, to begin with, was an amazement to me; there were such lots of hot dishes to be handed, and the last comers were served as well as the first, for the dishes were all on raised silver stands under which little spirit lamps were burning.

"At a quarter to eleven o'clock this morning all the church-goers were assembled in the hall, some to hear Mass with Lady Mildred—we Anglicans to go with the Duke. At the last moment, however, he went with the Roman Catholics, I suppose because Miss Hamilton is of the Faith.

"The way she treats the Duke is almost cruel. Coming back, we all met in the Park, and nobody could help seeing how wretched he looked. For once he was walking beside her. Everybody seems to try to leave them together; but when she saw me,

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she literally ran forward, and seizing my arm, said would I not like to come back by way of the moat and drawbridge to see the chapel where so many Beverleys are buried.

"I did not know how to refuse. The Duke came too, and of course got no opportunity of private conversation with her, for she clung to my arm, and deferred to my opinion all the time.

"The rest of the house party drifted away, some to the stables, some to the kennels. In fact, we divided off as instinct suggested, coming in in time to change our gowns for two o'clock lunch, which was a meal of fish, entrées, hot meats and cold, sweets, and cold savouries, finishing off with a choice of French coffee or Turkish, which latter Lady Mary made in the drawing-room.

"At lunch the question came up as to how we should spend the afternoon. The Duke suggested a drive in his motor, and Miss Hamilton promptly volunteered for walking, and said she had arranged with me to come too. Some of the party drove to the sea; at the last moment the Duke gave up his motor and came with us.

"Miss Hamilton lent me one of her short skirts; trained dresses are so much more graceful, I think, but I was grateful, for in the course of our walk we had, among other things, to get over a five-barred gate. The Duke had to help me, but Miss Hamilton climbed over it alone, and would not even take his hand in getting down.

"Coming through the gates into that part of the Park which is open to sightseers it was quite funny to see the interest we aroused.

"'That's the Duke—him in the tweed suit,' we heard one gentleman announce to his neighbour, pointing out a certain Captain the Hon. Tom Westmoreland, who strove to walk as one worthy of honours suddenly thrust upon him.

"'*That* his Grace? Lor! bless your soul, that's only his head footman!' said the other with infinite scorn; whereupon Miss Hamilton collapsed, and for the first time made the Duke happy with one of her singularly merry smiles.

"After tea a lot of the men went to the billiard room again, and others with Lady Mildred to Vespers and Benediction. What happened to the Duke then—or Miss Hamilton—I really don't know. She was standing by me, as usual, when the old Duchess of Eccles actually came up and invited me to see some photographs, saying: 'Run off, Polly; you've monopolised this young lady ever since her arrival, and have given none of us a chance of knowing her.' The Duke was the only other person in the room, and of course I saw through the manœuvre, as they both did. Miss H. went off, looking most unhappy. I cannot make things out!

"Rather to my surprise we had another big full course dinner to-night—I recognised the fact by the maid having laid out another full evening dress for me, instead of a demi-toilette which I had meant to wear. Miss Hamilton came into the room, stood behind me, and suggested sitting near; but——

"'Change of partners to-night,' the Duke said as we sat down at table, and rather to my amusement my partner at once hustled me off to the extreme other end of the table from Miss Hamilton. I couldn't help catching the Duke's eye and smiling. I was so very glad for him, for Miss Hamilton does try to use me as a sort of 'gooseberry' all the time!

"At night there was a general call for 'charades,' so everyone departed to the library, which is really a long hall with alcoves, and wide curtains dividing one portion from another, a delightful place for theatricals. Each alcove is like a separate little sitting-room, and has its own fireplace.

"It was certainly a novel way of spending Sunday evening, but personally I did not care much about it as an entertainment. The Duke acted at first, and so did Miss Hamilton—very well—but he was presently called away by a message from his sister, and a little later Miss Hamilton also disappeared.

"Before going to bed the subject of our approaching departures was mooted, and I was surprised to find Miss Hamilton was staying on. His Grace is certainly the kindest of hosts! He had looked out my trains and wanted me to go by the afternoon one, but I felt I must go back in the morning to my work. Too much enjoyment is not good for one, and, besides, perhaps I was getting a wee bit envious. . . .

"While I was at breakfast next morning the maid packed up for me, and that kind Duchess of Eccles took me under her wing. Saying 'good-bye' to Lady May Berry, I saw that she had left her 'tip' for the maid no her dressing-table. Always before I have given my fees myself.

"The drive to the station looked like the exodus from some big hotel, so numerous were the dog-carts, broughams, buggies, and motors which took us there. Miss Hamilton came down to see us off.

"'Good-bye,' she said. 'We must meet again, Miss Grey.'

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"I think she was going to say more, but the Duke came up just then and stood beside her, and the last vision I had of Beverley was the sight of the great door thrown back, framing them as they stood, she with her fair hair blown a little off her forehead, aureole wise, and he standing very tall and big beside her, with, for once, a look almost of happiness on his face.

"I wonder—I wish—ah, well, if people are happy why should anything else matter?"

VI.

About a month later, my mystery was cleared up; I had another letter from Lady Mildred, and, by the same post, another, coroneted, too, and in an unknown hand.

I opened Lady Mildred's first.

Beverley Castle.

DEAR MISS GREY,

This is only to remind you of your kind promise to paint my brother's portrait.

(What a considerate way of expressing that they had commissioned me to do work for them!)

I believe your Peignbourne address is permanent? You will be interested to hear that my brother is engaged to be married to the Miss Hamilton whom you met at Beverley, so our conjectures were right and she has left the stage.

With kind regards, believe me,

Yours sincerely,

MILDRED BLAIR.

My weekly "society" paper had just come. I opened it, almost in a dream, and the following paragraphs met my eye:

The marriage arranged between the Duke of Beverley and Lady Mary Hamilton-Cane-Drury will give universal satisfaction. The misfortunes which befell the Earl of Jedburgh, Lady Mary's father, are still fresh in one's memory. When they occurred the young lady, with great courage, insisted upon earning her own livelihood upon the stage, where, we understand (for the matter was to be kept secret until such time as Lady Mary could be said really to have succeeded), she played minor parts in provincial companies under the *nom de plume* of "Claire Hamilton."

The attachment between her ladyship and His Grace is of long-standing. When these family troubles arose, Lady Mary, who is very proud, refused to meet any of her old friends until her position was re-established. But a meeting was arranged and matters were greatly helped towards their happy consummation, through the interest of the Duchess of Eccles, Lady Mary's god-mother.

Then I turned to the second letter. It was from Lady Mary herself.

DEAR MISS GREY,

I believe Lady Mildred has told you of our engagement. I hear you are going to paint my fiancé's portrait, and I want to know if you will be so good as to paint mine as a pendant to it, that I may give it to him as a wedding present?

I want the whole matter to be kept quite, *quite* secret, so if you see any of the family, please don't give me away! I shall be up in town next week and staying at Grosvenor Square with my god-mother, and shall be most grateful if you could arrange for sittings there. Perhaps you will kindly let me know?

We are to be married on the 8th of next month, and I hope you will come to the wedding, and that later on I shall have the pleasure of welcoming you at Beverley. . . . . .

So it's ended right after all, and the Fairy Prince has found his real Princess. . . . I am so glad, and I suppose that's why I cried over it, for when people are so kind it does touch one, naturally, doesn't it?

MY FIRST SUIT

LAST night I was only a little boy,
To-day I'm a man, you know;
I've trousers like Daddy's, so wide and long,
Right down to my knees they go.

And now I'm grown up, would you like to hear
Just what I am going to be?
Why, a sailor, of course, when I find a ship
Where there's work for a man of three!

MARY FARRAH.

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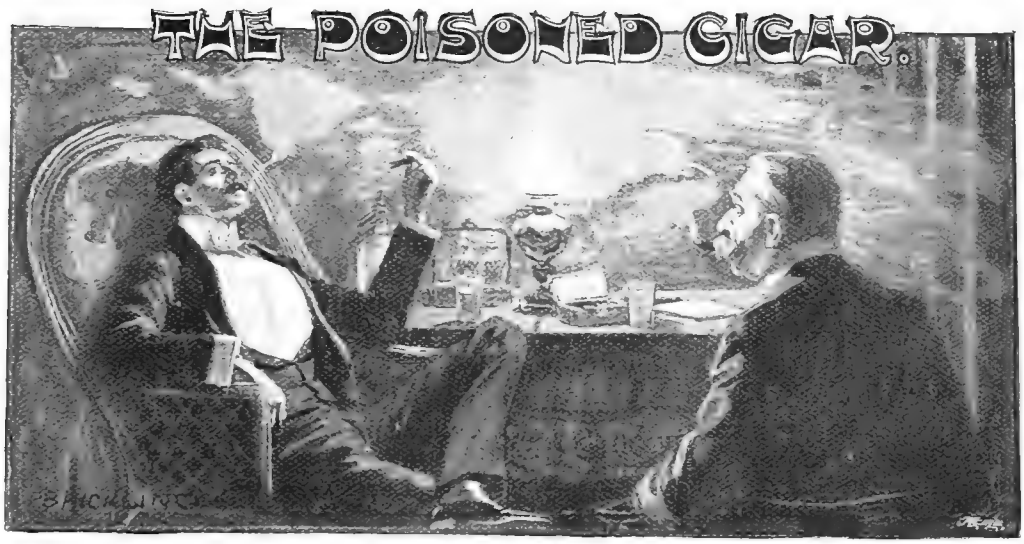
THE POISONED CIGAR.



The Exciting Story of a Strange Duel fought between an Englishman and a German.

By John N. Raphael.

George Vernon, one of the attachés of His Majesty's Embassy at the court of Floritaria, sat in his well-furnished room at the Embassy, waiting. The room was a comfortable one, for the members of the Floritaria Embassy had, wicked tongues whispered, little else to do beyond making themselves comfortable, and Vernon, whose private income was a large one, had made this sitting-room of his a delightful combination of a man's rooms at college and the boudoir of a woman of fashion.

The whole of one side of it opened on to a conservatory, in which were flowers of almost every kind, from orchids almost beyond price to cabbage roses, and there were a number of strange looking and strangely smelling plants in that conservatory as well, for George Vernon was an ardent botanist, and while he had been attached to the British Embassy in Patagonia some years before, he had made a special study of the vegetation there, and had brought some very strange plants home with him.

Vernon sat deep down in a low basket arm-chair watching the smoke of his cigarette as it curled gracefully towards the ceiling. The little crystal clock upon the mantelpiece tinkled out the chimes which marked the quarter, and Vernon roused himself up out of his chair, gave himself a shake, and laughed.

"The Baron will be here in five minutes," he said. "I wonder which of us will leave the room in an hour's time." And as he said the words he opened a tantalus, placed soda-water upon the table by it, put away the cigarettes, and fetched a little gold box, marked "Cigars." "I wonder which of us will find the smoke too much for him," he said again, and laughed.

"Baron Heinrich von Reitzenstein," announced the servant at the door. And the Baron came in, brought his heels together in true German military fashion, and bowed to Vernon. "Here I am you see, punctual to the minute, Herr Vernon," said the Baron von Reitzenstein.

Vernon looked at him without answering. Both were types in their way of that most polished thing on earth, a real man of the world, and although both of them knew that death was to be the lot of one of them within the next hour, a slight shudder was the only sign of such knowledge either of them showed. "A drink, Baron?" said George Vernon. "Thank you, yes. Only a little soda. May I serve you? So." And both men touched glasses in the German style and drank.

"Health and long life to—to whichever one of us Fate allows to leave this room," said Vernon, smiling, and "Health and long life to one of us," replied the Baron.

"Let me just run over the terms of our

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agreement," said George Vernon. "We need not go into the reasons of our quarrel. We have quarrelled, and only the death of one of us can settle it." The Baron bowed. "Exactly so," he said. "Very well then. Neither of us are Frenchmen, and we both look upon the ordinary duel with its seconds, its publicity, its probable harmlessness, and its reconciliation afterwards, as quite ridiculous." The Baron bowed again. "To avoid the punishment and the disgrace of the survivor, we have agreed to end our quarrel by the cigar test, a method which I learned in South America, and in which you, Baron, acquiesce.

"In this box," and Vernon opened the cigar-box with a little key which was attached to his watch chain, "are several cigars. I have steeped one of them in a preparation of that little plant with the long fibrous leaves and the red flower, which you can see in the conservatory. The juice of it is deadly poison, but it is odourless and tasteless. Whoever smokes the cigar steeped in this juice will die in a few minutes, but his remains will show no trace of the poison, and his death will be quite painless.

"The doctors will ascribe it to heart failure and nobody need ever know the truth. The survivor will throw the remains of the cigar into the fire, and will not ring for help until it is entirely consumed. I need hardly say that he will never make the slightest reference to the reason of our quarrel, which, with the manner of its settlement, will remain a secret."

The Baron drank a little whiskey and, in a clear voice, answered: "Let us smoke, *mein lieber*. I feel assured that your cigars are excellent." Without even looking at the box, he took a cigar, clipped off the end of it, and lit it from the small lamp upon the table. Vernon did the same, took the two cigar points up, and dropped them into the fire. Then the two men, as though they had met merely for a quiet evening's conversation, began to chat of theatres, of concerts, of the boar-hunt, in which both had taken part the day before, and other trivial matters.

After some minutes, Vernon smiled and said: "You don't seem to be getting on with your cigar, my dear Herr Baron."

The other flushed, rose from his chair, lit the cigar again, and walked up and down the room for a few minutes. "Throw it away, and let us take another," said Vernon. "A relit cigar is never any good, and the first few whiffs of the one for which we are looking will decide matters."

There were great drops of perspiration on the German's forehead, and his hand trembled as he reached for the box again. "Don't drop it," said George Vernon.

"Sir, would you insult me?" cried the Baron hoarsely, but his hand shook so in his excitement that a cigar or two fell from the box on to the floor, and he had to pick them up again.

Each man took a fresh cigar, and lit it. They sat in silence smoking, and eyeing one another curiously. Vernon was rather pale, but he restrained himself more than his companion who shook and shivered as though with an ague.

"Another whiskey?" said the Englishman. And this time Baron von Reitzenstein drank off almost half a tumbler of raw spirit.

"Come, let us have no child's play," he exclaimed, "neither of these cigars is *the* cigar. Let us take others, and end it once for all."

"You're getting nervous, Herr Baron; it *is* trying to the nerves, I admit. I saw a duel of this kind in Patagonia once, and one of the two men went mad, barely fifty seconds before his companion died."

"I feel as if I might go mad myself," said Herr von Reitzenstein. "You have nerve, you British, Herr Vernon."

"Now then," said the Englishman. "These are the last two in the box. Will you help yourself, or shall we toss for choice?" The Baron took a twenty-mark piece from his waistcoat pocket, then put it back again, and selected a cigar after smelling each one of the two left, carefully.

"I—I did not know I was a coward, Herr Vernon," he said, and his voice was hardly recognisable, "but I dare not risk the fall of a coin at such a moment. Will you forgive me, and shake hands with me?"

George Vernon grasped his adversary's hand and said: "We will stop here, if you wish it, Baron, and not smoke the other two. We can still decide our quarrel with pistols in the forest to-morrow if you like."

"No, no," said von Reitzenstein, "let us go through with it now that we have begun. Herr Gott, but if a man had ever told me that I should have no more command over myself, I would have killed him where he stood!" And he bit the end off his cigar savagely.

Vernon laughed a little, clipped his own cigar with care, and both men lit them. "They are good, are they not?" he said presently. "I imported them direct through a friend in Havana."

The German did not answer. He was deadly pale, and his teeth were chattering so

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Vercingetorix threw himself at the German and pinned him to the ground.

that he could scarcely keep his cigar alight. He made a point of honour, though, to do so, and he smoked by fits and starts, now slowly, now in desperate haste, blowing great clouds into the room.

"We are suffocating Vercingetorix," laughed Vernon patting the head of a great Dane which lay beside his chair.

The two men smoked on, and presently Baron von Reitzenstein started from his chair and with his cigar still between his clenched teeth, he shouted, "If I die, you shall die also!" and he rushed at Vernon.

The struggle was a short one, for Vercingetorix, who did not like to see his master interfered with, threw himself at the German, and pinned him to the ground by the side of his own chair. Vernon looked at Von Reitzenstein, shook his head, and in a puzzled voice said: "Neither of these were poisoned and the box is empty."

The Baron, whom the dog had left reluctantly at a word from Vernon, rose to his feet, and said shamefacedly: "What are we to do now, Herr Vernon?"

Vernon did not answer. He was watching Vercingetorix who had been sniffing at something underneath the table, and licking what he found there. Suddenly the dog gave one short cough which ended in a moan, and rolled over on his side, stone dead. Vernon groped underneath the table, and picked up the crushed cigar which Baron von Reitzenstein had dropped when he upset the box.

"This was the poisoned one," he said. "This looks like Providence. Shall we postpone the duel indefinitely?"

"I agree," replied the German. And the men shook hands.

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A Maker of Champions

How Mr. Harry Andrews Trains Runners, Walkers, Cyclists, and other Athletes to Break Records.

Sprinting: The so-called "dab" start, in which the sprinter places his left foot on the mark, while the right toes rest in a small hole some eighteen inches behind. The photograph is of Mr. A. Shrubb, the famous cross-country runner.

By John Jones.

What the champion athlete—the man who has achieved, perhaps, the highest pinnacle of fame, whose name is breathed with reverence as the name of a king of sport, or, rather, is proclaimed with acclamations—owes to his trainer, only the athlete and the trainer know. In nine cases out of ten, he owes everything.

The trainer is the man behind the gun—the man who takes the raw boy in hand, polishes up his muscles, licks him into shape, educates his body with as much care as a professor spends on the mind of a promising student—and who teaches him, moreover, at the expense of months of hard labour, precisely *how* he must run the races that are set him. To the athlete's trainer, then, must be given the praise for his great accomplishments.

There are kings among trainers, as there are kings of sport—and one of the greatest of them all is Harry Andrews.

To the credit of Mr. Andrews stands the fame of the one-time world-renowned cyclist, Platt-Betts; of A. A. Chase, who now holds all the principal cycling records; and of A. E. Walters, who holds the record for twelve and twenty-four hours. These three are Andrews' own men—he made them, and introduced them to an admiring world.

Then he also trained the famous Frank Shorland, and so well that he carried off the victory in three twenty-four hour cycling races in succession. He took Montague Holbein in hand, the renowned cross-channel swimmer, in the days when he was breaking all the cycling endurance records—and he calls Holbein a cast-iron man, and declares him to be the greatest athlete that he ever saw.

The "all-four" start for nervous sprinters: The finger tips rest on the mark, the front foot about six inches behind. The push-off is made with the hands and the back foot.

He has made Ingram and Janson, champion cyclists of to-day, what they are; in J. Butler, he produced a champion walker, who holds the London-to-Brighton-and-back record, and the London-to-Brighton record (fifty-two and a half miles walked in eight hours forty-three minutes); while in A. Shrubb he turned out a record cross-country runner, a holder of the four mile championship—the finest cross-country runner in the world.

How does Mr. Andrews do it?

The son of a celebrated trainer, he seems to have inherited a gift for handling men, for educating their bodies to such a degree of perfection that every iota of good in them is made the most of—that every ounce of muscle is developed. He believes most firmly that physical training is good for everyone at all ages, and not alone for athletes. The best years for hard training are from twenty-three to twenty-seven; but long distance runners can keep themselves in hard training, and in champion form, up to forty, or even forty-five.

And he holds that the best of all exercises,

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This is the correct method of swinging the arms when sprinting. They should be held straight and never raised higher than the shoulders.

The incorrect method of swinging the arms when sprinting: bent elbows and hands raised above the shoulder.

Butler, the champion walker. The photograph shows the correct position of the body and swing of the hands.

both for health training and for training for athletics, is walking exercise. Walking, slowly but surely, does good to every muscle in the human body. It is a natural exercise, and, in the trainer's opinion, is worth all the doctor's physic in the world.

Do you feel out of sorts? Do you feel you are getting fat?—couldn't run a mile for your life? Then, says Mr. Andrews, go you for a walk a mile out from home, and a mile home again, every morning — *before breakfast.* You will find it a gruelling task for the first week or fortnight — but the fatigue it causes is the proof that the exercise is needed. And, if you have the time, walk four or five miles between breakfast and lunch, and three or four miles after tea.

Next to walking, the trainer holds that there is nothing finer on earth to get a man into good condition than skilful massage—not mere hand-rubbing or glove-rubbing, but a gentle pinching of every muscle in the body, from finger-tips to toes, and a soft, brisk rubbing with a circular motion, also all over the body. It is because the American athletes understand massage that they are picking up all the records. Half-an-hour's massage before and after hard training exercise loosens the muscles, develops them, and removes all bad flesh—it pushes rheumatism out of the body, and brings it up to the highest pitch of perfection.

The muscle that chiefly develops in the sprinter is at the back of the thigh and calf.

When you are in training, for whatever purpose, you need about nine hours sleep—from 10 p.m to 7 a.m. are the hours that the trainer ordains. When in hard training, an hour's mid-day nap will do you good. Many first-rate runners always put in an extra hour or two's sleep immediately before a hard contest, whatever the hour of the day.

Swimming in cold water, and cold baths in the morning, Mr. Andrews does not recommend for those who are training hard—for the cold water causes shock, and stiffens the muscles. A warm bath twice a week with massage after it, is the thing; or warm sea-water baths or swims.

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The incorrect cycling position. The cyclist is not properly seated, his head is bent too low and his back is rounded.

The correct position. The back and the head must be as far as possible level.

The correct tandem position. Note how the second man holds his head.

As to food, says Andrews, plain, meat diet is better than all vegetarian, no-breakfasting, fruit eating fads. Breakfast at eight-thirty (off fish or new-laid eggs and toast), dinner at one (off beef, or mutton, or poultry, with green vegetables, and milk puddings and stewed fruits), and tea or supper at six o'clock (off eggs, fish, or poultry, and toast), is the right sort of diet. As to drink, some champions are teetotallers, and others have their beer, so, as long as a man is only a moderate drinker, Mr. Andrews allows him to please himself with regard to alcohol—bar spirits and liqueurs and wines, save perhaps a little champagne occasionally as a stimulant—champagne is the best of all stimulants. Smoking, of course, is poison to the athlete.

Were you to go to Mr. Andrews, and ask him to make you a first-class runner, you would at once be put on training diet, and would begin the regular exercise course. With your first runs under his critical eye, he would judge the distance at which you would be most likely to excel, from your stride and action. It is almost impossible to judge for oneself.

You would be taught how to run in good style—to steal over the ground, rather than to bound along, with long, but natural strides. Every week your stride would be measured, to prove whether you kept up an even gait. You would practice various methods of starting, and adopt the one that suited you best—the "dab start," in which the runner places his left foot on the mark, while his right toe rests in a small hole some eighteen inches behind—the start being made by a forward little "dab" with the front foot, from which he swings into full stride—or the "hand-spring start," in which the runner goes on all fours, the tips of his fingers on the mark, his front foot about six inches behind. The push-off is made with the hands and the back foot.

There are three tests that will tell a man when he is getting fit—his watch, his weighing-machine, and his looking-glass—his watch showing how his speed is increasing, his weighing-machine telling him what is his best weight for making good time, and his glass telling him whether he is fresh or stale—by showing if his eyes are bright and sparkling, as they should be, or dull and heavy-looking.

Training, in its early stages, must not be overdone; a steady start must be made, with no sharp, exhausting efforts. A very fine exercise for sprinters consists of running up the steps of the grand-stand of the running track—this has a wonderful effect in improving a man's style.

For "sprints"—that is to say, races from fifty yards to a quarter-of-a-mile, which are run at top-speed throughout—a light training only is needed. A mile is walked before breakfast, and two miles afterwards, leading to the running track. Two or three "sprints" of fifty yards or so are run, and then a "stride through" of 150 yards. Before and after these exercises, massage is given; then another walk is taken, home to dinner,

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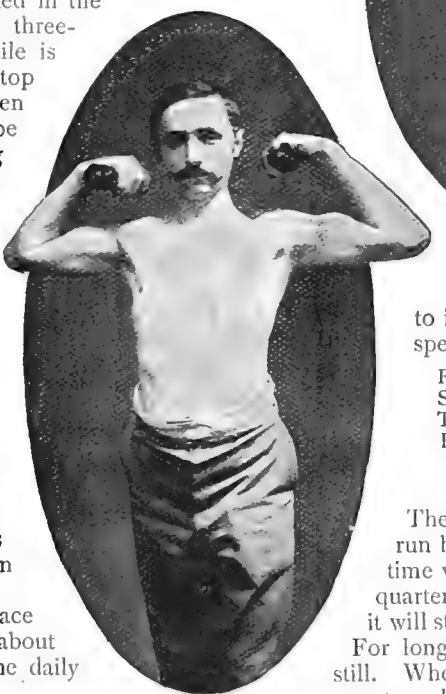
Afterwards, there is another stroll to the running track, short distances are taken again, with massage as before; and then home to tea, and afterwards another stroll of two or three miles.

For half-mile races a harder training is required than for sprinting. A three-mile walk is taken after breakfast, and for the first fortnight a mile or two is run in the morning at three-quarter speed. A couple of miles is walked in the afternoon, and three-quarters of a mile is run at nearly top speed. In the evening, there will be another long walk. After a fortnight, the morning run is changed to from 300 to 600 yards; and after a month, this shorter distance is run both morning and afternoon. Massage is given before and after each exercise—it has as much effect as an exercising run.

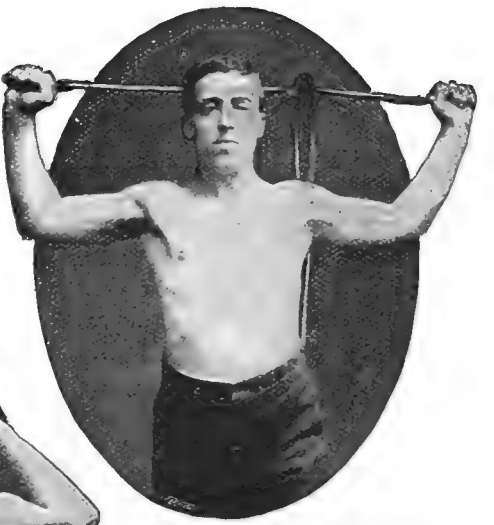


Dumb-bell work is another all important exercise in the training of an athlete.

For a mile race the training is about the same, but the daily walks are longer. A good man will do a mile in four minutes twenty-five seconds, and it is advisable to plan a scale for each quarter mile, and work to it as nearly as possible. Here is a specimen scale:

First Quarter...	1	Minute	3	Seconds.
Second „	1	„	7	„
Third „	1	„	9	„
Fourth „	1	„	6	„
	4	„	25	„

This photograph of Ingram's (the champion sprint cyclist) legs shows the muscular development at the inside of the knee.



The Sandow developer is invaluable in training for any kind of athletics.

The record mile, by the way, was run by W. G. George in 1886, and his time was four minutes, twelve and three-quarter seconds—a record that looks as if it will stand for ever.

For longer distances the training is harder still. When training Shrubb for his cross-country championship run, Mr. Andrews made him walk twenty miles a day. Two miles were walked before breakfast, and after an hour's rest came a seven-mile walk, followed by half-an-hour's massage and a good dinner. In the afternoon there would be three miles walking and four or six miles running on a track. Tea and rest would be followed by a long walk in the evening. This training lasted for a fortnight, when the champion was as fit as the proverbial fiddle. When the weather was too bad for walking, skipping exercise would be the order. Mr. Andrews holds that there is nothing like skipping—except walking.

For long-distance running, he maintains that walking can scarcely be overdone.

The walker's training consists principally, of course, of walking—long, steady tramps of ten or fifteen miles a day, with occasional stretches of twenty or thirty miles. This was the light training that Mr. Butler

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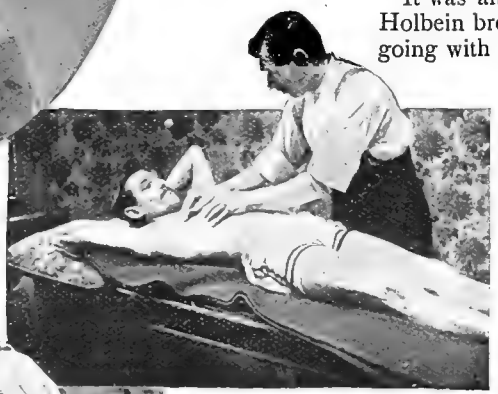
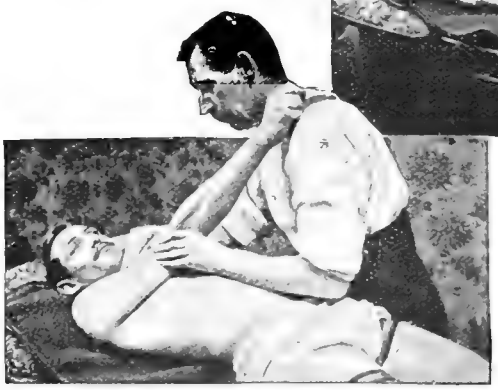
Mr. Andrews holds that skipping is one of the finest exercises in the training of an athlete.





Constant and vigorous massage is one of the secrets of Mr. Andrew's phenominal success in the making of champions.

underwent before his London to Brighton record.

The cyclist who would break records is usually put in training just after Christmas, taking long rides at half-speed on the roads, and covering five miles regularly every evening, till the beginning of March. A short while before Easter, short, sharp work is begun—rides of two or three miles, with very fast bursts of 250 yards. A fortnight of this work makes any man fit.

Some men practically "live on the roads" when in hard training, as did Mr. Frank Shorland, cycling all day and every day. The giant athlete, Holbein, got into condition by taking long walks. He would be made by Mr. Andrews to walk thirty miles a day for three months at a stretch—and this was none too much for him.

During one great training spell, Mr. Andrews and Holbein covered some 8000 miles on foot, in the grass-country around St. Albans, Harpenden, Luton, and Bedford. Four miles would be covered before breakfast, ten before dinner, ten in the afternoon, and six in the evening. Every day Holbein would be massaged three or four times. He would only take to cycling in earnest a fortnight before a race came off, and then he would do fifty or sixty miles a day regularly—and once a week seventy or eighty miles before breakfast.

It was after this spell that Holbein broke eight records going with the greatest ease.

At some period in every man's training comes a time when he loses heart—"a bad time," as the athletes say. It often comes at the critical moment in a race or a feat of endurance. Then the trainer's worth is seen at its full value as he comes forward to do everything possible to put a new heart in his man.

Many men who break records are free to train only in the evenings. This is the case with the champion sprint cyclist, Ingram, who has won the quarter mile championship three years in succession. In a case of this kind, Mr. Andrews makes his man ride about five miles every night, until fit—usually for six or seven weeks.

The wonderful feats of such men as Ingram and the other champions, who often are occupied all day with the cares of business, prove that one need not be a professional, devoting all one's time to training, to be able to keep one's self physically fit to undertake record-breaking feats of endurance.

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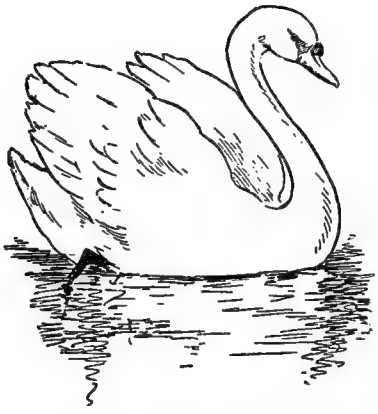


"THE GIRL WITH THE CURLS."

Being a River Story told by the Backwater Swan.

By Gertie de S. Webster.

When I was a downy, golden cygnet, my mother always used to impress upon me the advantages of the backwater compared with those of the open river.

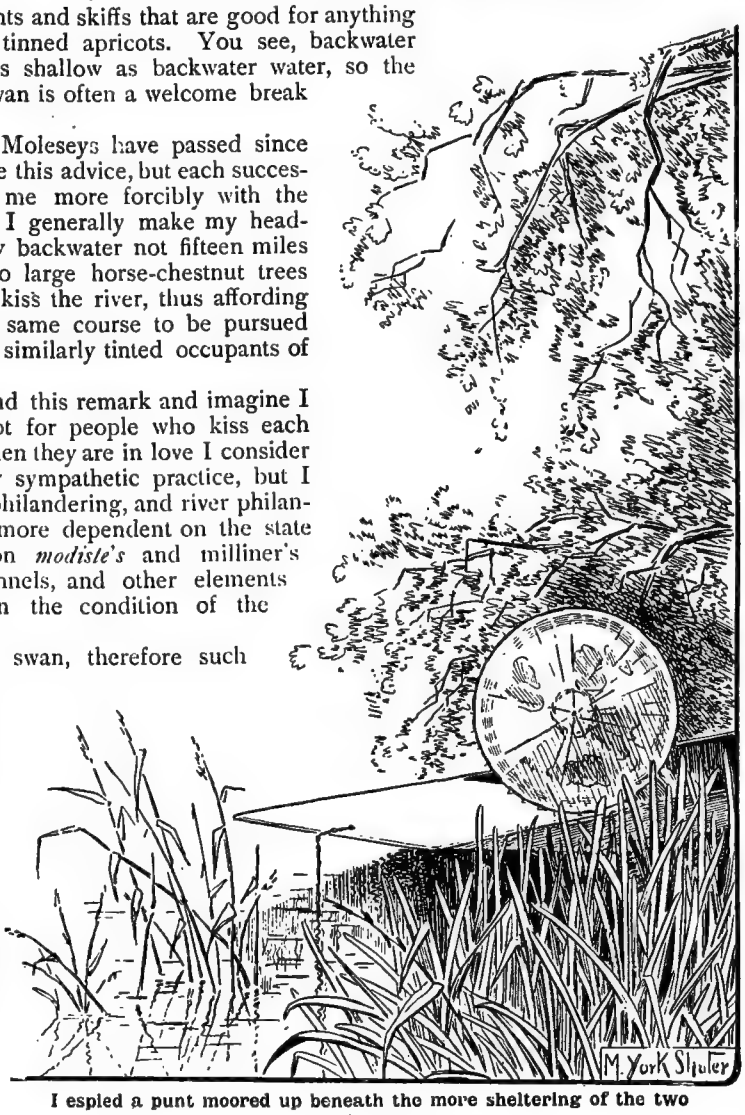
"You may occasionally get a bruised strawberry or a broken crust from a steam-launch or a randan," she used to tell me, "but it's the tied-up punts and skiffs that are good for anything from Fuller's cake to tinned apricots. You see, backwater flirtation is generally as shallow as backwater water, so the intrusion of a hungry swan is often a welcome break in the monotony."

Many Henleys and Moleseys have passed since my dear mother gave me this advice, but each successive season impresses me more forcibly with the truth of her words, so I generally make my headquarters a certain shady backwater not fifteen miles from Staines, where two large horse-chestnut trees bend their branches to kiss the river, thus affording verdant shelter for the same course to be pursued with discretion between similarly tinted occupants of punts.

Do not misunderstand this remark and imagine I always have a contempt for people who kiss each other—far from it. When they are in love I consider it an excellent and very sympathetic practice, but I have no patience with philandering, and river philandering is so infinitely more dependent on the state of the barometer, upon *modiste's* and milliner's triumph, becoming flannels, and other elements of chance, than upon the condition of the emotions of the heart.

I am a sentimental swan, therefore such insincerities offend me, even while I am enjoying the remains of an *éclair* daintily thrown with a view to displaying the curves and whiteness of a slender dimpled wrist, or relishing the other half of a succulent peach into which pearly teeth have been slowly and coquettishly plunged and withdrawn.

I myself never played at love, and I object to the sport as much for human



I espied a punt moored up beneath the more sheltering of the two trees.

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beings as for ornithologicals, so it is no wonder that I have had my bead-like eye, blazing with righteous indignation, fixed upon Lalla Ray for several seasons—more seasons than she would wish to be remembered!

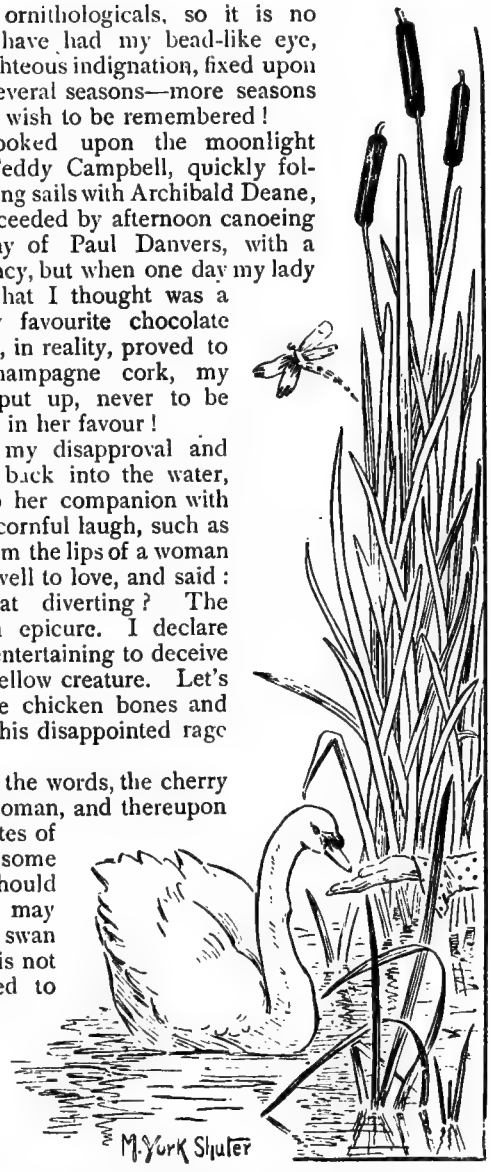
At first I looked upon the moonlight drifting with Teddy Campbell, quickly followed by morning sails with Archibald Deane, these being succeeded by afternoon canoeing in the company of Paul Danvers, with a degree of leniency, but when one day my lady threw at me what I thought was a beakful of my favourite chocolate cake, but which, in reality, proved to be a dirty champagne cork, my feathers were put up, never to be smoothed again in her favour!

As I hissed my disapproval and spat the cork back into the water, Lalla turned to her companion with a cool, lightly scornful laugh, such as never comes from the lips of a woman whom men do well to love, and said: "Wasn't that diverting? The bird's quite an epicure. I declare it's even more entertaining to deceive a swan than a fellow creature. Let's throw him some chicken bones and cherry stones—his disappointed rage *is* so funny."

I never forgot the words, the cherry stones, or the woman, and thereupon swore by the gates of the lock that some day revenge should be mine. I may mention that a swan with a vendetta is not a pleasant biped to encounter.

At the beginning of last season I was much interested in watching the doings of a young couple who, though always discreetly chaperoned by a sister and fancy work, found heaven in the sun, the summer, and each other's eyes.

I knew by the lowered softness of his voice when he addressed her that he really *cared*, and I knew by the rose veil that overspread her pure, pale cheeks when he touched her hand in one of those designed accidents, that life's one perfect page was opened for her.



Netta would not consider that tea was concluded until I had been given my piece of cake.

Though I never in any way suggested partaking of their hospitality, it was pure love of romance that kept me cruising round their boat those long June evenings. Netta (that was her name) would not consider that the festival of tea was satisfactorily concluded until I had been given my piece of cake.

"Jolly old boy," said the young man, which I must confess struck me as being scarcely a respectful designation, "but be careful he doesn't bite."

"I am not afraid," answered Netta. "Swanee wouldn't hurt me—there; see how gentle he is—he loves me and ——"

Her companion interrupted her, but, although his voice was too low for me to catch the words, I did not miss his look.

That was enough, for I am a very understanding swan! I at once swam off, and tried to monopolise the attention of the sister and the fancy-work.

One afternoon I went round to see how my lovers were getting on, and also what cake they were having for tea, and to my dismay heard that cool, cutting laugh I knew so well coming from the direction of their boat.

I paddled on and found the usual trio had become a quartette, for Lalla Ray, having struck up an acquaintance with the fancywork sister, lay lolling, with far too much ease of attitude to be decorous, upon a heap of yellow satin monogrammed cushions, dressed in one of the clinging scarlet gowns and poppy hats she had affected for the last two seasons.

I grasped the situation at a glance—there is nobody like a backwater swan for grasping situations, or anything else that floats his way—and realised that soon the lover of my pretty blue-eyed cake-giver would be forcibly wrested from her by the black-browed cork-thrower.

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Fair women, I have noticed, *generally* try to steal each other's sweethearts, dark ones *always* do! I don't like dark women, but fair women, in spite of their many faults, are charming. What is more beautiful than golden hair and blue eyes?

Just as I neared the side of the boat Lalla, in response to a suggestion from that fool of a fancy-work sister, lazily picked up a guitar that was lying in the stern and, half raising herself on one elbow, broke into a tender melodious song, set to language I didn't understand.

I know there was a good deal about *amour* and *toi* and *ton cœur*, which seemed to have a peculiar effect on Lawrence Knill, for his eyes were larger and darker than I had ever noticed them before, while there was a new, strange expression upon his face as Lalla threw back her head and crooned out the low notes like the whisper of a wooing dove.

Lalla Ray was one of the few women able to abjure collar bands, and, contrasting with the yellow cushions, crimson dress, gay guitar ribbons floating in the sultry breeze, bronze-black hair and poppy lips, her throat rose like a quivering column, swelling and inflating with song as the breast of some warbling wood bird.

Even *I* could not help looking at the woman's throat, and, glancing at Lawrence Knill, I found that he was looking too.

I felt sorry for blue-eyed Netta, but I did not despair, for though he looked, drinking in the dark witchery of the singer, there was no protective fondness in his gaze, and when that is absent from a man's eyes there is never very much to fear. I'm a very discerning swan, and was determined to do my best for Netta and pay off champagne cork scores at the same time.

It was at this moment I observed a new crop of dark curls shading the whiteness of Lalla's brow, and remembering, as I did, her former struggles with truant locks, which obstinately resisted all her arts during moist or evening air to maintain an appearance of wave or curl, I began to wonder why on this occasion they were not equally disordered.

I watched that fringe for nearly half-an-hour, and then took a turn in the open river to collect my ideas.

* * * * *

According to precedent events turned out just as I anticipated, and, one evening when I was swimming round, more in search of adventure than supper, I espied a punt moored up beneath the more sheltering of the two chestnut trees.

Though not hungry, the idea of a meal is never distasteful to me, so I carelessly and quietly steered towards the boat, deeming that on a silent summer night such as this, when the moon was just commencing her nocturnal duties, where the backwater was isolated and the tree boughs overhanging, the punt occupants, if of the opposite sex and unchaperoned, would not regard as waste the choicest dainty if thrown to get rid of an intruding swan!

Stay! what sound was that? . . . The cool, mocking laugh, superficially sweetened by a note of shallow, amorous softness!

Silently, with scarcely enough movement to make a fish ripple, I swam to the side of the boat, where, though half hidden with tangled rushes, I could see and hear all I wanted.

I remembered the champagne cork and cherry stones, and felt my moment had arrived!

"I don't believe you are a bit in love with me really," Lalla was saying, as, raised a little above her companion, she bent her brilliant, smiling face down close—close to his.

"Perhaps I'm not—I don't know." (Ah! it *was* Lawrence Knill's voice—I thought of Netta!) "But I know there is something about you that takes hold of me *desperately*. It may be your eyes—let me look at them; it may be your lips—smile at me, Lalla; it may be your hair—those

I had to bury my head under the water for a minute to stifle a chuckle.

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wonderful curls that never get straight or towsled. I've often dreamt of having you near me with my fingers straying, unrebuked, amidst those curls upon your forehead."

Lalla moved back with alarmed haste, and I had to bury my head under the water for a minute to stifle a chuckle.

"Few girls have hair that curls so beautifully and so naturally," he continued.

"Oh! yes, it's been like this ever since I was a child," replied Lalla carelessly. "I don't believe I *could* get it out of curl if I wanted to."

This was really too much! Once again I immersed my beak.

"Then it's your *hair* that binds you with silken meshes to—my—thoughts."

(I noticed he did not say *heart!*)

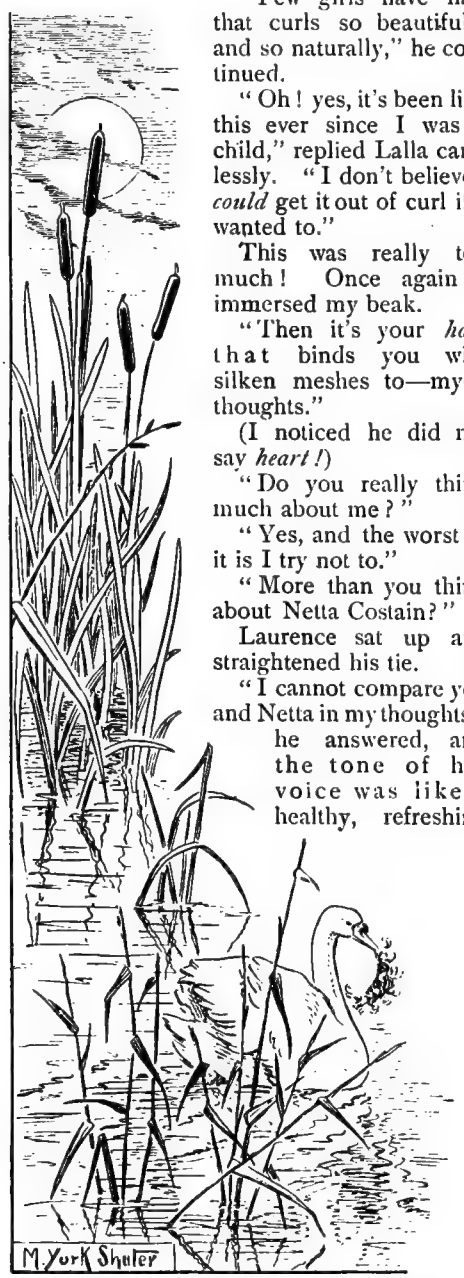
"Do you really think much about me?"

"Yes, and the worst of it is I try not to."

"More than you think about Netta Costain?"

Laurence sat up and straightened his tie.

"I cannot compare you and Netta in my thoughts," he answered, and the tone of his voice was like a healthy, refreshing breeze cooling the dangerous sultriness of the night.



I was swimming at regatta-race speed towards my quarters with Lalla Ray's *toupée* in my bill.

Lalla saw she had made a mistake, and ingeniously returned to personalities.

"I am glad you think about me," she said.

"Why?" He had drifted back upon the cushions once more.

"Because — because it would be rather humiliating to find I did *all* the thinking."

She had actually managed to suggest a semi-sob behind her words.

Lawrence remained rigidly impassive for a moment, but I with my discernment realised that it was only the stillness that precedes an eruption—and I think Lalla realised it too.

"Lalla, Lalla, come—look at me."

His tone rang with compelling force, and she bent down till her eyes were near his own and her curls almost touching the side of the boat.

There was a faint splash, and I realised that two hairpins had become loosened from their moorings.

Now was my time! I opened my beak to its widest capacity, and gave one mighty peck at the "naturally curling" fringe—a pull—a scream—a laugh—and I was swimming at regatta-race speed towards my quarters with Lalla Ray's *toupée* in my bill.

My wife was very pleased with it, as it is soft and warm for the youngsters to nestle against on chilly nights.

* * * * *

Towards the middle of the next season, when I was taking a little exercise in the open river, I again saw Lawrence Knill. He looked brighter and younger, I thought, and sitting opposite him, steering as badly as she could, was—my blue-eyed Netta!

The moment Lawrence caught sight of me he opened the tea-basket, and breaking into pieces threw to me half a chocolate cake, three macaroons, and two *gateaux au rhum*, of which I am particularly fond.

"Laurie, dear, what are you doing? You'll give poor Swanee indigestion," cried Netta.

"Not he—he knows what's what, don't you, old chap?" (I almost fancied he winked at me.) "Besides, I owe him a debt that is cheaply paid by cakes and macaroons," and even though they were full in the open river, he stooped and kissed Netta's left hand, on the third finger of which I observed a new plain ring.

I hurried over my meal as quickly as possible and swam back to tell my wife. We both intend calling upon them to-morrow and may take the children. They have a tea-basket every day.

Google

CAP AND BELLS

QUITE SO.

YOUNG DOCTOR: "My first patient's death is very unfortunate for me."

CANDID FRIEND: "But still more unfortunate for him."

* * * *

REASSURING.

THE LITTLE GIRL: "Don't be afraid of me, doggie dear—I won't bite you."

* * * * *

THE END OF IT.

Once upon a time an ambitious young writer, who had attempted his first bit of fiction, was met by an interested friend.

"Is your novel finished?" asked his friend.

"Yes," answered the writer.

"What was the end?"

"Very peaceful," replied the young man in a sad voice. "I took it from publisher to publisher, but none of them appreciated it. It now rests quietly on the bottom of the back end of the lower left-hand drawer of my desk."

Moral. A peaceful ending is not always desirable.

He: 'I don't think we had better accept the Pinkton's invitation to dinner, because if we go we are not in a position to return it."
She: But if we don't, they'll know that is the reason."

CURED HIM.

DR. BILLS: "Old Moneybags was very ill through worrying over his money."

DR. PILLS: "Did you cure him?"

DR. BILLS: "Yes, I removed the cause of his trouble."

* * * * *

MODESTY.

VISITOR: "Do you ever get any good marks at school, my little man?"

PUPIL: "Ye-es—but I don't care to show 'em."

* * * * *

HOW DID SHE KNOW?

Mrs. Gadd: "That horrid Mrs. Candid actually had the audacity to tell me to my face that I was a mean, spiteful old gossip!"

Mrs. Holmes: "Dear me! Who told her, I wonder?"

* * * * *

At a town in Berkshire the Assizes were being held, and the Mayor was on the Bench. Prisoner was brought in, and on being asked what he was charged with he replied: "Sh—sh—sh—" as if stuttering.

Mayor: "Now, my man, we can't have any of that nonsense here. What is the charge against you?"

Prisoner: "Sh—sh—sh—"

Mayor (angrily turning to the constable): "Constable, what is this man charged with?"

Constable: "Soda water, I should think, sir."

Google

THE BUTCHER AND THE WAG.

WHILST being served in a butcher's shop at Oxford the other day, I saw the following scene enacted:—

A gentleman, who had just entered, said to the assistant:

"I want two boys and a girl, please."

"Beg pardon, sir," replied the man.

"I want two boys and a girl."

"Beg pardon, sir."

The manager of the shop, seeing a little misunderstanding between the two, went to the gentleman and said:

"Please excuse my assistant, but he is a new hand and perhaps does not understand you. What is it you wish for?"

"Two boys and a girl, if you please."

"I beg your pardon, sir, but I'm afraid I don't quite understand you myself," replied the manager.

"I want—two—boys—and — a — girl, is that plain enough?" answered the gentleman.

The manager then said: "I'm sorry, but I don't keep them."

The gentleman then replied: "But you put on your name board 'Families Supplied.'"

* * * *

Where some unlucky man falls down
It seems like jolly fun,
Unless (and then there comes a frown)
You're the unlucky one.

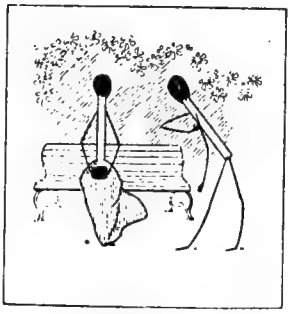
* * * *

AT THE RAILWAY STATION.

Traveller: "I presume you have to answer a great many foolish questions every day, do you not?"

Ticket Collector: "Your's is the ninety-ninth to-day; but it's early yet."

Two Matchless Matches who never Made a Match.



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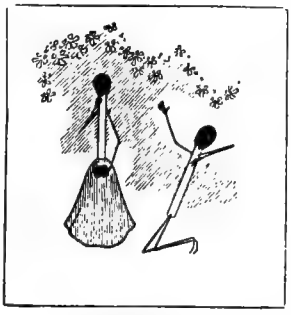

Adoration.

Satisfaction.

Annihilation.

REASON ENOUGH!

SUNDAY SCHOOL TEACHER: "Now, Tommy, tell us why you love your father and mother."

TOMMY: "'Cause they'd lam the stuffin' out o' me if I didn't."

* * * *

CUT AND DRIED.

GOODTHING: "I have something to say to you as soon as your father retires."

MISS FORTY: "How stupid you are, love. Papa stayed up late to-night on purpose to give us his blessing."

* * * *

CLEVER KITTY.

"Seven sheep were standing
By the pasture wall,
Tell me," said the teacher
To her scholars small,
"One poor sheep was frightened,
Jumped and ran away;
One from seven—how many
Woolly sheep would stay?"

Up went Kitty's fingers—
A farmer's daughter she,
Not so bright at figures
As she ought to be.
"Please, ma'am," — "Well then, Kitty,
Tell us if you know."
"Please if one jumped over,
All the rest would go."

* * * *

SHE: "They are really the most devoted lovers I ever saw."

HE: "Yes; it seems a shame that they are going to get married and spoil it all."

* * * *

"To what do you attribute the curative powers of your springs?" asked a visitor at a health resort.

"Well," answered the proprietor, thoughtfully, "I suppose the advertising I've done has had something to do with it."

* * *

"Have you ever seen the cake walk?"

"No, but at my boarding-house I've often seen the cheese walk."

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There was many a slip even in prehistoric times.

Google

FAR AND NEAR.

When Mrs. Perkins goes to shop
She's caught by "knock-down prices,"
And finds serene content among
"Alarming sacrifices."
"Eleven-three" is marked upon.
Let's say—a quaint Jap jar thing;
She snaps it up, and thus she saves
A farthing.

Her "bargain" she explains at home,
But Perkins quite pooh-poohs it.
"Why buy the trash *at all?*" he asks.
Proceeding to abuse it.
On thrift he then expatiates.
Till *she* says a severe thing.
Exclaiming, "Mr. P. you are
A '*near*' *thing!*"

* * * *

Even the honeymoon is sometimes obscured by a cloud.

EASY.

The Poet: "I wish I had someone to read over my new poems and tear the bad ones up."
The Friend: "What's the matter with the editor?"

SHE COULDN'T WAIT.

FLUDUBBE: "When Dashitall called upon his *fiancée* the other evening he discovered her kissing another fellow."

PINHEDDE: "What did he do?"

FLUDUBBE: "Apologised for being late."

* * * *

HUSBAND: "Don't you think that you are rather unreasonable to expect me to take you to a ball, stay awake until four o'clock, and then get up at eight to go to my work?"

WIFE: "I may be a little unreasonable, but it is perfectly brutal of you to mention it."

* * * * * * * * * *

ADVISED INVESTMENT.

WIDOW (tearfully): "Yes, my daughters are now my only resources."

FRIEND: "Take my advice, and husband your resources well."

* * *

THE HAT, OF COURSE!

Mabel: "Everyone I meet says I look so ill."
Amy: "That must be your new hat, dear. You don't look well in it."

* * * * *

Helen: "Why is it that novels always have a good ending?"
Sue: "Well, the one I read yesterday didn't have a good ending."
Helen: "It didn't?"
Sue: "No; Mamma threw it in the fire."

* * * *

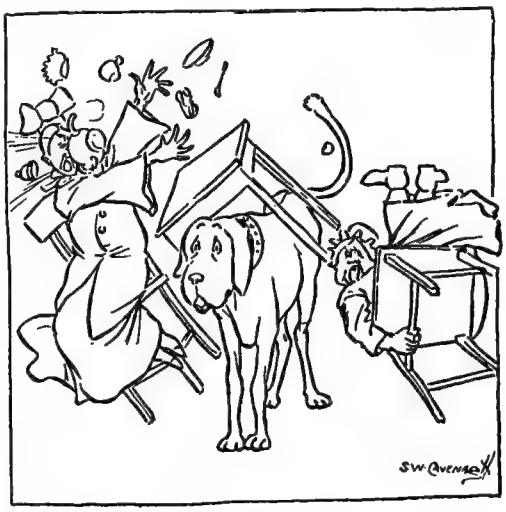
Many a true word is spoken in jest, but the majority of lies are uttered in dead earnest.

* * * * *

When she says that you really must not see her any more, turn out the light.

* * * * *

"That's a fine dog of yours, Mrs. Brown."
"Yes, he is; you should see him standing up, though. Get up, Tiny!"



Tiny stood up.

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MR. EDITOR —HIS PAGES.

Some Important Announcements, Some Gossip, Some Anecdotes, and General Chatter from the Editorial Pen.

HOW THE 5s. A DAY FOR LIFE IS PROGRESSING.

At the moment of going to press with this number of the Royal Magazine, we have already received a large number of attempts in the 5*s.* a Day for Life Competition, and there is every indication of the contest being an exciting one.

By the time this number reaches your hands the closing date will be past, and you will now have to possess yourself in patience until we are able to make some definite announcement regarding the result.

We go to press, however, so long in advance with each number of the Royal Magazine that anything of interest we may have to say cannot appear in the Royal until several weeks after it is written. In order, therefore, to give those readers who wish it an opportunity of hearing of anything of importance as soon as possible, we have made arrangements with the *Daily Express*, which can be obtained from any newsagent throughout the kingdom, the *Midland Express*, and the *North Mail*, to publish replies to inquiries made by competitors, and also to make any statements regarding developments in the competition. Each of the morning newspapers in question can be obtained for a halfpenny. Replies will be found at the foot of the first column on page two in each paper.

The final result will appear in the Royal, and nowhere else.

NATURE STUDY COMPETITION.

No. III.

I am glad to say that I have again experienced difficulty in awarding the prizes, owing to the general excellence of the majority of attempts.

Of course, many of the competitors still do not seem to grasp that what I want are not mere generalities, but the outcome of their own original observations. I am informed again and again that "the daisy is a common spring flower," and so on. Then, one young lady calls the process of feeding in plants "respiration," and I cannot help wondering whether she breathes in beef-steak and potatoes at dinner.

The prize winners are as follows, to each of whom I have forwarded a guinea:—

Class I. (under 10).—(1) Henry Newland, 64, Knight's Hill Road, Norwood, S.E.; (2) Greeba Wright, St. Ela, Wembley; (3) Iris Eardley-Wilmot, Lanercost, Brigstock Road, Thornton Heath.

Class II. (10—15).—(1) Faith Lockock, 9, Pulteny Street, Bath; (2) Doris Quinsey, 14, Kingsmead Road, Oxton; (3) Evelyn Carter, 20, Grosvenor Road, Claughton.

Class III. (15—20).—(1) Gertrude H. Geiler, Thornlea, Sale, near Manchester; (2) Dorothy Bowes, Campfield, Devizes; (3) Norman Miller Johnson, 11 Bridgeman Terrace, Wigan.

The special prize for the greatest number of attempts sent in has been won by the Higher Grade School, Sandown, Isle of Wight, to whom we have forwarded a Browning's "Strand" microscope, specially made by John Browning, of 78, Strand, W.C., for the use of Colleges and Schools.

THE MYSTERY OF MAJOR KAY.

Now, my dear people, I resolutely refuse to give the show away. Major Kay, whose adventure you read with interest in the April Royal, may be Tom, Dick, or Harry—which of them you must find out for yourselves. I won't be drawn. Each of you who sent me a postcard asking for further episodes in this extraordinary man's career, and begging me to let you know his real name, would be amazed to learn what shoals of similar communications I received. I was never so badgered in all my life. But it's no good; I'm neither going to reveal Kay's identity or the identity of those from whom Mr. Wood got the information for his story

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But what I am going to do is to give you some further adventures. Look out for the ROYAL next month.

"THE LADY'S MAGAZINE."

Apropos of editors and the difficulty they have in gauging their readers' tastes, I was talking a few days ago to my friend, the Editress of *The Lady's Magazine*, and she told me that after much inquiry, thought, and research, she had arrived at the conclusion that entertainment is what the ladies of Great Britain like best in a magazine.

Well, you know, I believe she is right—no, I am certain of it. There are many of the fair sex, no doubt, who are glad to know how such and such a dish is cooked or article of clothing made. But the majority do not go to the magazines for instruction—do they, now? And when my friend told me that she proposed in the future to fill her magazine with fiction, fashions, and stage and society tittle-tattle, I was really most impressed by her intelligent discrimination, congratulated her heartily, and would have patted her on the back had she not been a lady.

If ever I become the editor of a woman's paper I shall offer my friend the sincerest flattery of following her line of policy in every detail. Fiction, Fashion, and Tittle-Tattle—excellent!

MY TRAMP ASSISTANT.

I HOPE to introduce to you next month something entirely new in the shape of journalistic eccentricities. This something takes the shape of a young man, twenty-three years of age, who joined the staff of the ROYAL MAGAZINE some six months ago. After a time the young man developed an extraordinary habit of disappearing from the office for weeks together, without a word or hint as to his whereabouts

Having given him up as lost, the stillness of my sanctum would one day be interrupted by the noisy invasion of a horrible looking object in human guise, which would declare itself to be our missing freak. Before I could upbraid him for his conduct he would burst out with the statement that he had just returned from some amazing adventure.

The other day an unshaven and repulsive looking ragamuffin marched in, and, with a strong nasal twang, "guessed and calculated" he'd just returned from America, where he'd had the fiercest time of his life. But I must reserve telling you the nature of the story he unfolded to me until next month. Anyhow, let me tell you that my young eccentricity has had one of the most trying and arduous experiences that fall to the lot of the strongest man.

HOLIDAYS.

WHEN you read these words holiday time will be very close at hand, and you will all be wondering how to make fourteen days of Paradise out of the paltry fortnight which is all the holiday most of us are allowed. For my part, if I get away at all, which is doubtful, I mean to go where nobody else goes. But the difficulty is to find such a place. It must be beautiful, close to the sea, bracing, and not very far from London. Can anyone advise me?

A few years ago I went to Sark, the smallest of the Channel Islands. I had heard that it met all my requirements, and was almost as unfrequented as the Faroe Islands. I arrived, to find the place beautiful indeed, and close to the sea (in fact, there is hardly any land), but swarming with tourists. Then, on the second day, I received a fearful shock.

I hesitate to tell you about it, because — well, frankly, you won't believe me. It's true, nevertheless, on my word of honour. In the early morning I went for a bathe. I dived off the cliff and swam to a rock about thirty yards from land. On it I had caught sight of a small patch of red, and was anxious to investigate. I reached the rock, and examined the patch of red. It was a piece of the cover of *Pearson's Weekly*, containing an advertisement of the ROYAL, which I had sent to press only a week previously.

Now, I think I may say that nobody takes a greater interest in the ROYAL than myself; but, candidly, you may have too much of a good thing! I thought I had got rid of everything to do with my trade for a fortnight at least, and here was I, on a lonely rock in mid-ocean, confronted with an advertisement which gravely informed me I would be doing a very foolish thing if I omitted to read such and such an article in my own magazine! I wonder how it got there? Perhaps some enterprising canvasser dropped it into the sea with the brilliant idea of securing readers among the mermaids! You can never tell!

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THE FAMOUS

"Mab" Dwarf Razor

The description given of the little "Mab" as the finest shaving implement in the world is confirmed in thousands of testimonials. The "Mab" is rapidly superseding the big clumsy razors hitherto used. Do not accept any not bearing the registered Trade Mark, "The Mab," or you will be disappointed.

PRICE

Black Handle ... 2/6
Ivory ,, ... 3/6

PAIR IN CASE.

Black 7/6
Ivory 9/6

Sent post free same day as ordered.

"MAB" CO.,
73 Newhall St., Birmingham.

MACKINTOSH'S EXTRA CREAM TOFFEE

DELICIOUS! DELICIOUS! DELICIOUS!

Purest of the Pure. Sold Everywhere.

A Very Large Sample Packet sent Post Free for Eight Penny Stamps.

J. Mackintosh, Ltd., The Toffee Mills, Halifax.

If you like Extra Cream Toffee, try Mackintosh's Old-Fashioned Treacle Toffee.

DELICIOUS COFFEE.

RED WHITE & BLUE

For Breakfast & after Dinner.

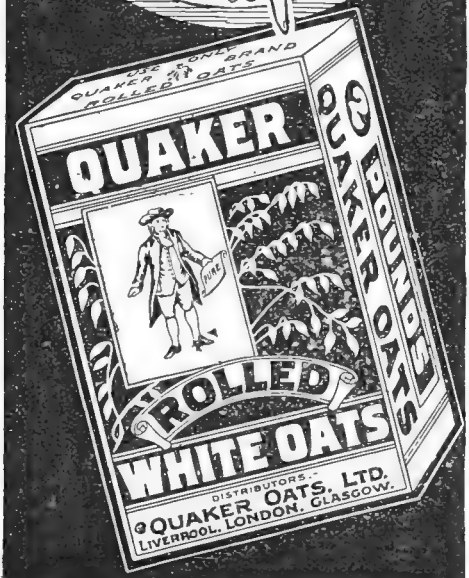
In making, use less quantity, it being so much stronger than ordinary COFFEE.

There is more relish and sustenance in Quaker Oats than in any other oats or cereal food,

but it must be

Quaker Oats

Sold only in Packets like this



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Do your Ironing only with the

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and the Dalli Smokeless Fuel.

The best Box Iron. No Gas, no Fire, no Smell. Hot in a few minutes, and remains hot. Double the work done in half the time. Price of the "Dalli," 6/-. Price of the "Dalli" Fuel, 1/9 per box of 128 Blocks.

Ask your Ironmonger to show you the "DALLI."

Beware of worthless imitations.

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MORPHIA & OTHER DRUG ADDICTIONS CURED

by TURVEY'S TREATMENT. Each Case individually prescribed for by our duly qualified medical man.

'This system of treatment is safe, effective, and permanent in its specific action upon all phases of the Alcoholic or Drug Crave in either sex, and may be carried out

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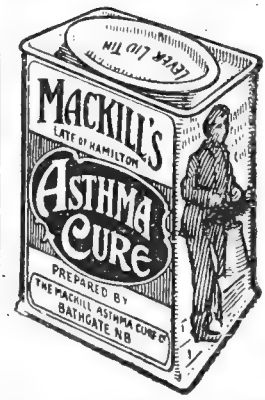
The WHITEHALL REVIEW says—"The treatment succeeds in 97 cases out of a 100." Success testified by Officials of Church of England Temperance Society (London Diocesan Branch). See TRUTH. Treatise, Annual Report and Testimonials post free. Write or call 10 to 5—

MEDICAL SUPT., "TACQUARU CO.,"

116, Amberley House, Norfolk St., Strand.

MACKILL'S ASTHMA CURE



Gives instant relief, followed by permanent cure, to sufferers from Asthma, Bronchitis, shortness of breath, &c.

Has stood the test of 30 years.

IT WILL CURE YOU.

TRY IT.

Free Sample Tin on application.

Sold by all Chemists at **1s. 9d., 2s. 9d., & 4s. 6d.**

THE MACKILL ASTHMA CURE CO.,

BATHGATE, N.B.

Trial Bottle Post Free **7D.**

TO COLOUR

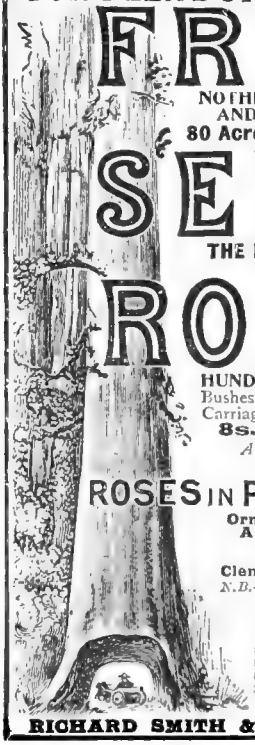
GREY HAIR

SHADEINE, guaranteed permanent, washable, and absolutely harmless. Will not burn the hair or produce unnatural tint. Detection impossible. Contains no lead, silver, sulphur, &c. Trial Bottle 7d., post free. (Sent secretly packed.) State colour required.

N. M. ALEXANDRE (Est. 1861),

31, Westbourne Grove, and 85, Great Portland St., London, W.

FOR PLEASURE AND PROFIT



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NOTHING SO PROFITABLE AND EASY TO GROW.

80 Acres of Saleable Trees.

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THE BEST PROCURABLE.

Lists Free.

ROSES

HUNDREDS OF THOUSANDS. Bushes in variety. Packing and Carriage Free, for cash with order. **8s.** per doz. **60s.** per 100.

All other Nursery Stock carriage forward.

ROSES IN POTS From 15/- a doz.

Ornamental Trees. 91 Acres.
A Superb Collection of Herbaceous Plants, Four Acres of Glass.
Clematis (80,000) from 15/- doz.

N.B.—Single Plants are sold at slightly increased prices.

GENERAL CATALOGUE

(190 pages) of Nursery Stock, artistically produced containing some hundreds of illustrations, and full of valuable information, free on receipt of 3d. for postage.

Please mention this paper.

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FELL'S REDUCING TABLETS.

Registered by Government.

A REMARKABLE REMEDY

That Reduces Weight 28lb. a Month.

Every person who is suffering from too much fat can easily be reduced in weight by this new and remarkable remedy that quickly removes all superfluous fat in either sex at the rate of 7LB. A WEEK.

It is Guaranteed to Reduce Weight a Pound a Day

without the slightest inconvenience. Do not be afraid of evil consequences. It is a vegetable treatment, is perfectly safe, and gives such a degree of comfort as to astonish those who have panted and perspired under the weight of excessive fat. It improves the breathing, gives the heart freedom, takes off the big stomach, enables the lungs to expand naturally, and you feel a hundred times better the first day you try this wonderful HOME TREATMENT.

FROM A TRAINED NURSE.

806. Miss J—— writes:—"I wish to add my testimonial to your list, for the benefit of people suffering from obesity. It is now three years since I was reduced 45lb. with the Tablets I obtained from Mrs. Fell; none of this weight have I since regained. I do not wish you to publish in print the name of the hospital where I am located, but I will cheerfully answer any communication on the subject from any one you like to refer to me."

824. Mrs. H—— says:—"I am glad to inform you that **I am losing weight every week.** Have suffered untold inconvenience from corpulence for the past nine years, but am now fairly on the way, thanks to the Tablets, to be **restored to my original weight.**"

810. Miss J—— writes from Buxton:—"Has taken the Tablets and is most happy to say that **she lost 6lb. in a week**, only taking the remedy once a day, after mid-day dinner."

809. Mrs. Y—— writes from Sheffield:—"I feel that it is doing me good. **I feel better in health, and have lost 5lb. with first box.**"

829. Mrs. T—— writes from Notts:—"Found it difficult to spare the money, but pleased to say am much better for the treatment."

CONSIDER IT A MARVELLOUS MEDICINE.

803. "It was with pleasure that I heard the other day from a lady friend, who has recently commenced your treatment, that arrangements have been made with Mrs. Fell to make more widely known her Reducing Tablets. I consider them **a marvellous medicine,** and every effort should be made to let sufferers from Obesity know of them."

We refrain from making known the full names and addresses for obvious reasons. Each letter has a reference number, and those interested are invited to correspond with these references, and, on request, we will place any person in communication with one or more. In this list which we publish there are many who have expressed their willingness, nay, their pleasure, to correspond with anyone following our treatment.

Lost 40lb. *Lady —— writes:* **"Since taking your Tablets I am reduced in weight 40lb."**

"MADAM" says: "Those of our readers who wish to reduce their weight should write to the Fell Formula Association for full particulars of the treatment for corpulency. Fell's Reducing Tablets are absolutely harmless, besides being pleasing to take. The tablets are by no means expensive, and a sample box will be sent free on application."

From "LADY'S COMPANION."—"To be exceedingly stout is by no means desirable, and it is not surprising that so many seek to become thin. This is by no means an easy matter if diet only is the mode. Something stronger and swifter as to results is necessary, and, judging from the testimonials before me relating to Fell's Reducing Tablets, obtainable of the Fell Formula Association, Regent Street, London, is a most excellent remedy. Therefore all those who are so stout as to be an annoyance to themselves, should write there for particulars."

"Getting Fleshier Every Day."

FREE Just to prove how effective, pleasant, and safe this remedy is, to reduce weight, we are sending free trials. If you want one send us your name and address and two stamps to pay for postage. **It costs you nothing to try it.** Each box is sent in a plain sealed packet, with no advertisement on it to indicate what it contains. Correspondence strictly confidential.

Address: FELL FORMULA ASSOCIATION, 39, Century House, Regent Street, London, W.

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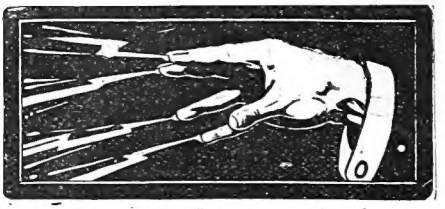
HYPNOTISM



Can you hypnotise? Can you exercise that strange influence, known as personal magnetism? Would you like to know more about these things? Then write to our London Office for the wonderful little illustrated **FREE BOOK, "The Power Within."**

PERSONAL MAGNETISM

This little book deals with the most interesting and important subject in the world—the influence of the mind upon human life, health, and affairs.

How to use the mind power, or mental magnetism to attract friendship and success, to break up depressing conditions and influences, to hypnotise, to maintain health, to kill fear and nervousness, to develop a strong, magnetic, attractive personality—these things are what investigators have been lately working upon.

In the free book, above mentioned, they tell you of their fascinating work and how you can reap the benefit of it. This little book is a brilliant suggestion to those who are groping in the dark for something practical and tangible in occultism.

Thousands of people have been delighted with the work of these men. Glowing testimonials come in every day's mail. Are you going to let this valuable opportunity pass? The book is free for the asking. We give it away because we want to arouse a popular interest in up-to-date psychic literature, publishing which is our speciality. Please do not ask for it unless you are sincerely interested. Address (enclosing 1d. stamp for return postage), PSYCHIC RESEARCH CO. (Dept. 301), Temple Chambers, Temple Avenue, London, E.C.

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TERMS for Town or Country.

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Seven Prize Medals.

These series of Pens neither scratch nor spurt. They glide over the roughest paper with the ease of a soft lead pencil. Assorted Sample Boxes, 6d., to be obtained from all Stationers. If out of stock, send 7 stamps to the Works, BIRMINGHAM.

London Warehouse: **124, NEWGATE STREET, E.C.**

"ALFOSCO" REG.D

ALLEN FOSTER & CO.,

SOLE MAKERS OF THE

'ALFOSCO' COSTUMES.

"ALFOSCO" REG.D

Save Money and Buy Direct from the "Alfosco" Factories.

DESIGN No. 899. 10/6

NEW STYLE. Costume with tight-fitting back, pouch front, made in ALLEN FOSTER & Co.'s new **Zibeline Cloth,** also in their **Specialite Serge** and **Venetian Cloth.** COLOURS: Navy, Royal, Green Oxford, Fawn, Brown, Purple, Light Grey, Dark Grey, Black, etc. Stylish Costume, with bell sleeves, tastefully trimmed fancy braid. Bell-shaped Skirt. Wonderful value for **10/6.** Sent carriage paid 6d. extra. Skirt alone only **5/6,** carriage 5d. This Costume may be ordered in the fashionable **"Alfosco"** Tweed, trimmed glacé silk instead of braid. Price **21/-.**

DESIGN No. 1019. 4/11

Costume Skirt in good wearing Black & Navy Serge, trimmed two flounces and braid, lined throughout, trimmed braid, lined throughout linenette. Price only **4/11,** carriage 5d. In ordering give length of skirt in front and size of waist. Post orders receive prompt attention. Every lady should see Allen Foster & Co.'s New Illustrated Catalogue of Skirts, Blouses, Corsets, Underskirts, &c., sent post free.

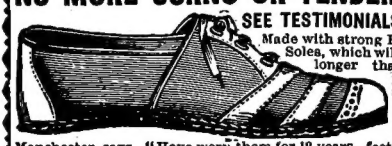
ALLEN FOSTER & Co.,

The London Manufacturers,

47, COLDEN LANE, BARBICAN, LONDON, E.C.

NO MORE CORNS OR TENDER FEET

SEE TESTIMONIALS BELOW!



Made with strong Plaited Jute Soles, which will last much longer than leather, with ordinary wear.

Mr. Willin, Central Station, Manchester, says "Have worn them for 12 years—feet never seem to get tired in them." Mr. P——, 65, Park Street, Southport, writes: "Last pair wore for 6 years for Cycle, House, and Garden Wear." Enclose Length Walking Shoe.

White, Brown, or Black.	Prices (post free) Children's.	Ladies'.	Gents'.
A. Plain Shoes (without strapping) ...	1/6	1/9	2/0
D. Superior Canvas (as per illustration)	—	2/6	2/9
E. Velvet Uppers (Black)	—	3/0	3/3
Felt Slippers, best quality (Black) ...	1/0	1/3	1/6
Canvas Leather-Soled Shoes (superior)	3/6	4/0	4/9
Rubber Shoes, white, black, or brown	—	3/0	3/6
Superior Red Rubber	—	—	5/6

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